

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 161 NUMBER 4

APRIL 1938

MORALLY WE ROLL ALONG

BY GAY MacLAREN

I HAD started back to our tent when I saw the poster tacked up to a tree: —

COMING!

To the Lake Madison Chautauqua

OPAL MAY

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHILD
ELOCUTIONIST**

in

HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC SELECTIONS

also

STRONG SACRED NUMBERS

Mother had sent me to the well to get a pail of water to make coffee. But when I saw the announcement I was so excited that I forgot all about my errand and followed the posters, from tree to tree, through the Chautauqua grounds until they led to the auditorium. And there, nailed to each post all around the big circular building, were more placards. At the top was a picture of Opal May in a ruffled dress and slippers with bows on them. She was about my age.

Our week at Chautauqua ended on Friday night. We were all packed up and ready to start home, but when I

heard Opal May recite 'The Bobolink,' I begged Mother to stay over so I could hear the 'Strong Sacred Numbers' on Sunday.

When Opal May walked out on the platform, the chorus of 'Oh's' and 'Ah's' which swept over the auditorium sounded like the rustling leaves on our big cottonwood tree when the wind came up suddenly.

Her dress was pale blue taffeta silk with ruffles clear to the waist and a pink sash that stuck out in a big bow at the back. Her long brown curls were tied with a ribbon to match the sash, and she had on a lovely breastpin, and perfume, too — I could smell it down on the front seat. But the most beautiful thing about her whole costume was her slippers. They were *pink satin*. They were very tiny and tied with pink ribbons, so I knew they would n't come off. I thought of Cinderella and the Fairy Prince with the glass slipper.

The first piece that she recited was called 'The Charcoal Man.' It had an echo in it. The story tells about how Mark Haley comes driving down the street calling, 'CHARRRRRRRRRR — COALLLLLLLLLL — CHARRRRRR —

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COALLLLLLLLLL . . . ' and the echo answers back very softly, 'Charrrrrr — coallllllll — Charrrrrr — coalllllll. . . '

Opal May could hold on to the last syllable and give three or four echoes without taking another breath.

After 'Charcoal' the audience applauded so long that she came back and threw kisses at them. But they only clapped louder and louder until finally she put up her hand for them to stop. When it grew quiet, she recited 'The Bobolink.'

A bobolink sat on a blackberry brier,
Cheeeeee, prrrrrr, cheeeeee
He sang, with his heart on fire,
Kiss her — cheeee, prrrrrr, cheeeeee.

The minute Opal May began those bird tones a little shiver ran all over me. Right then and there I gave up all thought of Little Eva or of traveling around with a trained bear. I knew at last what I wanted out of life. I wanted to be an elocutionist like Opal May and go on the Chautauqua. I was seven years old.

When we got back home, Mother sent to Chicago for the *One Hundred Choice Selections* and I started in to learn 'The Bobolink.' I practised the bird tones behind a pile of two-by-fours in our lumber yard every night after school. One day Mr. Dempy, who owned the carpenter shop on the other side of the fence, asked me if I did n't know a piece with some other kind of bird in it.

That was the beginning of my career in Chautauqua — of the years I stood on the squeaky pine platforms, fighting mosquitoes and dust, trying to lift my voice above crying babies and howling dogs to get my message to the earnest, perspiring crowds. It is the story of the days when scholars and labor leaders, lady elocutionists and jugglers, trod the boards together to bring culture to the masses.

II

'A Chautauqua,' a metropolitan daily once said, 'is a vacant lot entirely sur-

rounded by canvas and entirely given over to mosquitoes and oratory.'

The city papers always said things like that about the Chautauqua. It was so easy and self-satisfying to be superior. To the cities, the Chautauqua movement represented corn-belt culture: an emasculated blend of insipid entertainment and uplift oratory. They said it was ridiculous.

And yet for more than fifty years the Chautauqua flourished in hundreds of small towns and villages of this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific; flourished because there was more than a need for it — there was a hunger.

In a day when communities were isolated, education but thinly spread, and entertainment home-grown, when a horse and buggy were a luxury, not a term of derision, the Chautauqua was to rural America the quintessence of culture. Its trappings may sometimes have been tawdry and artificial, its programmes more influenced by the exigencies of train schedules than by the needs of the audience; but it represented an intellectual feast to the hinterlanders without which they would certainly have suffered cultural malnutrition, if not starvation.

It is difficult to-day to remember how barren was the intellectual life of the man who then dwelt outside the cities. Naturally he was hungry for culture for himself and his wife and his children. And it came to him in the Chautauqua and its winter counterpart, the Lyceum. Here was culture at last: not the native culture that he might have developed had he been more isolated, but an alluring culture from the city, sugarcoated with piety, educational value, a smug morality — in short, with all the virtues which he identified with his church and his school, plus a certain titillating increment of glamour.

For its part, the Chautauqua movement tactfully played down its glamorous aspects. It was virtue that was on parade — a militant, preening virtue, pre-

Mencken and unabashed. Inevitably, such a self-consciously right-thinking movement gathered to itself, in addition to lady trombonists, Swiss yodelers, and bell ringers, a vast army of reformers, denouncers, viewers-with-alarm, and crusaders, all grimly bent on doing good. Inevitably, too, they developed a Chautauqua Spirit and a Salute; Chautauqua became a super-religion, and Chautauqua Week became a modified version of the old camp meeting, from which, indeed, it stemmed.

The Talent — those who had the true Chautauqua Spirit — looked on their performances as *The Work*, although there were a few irreverent ones who merely thought of it all as work.

In its heyday the Chautauqua gathered as many as 40,000,000 Americans to its halls and tents in a single season. Hardly a small town but had its culture week or season during the summer. It was not unusual for a village of 200 persons to fill a tent holding 1100, thanks to the culture hunger, the advance agent, and the Ford. Permanent Chautauquas flourished in more than 600 small communities throughout the country, while the 'tent shows' or traveling Chautauquas played in 6000 to 8000 communities. No wonder Theodore Roosevelt called the Chautauqua 'the most American thing in America.'

It was Bishop John H. Vincent who started the movement. In the summer of 1874 he took a small group to the shores of New York's beautiful Lake Chautauqua, there to study the Bible. The blending of nature and religion was auspicious. The faithful returned year after year, extended their studies to secular matters, and finally built permanent summer homes and a huge auditorium where the outstanding speakers of the day were heard. The organization was finally chartered as an educational institution and has subsisted ever since on the fees and gifts of students, visitors, and friends. This was the Mother Chautauqua. Its influence on American life

in the half century following its founding is hardly calculable. When Bishop Vincent died in 1920 at the age of eighty-eight, the *Philadelphia Ledger* described him as a 'man who probably did more for the promotion of education in America than any other man whom the country has ever known.'

Eventually the Chautauqua movement spread to every corner of the United States. Chautauquas patterned after the New York institution, but operated as commercial enterprises, sprang up in groves of trees and by lakesides in every state in the Union and became the annual vacation resort for thousands of Americans during the summer months.

Life at these assemblies revolved around the large auditorium where afternoon and evening programmes were given daily throughout the session. The auditoriums were designed to accommodate anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand persons. In the early days a Chautauqua might last only a week or two, but as the movement grew the programme at the larger assemblies sometimes ran through the entire summer.

As many of the Chautauquas had merged with the old camp meetings, they were established on the old camp-meeting sites and their programmes at first were largely religious. Gradually, however, speakers on secular subjects were given a place, and eventually musical companies and dramatic readers whose offerings could pass the test of 'pure wholesome entertainment' were allowed.

As in the camp-meeting days, people at first came to Chautauqua with their families and camped out during the entire session, or for as long as they could afford. But as the movement prospered and grew in popular favor, the tents were replaced by permanent cottages and families often occupied them for three or four months.

These permanent summer-resort Chautauquas were called 'Independents.' One

of the largest of the Independents was the Winona Assembly at Winona Lake, Indiana. Another was at Bay View, Michigan, and still another at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland. 'Old Salem,' in Illinois, and the Lakeside Assembly, in Ohio, drew enormous crowds of summer residents, and there were many more which were in themselves good-sized towns.

In 1904 the circuit or tent Chautauqua was inaugurated, and gradually the Independents gave way before a gigantic traveling enterprise in which, ultimately, all trace of the original ideal as conceived by Bishop Vincent was lost.

The scoffing metropolitan press called the tent circuits 'intellectual circuses.' They were, of course, neither intellectual nor circuses. But they were as great an event, in towns of 10,000 inhabitants or less, as a circus, Christmas, and a college education all rolled into one.

III

My dramatic career began with lessons in elocution. My painful buffeting between the conflicting schools of impersonators and 'readers,' my study in New York, my first 'guest appearance' at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, my secret visits to the theatre, my even more secret and inspiring talks with Lillian Russell and Mark Twain, were to me merely steppingstones to the Chautauqua platform — a platform vibrating still for me with the vision that arose when I first saw Opal May's pink satin slippers and first heard 'humorous and pathetic selections.' Not even the invitation of Charles Frohman to go on the stage could tempt me. I was going on Chautauqua, as an elocutionist.

My first date was at one of the largest Chautauquas in the Middle West — one that still retained a strong camp-meeting flavor. It had a permanent summer population running into the thousands and a large transient patronage as well. The programme lasted from late June

until the first of September. I arrived on the sleeper from New York early Sunday morning. Though my first recital was n't until next day, Chautauqua touring was new to me and I wanted to have plenty of time.

The platform manager, a pompous little man, met me at the station, ordered my trunk transferred, and accompanied me to the hotel. On the way, he pointed out the different buildings and recounted with pride the steady growth of the Assembly and the increasing attendance. There was no mistaking his delicate attempt to impress me with the enormous honor that had been bestowed by a booking on the programme.

A company of Swiss yodelers were to give the prelude for my first recital. Unhappily they were detained and came rushing in, tired, and cross because they had to go on without any lunch. The platform manager urged them to hurry so that the programme could get started on time, and they told him irritably that they could n't very well hurry until their trunks got up from the station so that they could dress.

Finally a baggage wagon came clattering up and the trunks were unloaded. It was already time to begin, and the platform manager had gone out to pacify the restless audience. 'Now, folks,' he was saying, 'don't get impatient — all the talent are here and will be with you shortly. Owing to a late train, the yodelers have been a little delayed, but as soon as they have changed their costumes they will be on the platform and I am sure will make up for the lateness of the hour by giving you one of their very best programmes. In the meantime let's have Brother Doughty lead us in a song.'

In the dressing rooms behind the platform there was a great skirmishing as the Swiss yodelers got into their Alpine costumes. I remember thinking they spoke excellent English and wondering how they had learned it, since they were supposed to have come re-

cently from the Swiss mountains. I had much to learn about Chautauqua talent.

When I came off the platform after my recital a crowd of people gathered around me. They all seemed so solemn. Even the boys and girls had long faces.

'My dear,' said one woman, gripping my hands until they hurt, 'God has been very good to you — I am glad to see that you are using your talent for His glory.'

A tall mournful man in long black coat and white tie walked back to the hotel with me. He said he wanted to talk to me. 'You should be very proud that God has chosen you for this great work,' he said solemnly. By this time I was completely bewildered. These people all seemed to think I was some sort of missionary. No one had said a word about my acting, my pantomime, or my character delineations — all they talked about was my 'great mission' and the good I was doing.

My next date was at Green Springs, Ohio, in the afternoon. Train connections were bad and I arrived with barely time to dress and get on the platform at two o'clock. Immediately after the recital I had to rush to the station with only a few moments to catch the train for Chicago. At midnight I caught the Rock Island going west and changed trains early in the morning for an all-day ride to my next Chautauqua town.

Before the season was over, I learned that the life of a 'she-talker' was always like that. We spoke our pieces with one eye on the audience and one on our watch. We spent our time on the platform in an agony of fear lest we miss the 4.45 or the 10.15 to take us to our next Chautauqua town; and we spent the hours on the trains in a state of fearful apprehension lest we miss our next platform date.

We learned to take our sleep when we could get it: in day coaches, on station benches, even on the baggage truck if it happened to be parked in a quiet spot on the shady side of the platform. As for food, a cast-iron stomach was a pre-

requisite for Chautauqua talent. We passed countless hours riding through beautiful fields of corn and melons and crossing the plains where the world's finest beef was grazing. But from one end of the season to the other, in railroad stations and small-town hotels, our fare seldom varied: greasy pork chops, soggy pale-blue mashed potatoes, canned corn, stewed tomatoes, and tapioca pudding.

To our audiences we were glamorous beings from afar, living an enchanted life, always expected, always applauded, always hurrying away for new triumphs. Of course they envied us. They never divined how much we longed for a night's rest between clean sheets, a meal of tender meat and fresh garden vegetables, and a quiet evening with no handclaps or crying babies.

As the train rumbled on monotonously and the blazing sun began to disappear, giving promise of some respite from the torturous heat, I took out my talent schedule. I knew that I had to leave after my programme that night and was beginning to wonder when I was going to sleep.

The talent schedule was a long blue sheet listing all my Chautauqua towns and railroad connections. There were two dates in South Dakota, three in Nebraska, four in Ohio, one in Massachusetts, three in Illinois, one in Texas, one in Florida, one in Colorado, and so on. Instead of my playing the four in Ohio consecutively, the schedule called for me to enter and leave the state four different times. Instead of my playing the one Colorado date after the Nebraska town, it was listed at the end of the season after all the Nebraska dates had been played. I had to jump clear from Kentucky to fill it.

Much has been written about the hardships of theatrical barnstorming in the early days of road shows, but troup-ing with a 'Tom' or Medicine Show was easy compared to the life of a Chautauqua or Lyceum performer. The Independents were held at different times

during the summer. Each had its own programme committee made up of local citizens. As the booking season opened in January, agents armed with elaborate pictorial circulars were sent out from the different bureaus to secure contracts. Each of the agents had his chance with the committee, and the programme was made up from talent from several different bureaus. It was seldom that one bureau got the entire contract. When the contracts were finally turned in to the office, the managers sat down before large maps of the United States and tried to figure out how they could get us from here to there on time.

One Chautauqua company I met told me that in filling nine dates they had been in ten different states. At the last one, the committeeman said to them, 'Say, you folks must be gittin' bad if you can't stay in a state more than one day.'

Gloomily I tucked the talent schedule back in my handbag as the train pulled into my Chautauqua town. I had just one hour and fifteen minutes to find my hotel, eat, dress, and be on the platform.

But the platform manager was at the train with news. There was no hotel. It had burned down the previous week. I was to be 'entertained' — which meant I was to be a paying guest in someone's home.

Carrying my bags, he escorted me down a shady street and knocked at the door of a small frame house. A tired-looking woman came to the door, and the manager explained to her that I was the Chautauqua talent she was to entertain.

'We're just plain folks,' she told me as she led the way into a little room off the dining room, 'but I hope you'll make yourself to home.'

The house was full of the delicious odors of good cooking and my spirits began to rise. But I had not reckoned on my hostess. A few minutes later, when I appeared in the dining room, she said: —

'There's a restaurant down on Main

Street. The travelin' men say it ain't very good, but it's all we got.'

I hurried out to the Palace Café. The traveling men had, I found, grossly overstated its virtues. I hoped the food would belie the appearance of the place — another vain hope, of course. When it came, slightly sour and dripping with grease, I left it to the swarming flies, bought a chocolate bar, and left. There was just time to hurry back and dress for my performance.

As I passed through the dining room on the way to my room, my hungry eyes swept my hostess's now loaded table. There was a platter of boiled beef, another platter of corn on the cob, steaming hot, a mound of creamy mashed potatoes, a large dish of fresh garden peas, a dish of long white crisp radishes, a plate heaped with homemade bread, and various little dishes of homemade pickles, jams, and jellies.

The tired-looking woman got up and followed me to my room.

'I hope you got your supper all right,' she said. 'If I'd a knowed you had n't et, I might a entertained you fer meals too. But I ain't fixed fer company.'

This was my first experience at being 'entertained' and I thought it inhumanly cruel. Through many years of similar experiences I was to learn that being 'fixed for company' meant having a meal of canned salmon and gingersnaps. A garden full of fresh vegetables was not considered quite worthy of Chautauqua talent.

IV

The next night found me dispensing pure, wholesome entertainment at Farmington, Iowa, with the Crawford Adams Company as my prelude.

The prelude was a sacred institution in Chautauqua. The main attraction would no more go on without a prelude than a lecturer would go on without his shirt. Fifteen minutes of whatever kind of musical company happened to be on the grounds constituted this part of the

programme. That is, it was supposed to be fifteen minutes. But you could never tell. If there were several people in the company, they all wanted to get a show, so sometimes the prelude took up a good share of the time.

Nothing made a lecturer quite so angry as to have the prelude encroach upon his time. He would stand off stage with his watch in his hand and fuss and fume while the company went on and on.

We never knew what our prelude was going to be. When Madame Schumann-Heink sang, she was quite likely to be preceded by the Boston Banjo Boys. An eminent Southern colonel might draw the Colored Colonial Cavaliers, and ex-President Taft's lecture on 'The League of Nations Congress' was likely to follow a whistling rendition of 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.'

There was a Russian violinist who blamed it all on America. He had been signed up in his native land for a 'great tour of the United States.' He had never been in this country before and he thought the Chautauqua represented the cultural and artistic life of America. (As far as that is concerned, millions of Americans thought so too.) But when a band of xylophonists plopped out 'The Rosary' as a prelude to his concert, the bewildered artist wrote home to Russia: 'This America is a strange country. They hold their concerts in tents and I have to play with banjos and xylophones.'

The Crawford Adams Company were fine artists, and so I was fortunate in my prelude.

As usual, following our programme, we made a mad dash, this time across country by Ford to catch the train which would get us to our next date on time. Conniving with Fate, the heavens opened up in an eight-hour downpour which was almost fatal on the soggy clay roads we had to traverse. Our car chugged along gallantly until we came to an unusually difficult hill, when it gave a last asthmatic wheeze and sank

hub-deep in the mud. There was nothing for it now but to walk. Piling out, we sloshed through the gluey clay which sucked long and hard at our every footstep. We were exhausted when we reached the top of the hill, but the driver, without his cargo, had been able to extricate the car and caught up with us. For the remainder of the night we rode while the rain beat through the car curtains in tiny rivulets. Just a few minutes before five in the morning, soaked and exhausted, we arrived at the station and boarded our train.

The Crawford Adams Company changed trains during the morning and I did not meet them again. I was asleep and they did n't waken me when they left. But about ten o'clock I felt a hand on my shoulder and opened my eyes to see the conductor bending over me.

'It's all right, lady,' he said. 'You can go back to sleep. I just wanted to see if you was dead.'

Across the sun-baked plains of Kansas my route took me; then east to Northampton, Massachusetts, and back again to Kansas. The Midwest that summer was in the grip of a periodic drought, and travelers were certainly the greatest sufferers. Through double-paned train windows the dust would filter faster than you could wipe it off — filter into your hair and eyes and lungs until you were almost suffocated. And meanwhile the sun poured molten heat on the plains as from a crucible.

I had been on the road now for eight weeks, with little sleep, less to eat, and usually unspeakable accommodations. By the time the train pulled into the station I was ready to bid farewell to the whole Uplift business. I had taken off my shoes during the night and my ankles were so swollen the laces would n't come together. Perspiration and soot streaked my haggard face. The morning trains had disgorged crowds of excursionists on their way to some kind of celebration and they swarmed all over the station. The dressing room was full

of perspiring women with their little Willies and Minnies needing attention. I wet a handkerchief at the drinking fountain, bathed my face, and started for the office of the local bureau to tell the manager what I thought of the Great Chautauqua Movement.

He was sitting behind a large flat-topped mahogany desk. The room was spacious and quiet. Through the open, shaded window came a clean sweet breeze and from a bouquet of fresh garden flowers on his desk came a delicate fragrance. In the lapel of his fresh Palm Beach suit were two sweet peas. He himself was a fresh, pink-cheeked little man, smooth as a sherbet and infinitely annoying.

He did n't say anything until I got all through telling him. Then he leaned back in his chair, touched the tips of his fingers together, and said unctuously: —

'But, my dear Miss MacLaren, think of the good you are doing.'

V

A Chautauqua programme was made up of about two-thirds music and dramatics and one-third lectures. It was served by the greatest aggregation of public performers the world has ever known. There were teachers, preachers, scientists, explorers, travelers, statesmen, and politicians; singers, pianists, violinists, banjoists, xylophonists, harpists, accordionists, and bell ringers; orchestras, bands, glee clubs, concert companies, quartettes, sextettes, and quintettes; elocutionists, readers, monologuists, jugglers, magicians, yodelers, and whistlers.

These attractions were classified in four general groups: the readers, the musical companies, the lecturers, and the educational features.

The word 'reader' was an outgrowth of the term 'elocutionist.' It was first used to designate one who gave whole plays or books in monologue form, and later came to mean any single performer

who either read or recited poems, stories, or plays.

In the early days of Chautauqua 'Culture,' the audiences were made up, almost exclusively, of church people who were violently opposed to the theatre and everything connected with it. I can well remember being told that I could never be married if I went on the stage because 'men never married actresses.'

The only way the Chautauqua patrons could hear the plays of Shakespeare or other dramatic literature was in a 'reading.' But even then a play was n't a play; it was a book or a story. I can recall any number of instances, during my first years of Chautauqua and Lyceum work, when I was cautioned against using the term in connection with my recitals. In spite of my stubborn insistence that I was giving a play, I would hear myself introduced as giving a reading of the book, *The Sign of the Cross*. No Chautauqua programme was complete without at least one or two readings. When, in later years, companies of actors were accepted on Chautauqua, the play readers became less and less popular.

One of the earliest of the Chautauqua readers was Katharine Ridgeway. She confined her programmes almost wholly to the recitation of short numbers, giving what was called a miscellaneous programme. Miss Ridgeway was the idol of every Chautauqua town in America for many years. Chautauqua managers regarded her fame and artistic achievement as far greater than those of any stage star. The head of one of the leading bureaus once said to me, 'Katharine Ridgeway has been heard by many more people and done far more good than Ethel Barrymore or Maude Adams.'

Later on came Margaret Stahl, Maude Willis, Janette Kling, Adrian Newens, Phidelah Rice, and Edwin Whitney, all winning a measure of fame in the Chautauqua world as readers of plays. Among the poets who read from their

own works were Fred Emerson Brooks, Edmund Vance Cooke, Anne Campbell, Lew Sarett, and Carl Sandburg.

There were many who gave entertainments made up of short readings, songs, stories, and other novelties, any one of which would have served as a 'turn' on the vaudeville stage. John B. Ratto, Elias Day, Ralph Bingham, Sidney Landon, and Noah Beilharz belonged to this group. Jess Pugh could have 'laid 'em in the aisles' along Broadway with his impersonation of Elmer Warts, 'the Indiana hawg caller.'

Wallace Bruce Amsbary in his inimitable French Canadian dialect readings, Alton Packard, Evelyn Bargelt, and John Bockewitz in crayon drawings, William Sterling Battis with his Dickens characters, Jessie Rae Taylor in her lightning-change male impersonations, and Charles Ross Taggart, 'The Man from Vermont,' with his fiddle — these were all popular 'one-man-show' entertainers.

Little Alice Schrode, child elocutionist and whistler, was the Shirley Temple of the Chautauqua, the envy of every little girl in the front row. This same front row was the bane of every Chautauqua lecturer's existence, but sometimes it could be bribed into behaving with the promise of the coming of the famous men of magic, Reno, Brush, Tarbell, or Laurant.

There were many real artists on Chautauqua who could have made names for themselves had they chosen Broadway instead of Bussey's Corners for their field of endeavor. A few did break away from the big brown tents and auditoriums and become famous on stage and screen. There was that excellent character actress, the late Blanche Frederici, who gave us some of the finest screen portrayals — as a young girl she headed her own Chautauqua company; and Chic Sale, with his troupe of character studies; and the late beloved Richard B. Harrison, 'de Lawd' of *Green Pastures* fame, who started his career by giving

Shakespearean readings on Chautauqua. The now famous dummy, Charlie McCarthy, made some of his first wisecracks from the pine-board Chautauqua platform, starting Edgar Bergen on the road to fame and fortune.

The noted screen star Conrad Nagle was a member of one of the Chautauqua companies on the Redpath-Vawter circuit, and a 1916 programme of the Chicago Redpath circuit displays the name of one of motion pictures' most famous scribes, Louella O. Parsons.

Prejudice against the stage had been gradually dying out. The *Perils of Pauline* at the local movie palace was a greater lure for young people than the 'worth-while things' which Chautauqua tents and auditoriums had to offer. Readings of plays by refined young ladies in flowing robes, and even scenes from the drama acted by two or more members of the Elite Concert Company in costume, failed to satisfy the boys and girls when Pauline was in peril at the nickelodeon.

Something had to be done to combat this growing influence. About this time Ben Greet brought his famous Shakespearean Players to this country. The managers put their heads together and decided to take the plunge. The Ben Greet Players were announced for the circuits. Some of the older season-ticket holders mumbled into their beards, 'What is Chautauquay comin' to!' but the bureau immediately began a campaign to sell their idea to the diehards. Stress was laid on the educational and cultural value of the project. Shakespeare was second only to the Bible. This was in 1914.

With the ice once broken, Chautauqua decided to go further. The next year Charles Rann Kennedy's *Servant in the House* was announced, and from then on play companies became the best money getters on the circuits. A dramatic company of seven or eight could outdraw a band or opera company of twenty-five or more. The circuit Chau-

tauquas took the place of the old show-boats and 'ten, twent', thirt'' repertoire companies. Of course they eschewed *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, but they played almost every popular play known to Broadway. One of the smaller circuits in the Northwest even went so far beyond Chautauqua Ideals as to put on *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath*.

This demand for drama brought to the Chautauqua William Keighley, now ace director for Warner Brothers Pictures. *Green Pastures* and *G-Men* are two of his most notable screen offerings. Among the plays he produced for Chautauqua were *Smilin' Through*, *Nothing but the Truth*, *So This Is London*, *Cappy Ricks*, Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The most popular play on the circuits (first produced by Keighley), and one that endured until the last tent was struck, was *It Pays to Advertise*.

When I chose a play from the Broadway stage to take out to my audiences I had many things to consider. I had to take care that there was not a single line, word, or situation that could possibly be thought 'off-color,' or anything that might offend a religious or political view. There must be neither 'social' drinking nor cigarette smoking. If these things were mentioned, they must be condemned either by word or by implication.

I became an adept at doctoring plays. With a few extra lines I could turn *Bought and Paid For* into a prohibition sermon, although it was written before the Eighteenth Amendment. By cutting out or adding a line I could transform almost any play into a plea for righteousness. And I was n't the only one guilty of mutilating an author's brain child for the sake of my job. A musical company giving scenes from *Carmen*, out in Kansas, had the girls working in a dairy instead of a cigarette factory, and *Carmen* making her entrance carrying a milk pail.

VI

Music was provided Chautauqua patrons in every conceivable form, from banjo trios to forty-piece bands, from ladies' quartettes to Madame Schumann-Heink and Alice Nielsen. Groups of dusky Hawaiians, Filipinos, and Serbians with native dress and instruments were always popular, and every summer the tents and auditoriums echoed with the 'OOo — lea — cee — hooo' of the Swiss yodelers.

There were innumerable companies sent out under fantastic names. A troupe known as the College Girls' Octette one season was quite likely to take to the road the next as the Eight Egyptian Entertainers.

Some of these novelty companies, however, went on year after year under the same company name and became firmly established in the hearts of their audiences. Such were the John Ross Reed Company, the Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintette, the Ernest Gamble Concert Party, and the Petrie Quintette. Irene Stolofsky, the violinist, carried on year after year as head of a company under her own name, as did Tess Sheehan, the little Irish entertainer.

It is said that the male quartette originated on Chautauqua. One of the first and most popular was the Dunbar Male Quartette and Bell Ringers. There were the Schuberts, the Whitney Brothers, and the Weatherwax Brothers. If fan mail had been in vogue in those days, letters to the Whitney and Weatherwax Boys, as they were affectionately called, would have swamped the post office. Instead of fan letters, jellies and cakes were sent around to them at the back of the tent by the adoring housewives.

A concert programme was made up of a variety of 'stunts' — scenes from operas and operettas in costume, musical readings, and vocal and instrumental selections. Since culture was the aim of every Chautauqua programme, classical

music was considered essential for balance whether it was appreciated or not. Festival singers, glee clubs, bands and choirs of different sorts, all included a few classical numbers.

Bands, of course, were always popular features and brought extra admissions at the gate. Such directors as Thaviu, Kryl, Creatore, Bachman, and Al Sweet were much in demand.

There were several companies that dispensed opera in tabloid versions. As the prejudice against the stage died down, entire productions of light operas were given from the small portable stages. While the scenery and lighting were not all one could expect in a regular theatre, the singing was surprisingly good. The choruses were filled with fresh young voices. One of the most successful producers was Howard Tooley. He sent out the Tooley Opera Company in *The Chimes of Normandy*, *The Mikado*, and other light operas. When the movie menace hit Broadway, some of the stars took their talents to the Chautauqua managers and found a place on the circuits. The veteran comedian, De Wolf Hopper, headed his own opera company under Tooley's direction.

On the Horner circuits out of Kansas City, Ellsworth Gilbert produced many concert companies, and was particularly noted for his Cathedral Choirs.

Sandor Radanovits, for many years director of music with the Redpath Bureau, did more than anyone else to keep up the standards. He produced the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and organized several good companies such as the Harp Ensemble, the Stephen Foster Singers, and the Betty Booth Company. His most notable achievement was a production of *Madame Butterfly* with the Japanese prima donna Tamaki Miura as the star.

One of the most popular forms of entertainment on Chautauqua, and one that retained its excellent standards

throughout the years, was the Jubilee Singers. The first of these companies of colored singers had an interesting history, which is, I think, worth telling.

On October 6, 1871, George L. White started out from Fisk University for Negroes in Nashville, Tennessee, with eleven students to raise money that the struggling school might live. They did not prosper, and it looked as if the whole tour would fail. At the close of one crushingly unsuccessful concert, their leader told the audience that if they cared to stay a little while longer his company would sing some of their own folk songs. On their regular programme they had sung only songs of the white race. The singers were astounded at the enthusiasm that greeted the added numbers and at once decided to abandon the white songs for those of their own people.

When they got to Oberlin, Ohio, there was a great church council in session. The Fisk Company begged to be heard, but were told that there was no time for 'darky singing.' The singers quietly assembled in the gallery and when there was a lull in the programme they began to sing softly 'Steal Away to Jesus.'

That was the turning point in their career. Henry Ward Beecher hurried them to New York and had them sing in his church. Beecher said he was going to do what he wanted everyone in the audience to do. He turned his pockets inside out and started a collection that amounted to \$1300.

The Fisk Jubilee Singers, as they were afterwards called, went abroad, visiting England and Germany. They were received by kings and queens, and dined with Gladstone. It was said that Queen Victoria wept when she heard them sing. Returning to this country, however, they were driven from a hotel at midnight. But they had brought back \$150,000 from their European tour, with which they built Jubilee Hall on the site of an old slavepen at Fisk University.

(To be concluded)

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

Few are the picturesque figures in contemporary British politics. One highly, perhaps perilously, endowed with that quality vanished from the scene when James Ramsay MacDonald died last November. Politically, it is true, he was already dead. With singular swiftness the fierce and vivid limelight that played on him in the autumn of 1931 when he broke the Labor Party in order to set up the National Government, and made him the hero of his country, faded out; he ceased to count long before Stanley Baldwin, least picturesque of men, replaced him in the Premiership in 1935. His speeches had become confused, confusing, and almost unintelligible; interviewers and members of deputations came away baffled and often saddened by the obvious eclipse of his reasoning faculties and the visible impossibility of holding his attention.

In 1935, his courage in facing certain electoral defeat at Seaham Harbor revived memories of the virtue that had above all others distinguished him in the past; he came back to the House of Commons in the not too appropriate capacity of M. P. for the Scottish Universities, and then, as Lord President of the Council, took a large and appreciative part in the ceremonies of the Coronation. That function over, however, his disappearance from the Cabinet excited little notice; it was but part of a gradual fading, like that of the Cheshire Cat in *Alice in Wonderland*. His death at sea, a few months later, was, as were so many

incidents in his career, dramatic. It called forth national tributes imposing in extent. Comment, however, was perplexed. There was a marked and quite general unreadiness to sum up, in any considered judgment, a career that covered forty crucial and challenging years or a personality that had, throughout their course, been a focus of keen interest.

Here was a man who, rising from the humblest ranks on the wings of outstanding abilities, had three times been Prime Minister, and twice Prime Minister at the head of a new party which he, in the course of his own lifetime, largely created; a man, too, of vivid personal coloring, more definitely and constantly 'front-page news' than almost any of his contemporaries; a man about whom everyone who encountered him felt strongly either in attraction or, more rarely, in repulsion. Yet the press obituaries, while long, were tame and indistinct. Experienced writers produced columns of print in which they noticeably refrained from coming to any conclusions about their subject. In Parliament the speeches were dignified, and, from every quarter, in perfect taste, but again entirely noncommittal. Elision ruled them all. Speakers from Conservative benches passed tactfully over the war period and stressed the great services of 1931; Labor speakers said nothing of 1931, but harked back to 1901, to 1914, to 1924. No one was ready to join up the pieces into a coherent picture. The B. B. C. could prevail on no colleague of standing

from any period in the dead statesman's long and richly diversified career to speak of him on the air. No one was ready to risk anticipating the verdict of history on the politician; no one was willing to express a personal judgment on the man.

Behind this well-mannered reserve toward, and general suspension of, final attribution lies genuine and persistent puzzlement. People really do not know what to say, because they do not know what to think. In private they talk, as throughout his life they talked, endlessly and incessantly about him. It used to be said that if two or three members of his own party were gathered together it was a safe guess they were talking of MacDonald; on that theme they would go on until the cows came home. They might be, and often were, highly critical; but if, at any time up to the autumn of 1931, he joined the talkers, all hung on his words — felt, too, that the light somehow went up when he came in. Moreover, not even the most dogmatic of his critics was ever sure that he was right in his analysis. At every period of his life, indeed, MacDonald perplexed most those who, through close association with him in work, knew, or should have known, him best. Uncertainty in judgment moved in direct ratio to closeness of contact; between private impression and public there was, at all stages, a singular gulf.

On great audiences, at home and abroad, he made a clear, vivid, and warm impression — an impression entirely congruous with the noble black and white of his distinguished personal appearance, and the rich music of his marvelous voice. Men felt in him that high light of inspiration and that warm glow of personal magnetism which clothe the orator, for his hearers' imaginations, with the mantle of the prophet. He lifted politics into a higher and rarer air than any of his colleagues or his opponents, except very occasionally, could reach.

On the platform he had, at his best,

a unique authority. His tones evoked pictures; they moved the mind as music does. Reports of his speeches never corresponded to the effect they made upon those who heard him; phrases could, of course, be captured, but not the mood they evoked, or the total effect of a kind of contact in which he was an artist. Audiences came away sure they had been in touch with a man of more than common moral and mental stature; his hold over them was almost unfailing. This applied to the great public meeting; it also applied to more instructed gatherings, like the Labor Party conference. There he always had his opponents and his critics, but always beat them; there, to the last, his hold was unshakable. It applied much less forcibly to the House of Commons.

He was fond of saying that he was a House of Commons man; he proved the sincerity of this statement, to the surprise and disappointment of his enemies, when he refused to move up to the House of Lords in 1937. He believed in House of Commons methods; he had a complete mastery of procedure there, and a reverence for the ancient, complicated ritual. But in the House he only rarely made a really effective speech; certainly never, except of a ceremonial kind, after 1929. There the auditors were, somehow, too near. He did not excite, uplift, or thrill them, on either side of the House; nine times out of ten, indeed, he baffled them; they did not know what to make of what he said, were not sure of what he was at. The impression was the puzzled, ambiguous one that appears in the obituary notices.

A French proverb asserts that a door has got to be either open or shut. His door, however, was at once open and shut. A frankness in speech that seemed positively heedless coexisted with an elusiveness that could never be pinned down and a reticence that could not be penetrated beyond a certain point. He talked, enormously, about himself, but always in a curiously externalized fash-

ion, as though he were somebody else, looking on at the perpetual pageant of J. Ramsay MacDonald. He would talk, in this strain, to anybody, so that his interlocutor often had the feeling that, were he to get up and go away, someone else taking his place, MacDonald simply would not notice the change. Those dark eyes, alternately brooding and brilliant, those features carved in ivory, and that moving, musical voice bespoke a man of moods, of temperament, of mystic visitations, a man with an inner life no one might share. Was he anything of the sort? In the end, most of those who ever came near him doubted whether, if he had a secret, he knew what it was.

II

A man's actions, when their toll is completed, speak of him in a language that should give interpretation authority. Certainly Ramsay MacDonald's career registers will, grit, vitality, and courage, in high degree. He started with everything against him. Born in a remote part of Scotland, he knew poverty in its harshest guise. He used to attribute the untirable feet that were such an asset to him on long mountain tramps to the years of boyhood, when he had worn no shoes. He went barefoot to a small country school, and left it at the time when his later associates were many of them just beginning their serious education. Yet by the time he appeared before the public he had given himself a culture that could match that of the most fortunate.

Stage by stage — through hard work, never intermitted — he rose to political distinction, leader of a new and challenging party in Parliament. A dark period of notoriety followed, in which, pilloried for unpopular conviction by the vast majority, he became a hero with a small minority, and, within a few years of being presented as Devil-in-chief to his countrymen by every organ of the press, rose to the highest position they can

grant a citizen. He rose as the indispensable leader of a party as new in organization as in political creed, and, five years after its first experiment in government, led it back again to the seats of authority. Then, in 1931, at a moment of supreme political and economic crisis, he stood out as the indispensable man, not to party but to nation, in whose name and for whose sake he broke his party.

Here certainly is an outline to capture the interest. When its detail is filled in, the story is not less arresting. Yet on the very threshold one meets the recurrent question mark. To the last he withheld from any handbook, however official, — as from any writer, however sympathetic, — the facts about his birth. Everyone knew that he was born into poverty such as only tough fibre survives; that, leaving school when he entered his teens, he toiled in the fields of Lossiemouth, as did his mother, until his farsighted dominie brought him back to continue his education as a pupil teacher; that at eighteen, with no more in his wallet than had Dick Whittington, he fared south and walked the hard streets of London in search of a job, finally found as an invoice clerk at twelve shillings a week. Circumstances here to make and keep romantic his subsequent rise and amazing self-training.

Of these early hardships he spoke freely enough. Of his mother he spoke always with deep admiration. As soon as he could he built her a house in Lossiemouth, and took his own wife and children there year by year for holidays. But right up to the time of his death hardly anyone knew, and no one ever knew from him, who or what his father was. That he was an illegitimate child was known, of course. During the war his enemies made ample play with this; Horatio Bottomley published his birth certificate at the time of the Woolwich by-election in 1920 — in order thereby to finish off the pacifist and pro-German. Beyond the mere fact, however, there was no knowledge. Some, who knew him well, held that he was acutely sensitive

on the matter; they later referred his otherwise astonishingly naïve satisfaction in 'high' society to that hidden wound. Further, they were apt to imply that his handsome person and bearing revealed him as the unacknowledged scion of some exalted house. Various houses were named by those who claimed to know secrets. He said nothing; he neither affirmed nor denied.

Yet in the somewhat tawdry romanticism of this attribution there was, in fact, no truth; whereas the true story holds a note of genuine distinction. His mother, a girl of great beauty and strong character, was plighted to a young man in her own station. They were to marry; she discovered that her lover was not of the character or calibre she wanted in the father of her child. Therefore she refused to marry him. Courage of a rare kind, here. The date was 1866; the place, a Presbyterian Scottish village. Proudly she carried it through. Her mother, who had been in 'good' service, in the exalted houses of the legend, helped her to care for her baby; she told him tales of the grand world she had known. To his mother, the son gave devoted affection; hardly, however, full understanding. Had he given that, he might have done something, later, to break down the cruel injustice that handicaps the disinherited. Perhaps it is to his grandmother that one must refer the conventionality of view that kept him silent while mythical marquesses were given him as father.

Conventionality — that strain runs right through. The extent to which, always, he minded what other people thought, and desired to have them all think well of him, enhances the courage which, on notable issues and occasions, went against the current. That he, in fact, shared most of his habitual opinions with the majority was an element in his strength. He thought, for instance, — as do most Britishers, quite irrespective of religious conviction or the lack of it, — about Rome. He saw the Scarlet Woman approaching at the time of the

Prayer Book controversy; he said, once, that the only circumstance that could, and must finally, separate him from any of his children would be their adopting that faith. No other action would he condemn in advance; on that he was adamant.

His social notions were equally naïve. He loved contact with the aristocracy. He loved every aspect of the ceremonial of office and authority. No pressure from his party could have induced him to abstain from dining at Buckingham Palace, or dining there in Court dress. He liked it æsthetically; he liked, further, the hierarchical view it represented. A society in ordered tiers, mounting to a pinnacle of gold and glass, appealed to his imagination and satisfied his taste. Moreover, there was history in it, and his sense of history was acute and constant. This note sounds through his writing and his speaking, from first to last. He used to attribute to his early biological studies his belief that the present unfolds itself, always, out of the past, with no breaks or jumps.

Certainly, he believed in gradualism long before Sidney Webb coined the word. His belief, however, relates not so much to his reading of Hugh Miller as to something fundamental in his make-up. Not only was he possessed by the sense of inexorable fatality that is apt to partner the student of historical process; he had, and was governed by, an extraordinarily constant awareness of the time category itself. No man was ever more rigorously ruled by the clock. At any appointment his mind was busy overtaking the next; part of him was always moving away from here, to there. He had the incurable restlessness of one perpetually catching trains. Adventure might always be waiting round the corner; any post might bring it. His expectations of the postman were child-like — another ticker here marking off the intervals in the hour glass, which, threatening and fascinating, haunted him always.

His early inclinations towards a scientific career were deflected by a breakdown in health; soon afterwards a post as secretary to Thomas Lough, a Radical M. P., carried him straight into the currents in which he was destined to swim. He met, in the New Fellowship, the men and women who were to make the Fabian Society; he colloqued with London Scots, and it was as secretary to their Home Rule association that he wrote to Keir Hardie, very soon after the latter had founded the Independent Labor Party in Bradford, in 1893, and offered himself as a member.

Hardie formed the I. L. P. with a definite purpose. It was to be the instrument for converting the trade-unions — then in the throes of the New Unionism — to political action, and persuading them that they needed a political party for that purpose. Contact with Hardie was to set MacDonald's future course for him. Hardie quickly discerned the intellectual gifts of the young man whom he made his chief lieutenant; at the time when his influence was strongest with MacDonald, it was powerfully reënforced from another quarter. As one of Hardie's small band of stalwarts, he fought Southampton as a parliamentary candidate in 1896. That candidature brought him into personal relations with a young woman, as simple and direct as he was complex and fluid, who fell in love with him, married him, and brought him the economic security that made possible the political career for which she saw him destined. Margaret Gladstone came from the intellectual middle classes. She was a natural Socialist, with a strong and unperplexed sureness that her beliefs were right. Her clear, unwavering integrity profoundly influenced her husband's decisive political years.

It did so the more effectually that her views were entirely in line both with Hardie's burning idealism and with the simple directness of purpose of another individual with whom contact began in 1900 and lasted almost unbroken for

thirty-odd years after. This was Arthur Henderson. Henderson, with his wholly different background, his trade-union authority and local government experience, became treasurer of the Labor Representation Committee (out of which the Labor Party developed in 1906) when MacDonald was made its secretary in 1899. The association thus begun was of day-to-day closeness up to 1911, when Henderson became secretary and MacDonald, largely through Henderson's insistence, leader of the parliamentary Labor Party, and, wholly through his insistence, a leader not subject, as had been the case before, to annual reëlection. Henderson, authentic representative of the workers organized in trade-unions who make the backbone of the Labor Party, steadily restrained their restive suspicions of MacDonald. He admired his mental gifts, wide knowledge, and political capacity without reserve or jealousy.

From the first, Henderson saw the new party as a party. It took long to clear from his brilliant associate's mind the inclination to see it merely as a group. So, in 1910, MacDonald toyed with the notion of taking it into a coalition — a project that broke on the inflexible contempt of Henderson and his dry query, 'Have you consulted with Keir Hardie?' Henderson, again, safeguarded MacDonald's position on the party executive, and so kept him in its inner counsels, despite all disagreements on the war.

III

The war is a chapter by itself in MacDonald's story; and a chapter that might seem, of itself, to refute any charge of conventionality of mind. He then endured in its extreme form the ordeal of bitter unpopularity. He endured it alone — his wife died in 1911. Against the passionate devotion of the few he had to set alienation from the majority in his own party, and loud detestation from the mass of the nation at war. For

them he was, at best, a blind fanatic; at worst, a simple traitor. In these years he showed fortitude and a high courage the more admirable that his personal sensitiveness never hardened into indifference to abuse. It is no belittlement of that courage and that fortitude to add that his stand was, essentially, a negative one. To what one may call the philosophy of pacifism he made no contribution. He was against the war, because of the mistaken foreign policy of Grey which had led up to it, and the poor strategy by which it was being conducted.

At first, he was not with the minority who refused to take any part in recruiting. He desired to go out with the Red Cross himself, although in this he was thwarted; his eldest son, Alistair, served with the Friends Ambulance Unit. He was never an absolutist: he never stood for the conscientious objectors in the sense that Arthur Ponsonby and Philip Snowden did. Association with a small and derided minority pushed him, stage by stage, nearer to the full pacifist position, but he never took it without reserve; it was too alien to the temper of a natural fighter. He said finer things about peace than anybody else did, and finer things about war; but they were, in the main, negative things. And, although he very early took the line that there must be a formulation of democratic peace terms, he was much slower than Arthur Henderson to realize the significance of the idea of the League of Nations as their guarantee, and for long remained lukewarm and half-hearted about it.

His, however, was the challenging figure. As the war dragged on, with its disillusionments, its mounting holocaust of life and idea, and the centre of the Labor Party swung gradually nearer to his critical position, gathering to itself Liberals as well as non-party persons who demanded a peace of reconciliation on Wilsonian lines, he was, more and more visibly, its spearhead.

In the 1918 general election, he, like every other candidate who dared to take a decent view, was swept out by the unscrupulous tactics of Lloyd George; but that election distorted rather than represented public opinion. The swing over began at once, with the formulation of vengeful Peace Terms at Versailles. The Berne Socialist Conference in 1919 was far nearer to the life-and-death currents of post-war Europe; MacDonald assumed a natural leadership on the burning issue of Democracy versus Dictatorship, which rent the conference. Here he was on the kind of ground where he was at his strongest. The pull of the new Russia was, for a stage, potent even within the Labor Party, and especially within the I. L. P., with which throughout the war he had been peculiarly associated. He set himself to stem the drift to Communism, and succeeded.

Never had he been more vigorous, never more eloquent with voice and pen, than in his speeches and writings in defense of constitutional and democratic Socialism against Bolshevism. Indeed, in many ways the years between 1918 and 1924 represent high-water mark in his political activity. Until 1922 he was out of the House of Commons, and his speeches went largely unreported in the press; but the effect of those speeches, and of his writings, was far-reaching. Already a hero with the left wing, because of his pacifism and the abuse that it brought him, he now became something of a hero with the centre and the right because of his vigorous and effective championship of trade-unionism against Sovietism, and of constitutional methods against revolution. In his finally successful battle against Communism in Britain, the by-election he fought at Woolwich in 1920 marks a decisive stage. The Communists there entered the fray against him; after that the Labor Party had no use for them. Henderson, who had got him adopted for Woolwich that he might resume what he called his 'natural place' as leader in

Parliament, carried the Labor Conference with him in a motion to refuse affiliation to the Communist Party, as later in one to refuse admission to individual Communists as members. From this time on, though Communists might trouble, they never seriously threatened the unity of the Labor Party or blinded the public outside it, despite enormous Tory efforts, to the fact that constitutional Socialism is the antithesis of Russian Communism.

In 1922, the left wing, led by the Clydeside M. P.'s, claimed to have secured his election as leader of the party in Parliament; they were very soon to be in revolt on the ground of his excessively right-wing approach to domestic problems. In the main, however, he enjoyed in these years, and right up to 1930, the enthusiastic support of the main body in his party: a kind and degree of popularity there such as no one else could challenge or sought to challenge. His personality, and the belief in his tested sincerity, — as proved by what he had gone through during the war, — gave the party distinction and status in the public mind; the startling result of the election of December 1923, which called on Labor to form a government, was accepted without panic, in an atmosphere of tense and mainly sympathetic interest.

This first essay at government was, on the whole, successful. MacDonald himself, in his handling of Poincaré, of the London Conference, and of issues at Geneva, made a brilliant impression. He took his new honors and his new popularity with dignity. He made good speeches; he revealed a cultivated mind, streaked, agreeably, with poetry; his diplomacy was effective. But after nine months the government went out under a cloud of his making. At no time in full sympathy with the demand of the party for recognition of and a trade treaty with Soviet Russia, he let himself, on this issue and on the dropping of government prosecution of a Communist

named Campbell, be manoeuvred into a position where the temptation to get on his high horse and ride away proved too strong for him.

The 1924 election was, from every point of view, a mistake. It was a mistake to have it; and it was handled badly, especially by the Premier. Not the famous Letter in which Zinoviev urged British Communists to greater exertion, including tampering with the army, but the accompanying Foreign Office Note which MacDonald drafted — although its precipitate publication was without his authorization — cut the ground from under the feet of Labor candidates. Since he, with fine loyalty, refused to blame the Foreign Office, many colleagues openly, and more privately, blamed him for the entire affair. Philip Snowden was among these; he came to Henderson and urged him to take over the leadership. Henderson absolutely refused; indeed, he devoted himself to reëstablishing the confidence of the party in MacDonald and in itself by giving it a definite programme of action, in the famous document *Labour and the Nation*.

The years 1924 to 1929 were difficult years, whose most remarkable feature was the recovery made by Labor from defeat on the political and disaster on the industrial field. In the mining lockout of 1926 and the events of the so-called General Strike, MacDonald's part was the only one possible to a political leader. He, like many trade-unionists, backed a movement in whose success he could not believe, which yet had, as someone put it, to be 'got out of the system' by trial and error. There were recriminations, of course; nevertheless, ranks closed, and when the election came, in 1929, the party profited by the growing sense in the country that spineless government at home had been accompanied by needless weakness abroad. Labor won seats as much on the foreign as on the domestic chapters in *Labour and the Nation*. It was in the foreign

field that the second Labor Government was to win its major success.

Of that success, too much went to the account of the Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson. MacDonald did not want to give Henderson the post, which he regarded as peculiarly his own; nor did Henderson's achievement cause him any keen satisfaction, least of all when it began to be contrasted with the failures of the government as a whole — above all, with its failure to cope with the mounting tide of unemployment. This was a portent at whose significance he began to look, long before it developed to crisis in the late summer of 1931.

IV

MacDonald, supposed by those who did not know him to be a temperamental mystic, was, of course, nothing of the kind. He was, indeed, the reverse of that: a long-headed and coolly calculating strategist. Conventional rather than creative in the field of idea, he was a political executant of quite remarkable talent, skill, and resource. His action in relation to the problems that confronted him in 1930 and 1931 cannot be explained on the idealist hypothesis, which never really fitted him; on what he might have called the realist one, it can.

The Labor view is that he betrayed his Socialist convictions in the interest of personal power; or that he never really entertained such convictions. This view is, in either chapter, much too simple. So is the National view that he simply and nobly sacrificed personal feeling in order to serve and save his country — although this latter explanation is much nearer to his own account of the matter. The National view further suggests that his action was extemporized in relation to a sudden, overwhelming crisis, whereas Labor in the main sees him as, in part, the architect of crisis — anyhow, planning his own action in relation to it well ahead.

Ahead he always looked. His constant

time sense compelled him to do so. As 1930 wore on, the prospect before him, if events took their normal, predictable course, was exceedingly unattractive. The Labor Government might last into 1932 — hardly beyond that. When an election came, the party would be defeated. That meant the wilderness of Opposition, for an indefinite period. As leader in that rôle he had never wholly satisfied his party; he found it personally uncongenial — increasingly uncongenial, after experience of office; the more uncongenial since he was, every day, becoming more critical of his associates, whether in the Cabinet or among the rank and file. He liked them less and less. They were a lot of sentimentalists, who could not, or would not, face realities.

The grimmest of these realities was unemployment. That during the second period pressed on him, as Prime Minister, with the more painful weight because he was not, and never had been, an economist. He had not had that training; his head was not of that shape. Moreover — and this was more serious — he had never had any real confidence in the economists of his own party. His attitude to trained minds there was always hostile. In succession, he antagonized them. J. A. Hobson, old friend as he was, was cold-shouldered and never consulted; the Webbs he always disliked; G. D. H. Cole was snubbed; for the younger Cambridge school he had nothing but derision; Laski he frankly detested. There was an Economic Advisory Council, with admirable minds upon it; he never used them. He could not talk their language, and was unwilling to confess it.

This abstention from contact with the thinkers and experts on his own side, or what might have been presumed to be his own side, in effect handed him over, tied and bound, to the business magnates and other important persons, and the orthodox among the civil servants, by whose professional negativism and

skepticism he allowed himself to be overwhelmed. He took these at their face value; he further believed every tale brought to him of profiteering by the unemployed or abuses of the insurance system. This had its grave emotional significance and effect. It was, however, less serious than its concomitant — a progressive acceptance of the unworkability of any plan of radical change, in any department.

Here we are at the heart of the trouble; for here intellectual conventionality and historic fatalism swung together into play, and found a sinister ally in an indurated habit of talking in Socialist generalities while refusing to translate them, or permit them to be translated, into positive and practical terms. MacDonald's own writings and speeches afford ample confirmation of this habit of his. Throughout his life, from the nineties right up to 1929, he wrote, as well as spoke, copiously on Socialism; there are a row of books on our shelves with his name on their backs: *Socialism and Society*, *Socialism and Government*, *The Socialist Movement*, *Socialism, Critical and Constructive* — and the rest. Vigorous polemic in them all. But their best pages are the negative ones — those where he is attacking false conceptions, and explaining what Socialism is not. He kept a firm foot on Marxism; he rejected Syndicalism, Guild Socialism, and Functionalism; he destroyed Communism. But how much by way of a positive Socialist creed or plan of action can one now, could anyone ever, extract from these pages? How much guidance as to what a Socialist government would or should do? Very little. Brilliant in attack, they are constructively sterile. There is more concrete Socialism in *Labour and the Nation* than in all these volumes; and he always disliked *Labour and the Nation* and hated to be reminded of it.

It is not true to say that he did not believe in Socialism. He did believe in it, possibly to the very last. But he did

not believe that it would work — least of all when he was in a position where he had a chance to make it work. Theory and action would not come, for him, into connection. He never thought his generalities through, into the terms of practical application. To each presented case of such application, his reaction was critical, if not definitely hostile. His attitude here is not, of course, uncommon. It is that, after all, of most Christians. They, like him, believe in their creed, but not in its application. Like them, too, he remained unaware of the contradiction plain enough to others. He saw only the positive half of his position — his generalized Socialist faith. His onetime followers of course saw only the negative half — his failure or refusal to apply it. Yet the two halves co-existed.

So, in August 1931, when he broke the party he had helped to create and twice led to government, he felt that, in saving his country, he was acting as a Socialist, while those who refused to impose the 10 per cent cut in Unemployment Insurance, made, as he later said, a 'condition of borrowing' by foreign lenders, were not. Had he said that crises occur when a responsible statesman has to act, here and now, as best he can, when there is, literally, no time to think of principles, many could have forgiven who could not forgive what they saw as the hypocrisy of killing a Socialist party in the name of Socialism. If the thing had to be done, let Baldwin and the Tories, who believed in it, do it, they cried. There, however, they asked the impossible of MacDonald. The force that carries a man to the Premiership is in part a belief that only he can do it. MacDonald was in 1931 as sure that he was indispensable as that he was right. His dramatic sense joyfully exaggerated the crisis: the flames must rise high that he might, vividly, soar above them. Anyone who took a calmer view of the emergency, anyone who disagreed with him, was, simply, a traitor. Into the

minds of others he had never had any difficult inclination to enter.

So what hurt, and hurt poisonously, in August–September 1931, was the apparent lightness of heart and easy indifference with which he then broke with old associates. He took none of them into his full confidence, beforehand. No member of the Cabinet, not even Snowden, knew till he announced it that he proposed to form a coalition government. They went away from Downing Street on the Sunday night believing that he was going to hand in his and their common resignations. When he made the astonishing announcement next morning — as astonishing to Neville Chamberlain and Herbert Samuel as to Snowden, so it is recorded — only Snowden, Thomas, and Sankey were asked to stay behind when the others filed out, and invited to join a ‘National’ administration. When he later met his junior ministers, he merely told them that they would not be opposed in their constituencies; the new government was formed for a specific purpose, which it would not outlast. He did not ask any of them to join it. The party meeting he did not condescend to attend. The impression he conveyed was that he did not desire the adherence of any section of the Labor Party.

In the House of Commons, he at no time made any reference to those broken ties which caused Henderson to stumble in his speech and blanch his ruddy cheeks. On the contrary: with no sign of difficult transition, MacDonald abused the men he had worked with only a week earlier, and for thirty years before that; he treated his new associates — whom he had opposed throughout his entire active political life — as though he had always been of their company. The solemn pledge not to hold an election on the new parties alignment — a pledge given in public and in private and over the air, in the most definite and categorical terms — was broken within

two months; and he then launched against Labor a campaign of abuse such as had not been met even in 1924. The shock caused by this conduct embittered and poisoned the minds of Labor members, as of the simple men and women, up and down the country, who had idealized MacDonald ever since 1914. Can we trust anybody again? they asked.

The sense of shock deepened when, after the election installed him as head of a National combination with an immense majority, pacifists saw him betray peace as Socialists had seen him betray Socialism. Eminent Conservatives had believed that they would have to pay a pacifist Premier a heavy price for his acceptance of their tariff policy, and that the terms of that price would be expressed in disarmament. They found there was no price to pay. In making Sir John Simon Foreign Secretary, MacDonald selected a man congenitally disqualified by the analytic and destructive brain of the visionless type of lawyer from dealing with the vast imponderables of the international situation. Personally responsible for that fatal choice, out of which the present Far Eastern tragedy directly arises, he is further responsible for the failure of the Disarmament Conference, where the British attitude blocked progress on every technical commission, and Britain supported France and the Little Entente in obstinate resistance to the grant of equality on a disarmament basis to Germany.

Between 1931 and 1935, MacDonald could have done much for peace; his epitaph, here, is the Rearmament White Paper of March 1935, the last official document initialed by him.

Here again, of course, one is confronted by the fatal gulf between generalities and their translation into action that balked his Internationalist as his Socialist professions of reality. He could, and he did, make marvelous speeches about peace and about international

understanding; he had great gifts as a diplomat, whether as president of conference or as direct negotiator. But when it came to action he could not resist the impact and stifling pressure of the old ideas. His international functioning was, therefore, as conventional as was his private attitude to art or morals, or Socialism itself. He never 'took to' Geneva; from the collective system and the collective attitude he remained, fatally, aloof.

Moreover, the poison of jealousy played its part. Disarmament was suspect for him, because Henderson was president of the conference for which he had, as Foreign Secretary, paved the way. The shameful campaign against Henderson came from Downing Street, and was carried over to Geneva, where his isolation from the British delegation shocked all observers. Into this jealous weakness, as into snobbishness, the inner uncertainty that troubled his egotism betrayed MacDonald.

V

In 1928, I heard him deliver a great speech at the Albert Hall in London, which he closed by quoting the famous lines of Blake: —

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till I have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

I listened, amazed. 'Till *I* have built' — no, 'till *we* have built.' But my ears had not deceived me. He said 'I,' because he thought 'I.'

The misquotation was profoundly illuminating. Always, he thought 'I.' He could do no other. That, in the last resort, was why he displayed, in his relations with his fellows, an unkindness and a lightness of mind that lacerated them, and made them doubt whether they had ever been entitled to call him friend. Their feelings, their ideas, their convictions, never carried for him any equal authority. They were never fully real to him. When broken-hearted old companions asked themselves if he had ever cared for any of them, or for any idea or person outside himself, the answer had to be that, in so far as caring is an emotion disinterested and unself-centred, carrying with it a deep acceptance of the individuality of others, it was an emotion he did not know, outside the possessive circle of his immediate family. He spoke, beautifully, of friends who were dead; of the living, who can now rise up and say he gave him that genuine attachment which is an exchange of equal concern? He wanted the mass adoration that exalts the dictator; at many periods through his career he had it. But of true friendship he was incapable. His spirit moved in terms of isolated egotism, through a loneliness imposed by its own nature.

OIL IN THE BACK YARD

BY LILLIAN FRYER RAINEY

I

OKLAHOMA CITY's pulse is reacting just now to the alphabetical vitamins in its oil — not viosterol, haliver oil, cod-liver oil, or castor oil, but plain smelly old crude. The oil industry is on the march. To be exact, it has already marched and lies encamped at the door of the State House itself. New reinforcements are moving up, and new sectors are being taken over as fast as the lessees can shoot holes in the zoning ordinance. And as a counterattack to protect the sluggish brown oil underlying the properties of the State, Governor Marland has picketed the Capitol grounds with his own derricks. Even the lush green parkway dedicated to beauty and a dignified approach to the formal south entrance of the Capitol is parade ground for those tall steel vigilantes.

As the crowds say who drive by, gazing as at one of the wonders of the world, 'It's a sight!' By day the derricks stand gaunt skeletons of hard-bitten steel; by night, brilliant, illumined Jacob's ladders leading from earth to heaven. By day it is magnificent and hideous; by night, all ugliness inked out, it is a fairyland of glamour. An oil field is nothing new to the people of Oklahoma City, but an oil field on the front lawn of the State's White House, adorning the Capitol grounds with giant rigs, ornamenting it with slush pits and preëmpting the front and back yards of one of the exclusive residential districts as casually as do dandelions in spring, is another thing.

One day back in 1928, a wildcat gusher, lying to the south of Oklahoma City, gushed in and opened up a Midas pool, which became known as the South Field. It spread out eight miles long and two miles wide. Oil tanks and derricks mushroomed up overnight in groups and colonies as far as the eye could see. Squat thick tanks sat gorged with oil; slush pits and pools of greenish-brown fluid, escaped from the latest producer, lay inert in the sun; tall rigs signaled the presence of fabulous underground riches. To those who owned a fragment of a lease or a scrap of royalty it probably looked like trips to Europe, a Rolls-Royce, an ermine coat — or, it may have been, just new shoes and the next month's bills paid. However it looked, it sounded like all the switch engines in the world trying to make the grade up the same hill.

At first the only territory affected was open fields, creek banks, washed-out gullies. When, in 1930, drilling reached the city limits, which had been extended to take in an area much wider than was of use at the time, it still met no opposition, as the city dump, the squatters with their unsightly shacks, and Negro cabins offered no competition in beauty or sanitation. But with nine hundred wells already producing or drilling, and the trend of march toward the wholesale district, the City Council laid down a chart of oil zones outside of which there could be no drilling. One of the protected zones included the executive mansion

and the State Capitol, for the beautification of which \$250,000 had just been allotted.

There is nothing negative about an oil field. It is either on the make or done for. Deserted, it lies gutted, its deep dark wounds barren and sterile of any earthly interest; on the make, it is a seething, hurrying, sweating, brawling, exhilarating jumble of men and machinery.

In the first flush of production in the South Field, huge trucks laden with drilling pipe rumbled over deeply rutted roads which a few weeks before had been fields of cotton. Company cars scurried from lease to lease. Tool dressers, tool pushers in corduroy and khaki clinging to stripped-down Fords, rushed pell-mell to new locations just spudding in. From the window of a tall office building one saw only spires of promise and fulfillment; along the roads leading into the heart of the field one saw rough, boarded-up shacks, too flimsy to be called houses, perched like mammoth goods boxes on ragged patches of ground. Tin cans and old iron brightened the umber drabness of vacant lots doused brown by sticky oil, while a few scattered trees, relics of an apple orchard, hurried to bloom, hoping to bear before the next lusty gusher should blight them.

Across the road an emergency hospital — a pine packing case of a house with rows of white cots — stood ready for the next explosion, the next epidemic, the escape of poison-gas fumes, or for the lady known as Lou and her two companions shot or slashed in the dance hall around the corner. Boardinghouses thrown together quickly to accommodate hordes of homeless, hungry, and tired workers, smelled of boiling cabbage and the week's wash flapping in the wind. The roads, beds of yellow dust when dry and seas of red mud when it rained, were flanked by unnumbered cold-drink stands, pool halls, and machine shops. There were actually blacksmith shops, for the mule is an important worker in an oil field.

In 'Rag Town' children, hogs, and chickens roamed together amicably in warm spring sunshine. Hogs, feasting on the city's garbage dump, were the aborigines of this section, and the grunt of the porker was heard in the land long before the chug of the drill. Out of the heart of a lowly pigpen roared a sixty-thousand-barrel well whose twin usurped the homestead of the city pesthouse, while the Phillips Petroleum star producer was significantly called 'Ash Can No. 1.'

Oil is no respecter of persons or places. From the bed of a river, the ball ground of a ward school, the yard of the Free Will Baptist Church, and, with sardonic humor, from the county poor farm it poured, boisterous and blatant.

II

Cut off from further encroachment by the warehouse district and having discovered that the 'big pay' wells were to be found in the fabulously rich, prolific, but tricky producing sand known as the Wilcox, lying, as they believed, southeast and northwest of the city, the oil companies executed a flank movement around the city and secured permission to drill. This was during the depression, when any business which promised work and pay was not scrutinized too closely; besides, the landlords were heart and soul in favor of it, for they needed the lease money and the one-eighth royalty.

When wells and more wells came in, the public cast a thoughtful eye over the horizon and decided that, just in case the Council might be cajoled into going a little too far with this drilling business, it might be well to amend the city charter, taking away from the Council and giving to the voters the right to decide such matters. The charter was amended. The sole power left the Council was to zone the city, saying where wells might and might not go, unless the majority of the taxpayers in such zones wanted them, in which dim and distant event the pro-

ceeding would be to petition the Council, pay the expenses of an election on the question, and heed the voice of the people.

The first petition was not so dim and distant as had been thought. It had to do, however, with an outlying district, and the balloting brought a distinct murmur of assent from Ward Three and a loud shout of 'yes' from Ward Four. Wards One and Two, unaffected as yet physically, but a little anxious at this point about what might happen if the wells continued their march, voted 'no.' There were more 'yeses' than 'noes,' because all the 'yeses' went to the polls, while some who meant 'no' were too busy directing the landscape man where to put the shrubs and place the lily pools to vote.

To the oil-field worker, the man with a team of mules, the ditch digger, to artisans of almost every trade, the oil fields meant work—work and pay. To the Negro with his shack, to the small home owner, to the owner of a vacant lot, it was good business to get a bonus worth as much as and often more than his property, and the chance of an eighth or maybe a fourth of the oil 'if and when.' Oil in Oklahoma is not a wraith or a phantom. So much Aladdin magic has taken place before the very eyes of the average citizen that it seems more than a bare possibility. It is here, it is there, for the taking. The question is: Where is here? Where is there?

The geologists, who had been core drilling and seismographing territory adjacent to and east of the State Capitol, though without the city limits, believed they had found the answer. Very quietly companies began buying leases, almost within a stone's throw of the State House, and then started in to drill. The oil field was definitely on the move! It goose-stepped along the outer edges of the small cottage district, squeezed through the palings of vegetable gardens, stalked across an outlying golf course, side-stepped indignation meetings as well as

threats of impeachment petitions, and finally, one fine day, bespattered the clean new bib of the executive mansion across the road.

III

And now the fat was in the fire! The British-American's Mary Green roared in a 20,000-barrel producer, and up went more rigs! The flank movement had skirted the city and crept up on the State Capitol from the east. Derricks pierced the sky line one hundred and thirty yards behind the executive mansion, and engines chugged away in syn-copation, no two on the same beat. Nothing could be done! It was a free country; a man's home was his castle, and if he wanted to live in the same yard with a mud hog, a drilling engine, a slush pit, and a derrick, that was his privilege. It was beyond the city limits, and the Council could do nothing. But the neighbors across the line, within the city, did. They had smelled oil and liked it; they had seen lease money and helped figure out on a shingle, with an old stub pencil, just what their neighbor's royalty checks would be when the well came in. A daily income of, say, \$15 would more than compensate for any discomfort. To live within touch of a derrick was better than to worry about a mortgage. Anyway, they were getting bespattered and begrimed, and they might just as well get paid for it.

Balance against this group the people whose homes, valued at from \$15,000 to \$75,000, also lay along the line of march, and who, if voted into the operating district, could drink their coffee each morning along with the rancid odor of crude oil, and sleep at night to the raucous sound of a drilling engine.

'We don't want any gushing wells around our premises!' they shouted. 'Most of us built homes with the intention of living in them the rest of our lives. We want to water tulips, not slush pits.'

At this point the oil men began to offer inducements to the votaries of beauty.

They promised to sink drilling machinery in deep pits so that you could n't see it, to use a noiseless electric pump so that you could n't hear it, and for good measure to screen their greasy holes with fragrant roses and honeysuckle so that you could n't even smell the oil.

Everybody was either mad or glad. The Governor started out by being mad. At first blush he was opposed to marring the beauty of the capital city, but that blush deepened into an angry red when the surrounding acreage became the property of oil interests demanding that the City Council call an election on March 24, 1936 to zone the mansion district for oil. Wrapped in the protection of that early ordinance, the State Grounds were sacred from zoning; but, if the election carried, all the adjacent territory just across the road would become another seething oil field. Realizing that the State's lands, under which lay millions of dollars of oil, would then be drained without compensation, Governor Marland petitioned the Council to include these lands on the ballot and at the same time plead with the people to vote 'no' against the whole project. The Council, thoroughly shocked at the idea, flatly refused to have the State Grounds defiled and denied the petition.

Meanwhile the president of the city school board sent out letters listing royalties in oil and gas and rentals and bonuses which the school board had received from production on city school property in addition to its share of the gross production tax used for the maintenance of schools in Oklahoma City. It was a total of \$1,138,301.50. 'I did n't tell anybody how to vote,' the president said; 'I just gave them the figures.'

The Council at this point, on the three horns of a dilemma, — pro-extension, anti-extension, and Governor Marland, — wrung their hands and prayed for wisdom. In their anguish they decided to follow that safe middle course, halfway between good and evil, and called an election to zone the section across the

road from the Capitol and north for a mile. This would include a small golf course, a number of frame and brick homes ranging from \$2500 to \$10,000 in value, vacant lots, a tourist hotel, and, in addition, a plat of small houses and lots to the south and east of the Capitol.

When the polls closed at seven o'clock on the evening of March 24, the ordinance had carried by an overwhelming majority. Before dark the Phillips Petroleum Company had fifteen wells tentatively staked. All night trucks and wagons rumbled along the highway dragging in pipes to new locations. By morning other companies went into action. As fast as building permits were issued, crews of men and mules began digging cellars. In a single day twenty-seven locations were staked and fourteen derricks contracted — a record for the nine years of oil activity. Contractors had been booked weeks in advance. There was a shortage of drillers and roughnecks and men handling explosives, but big wages brought them on the run from the east Texas field.

IV

Governor Marland, who was an oil man long before he was a governor, watched the frenzied activity across the road with feverish unrest. Preserving inviolate the placid beauty of the landscape surrounding the State Grounds and executive mansion was now problematical. The only thing left, as the Governor saw it, was to grab a spoon and get into the jam pot before it was all gone. But how? The City Council had refused to include the State lands on the March 24 ballot, and they had not been voted into the zoned district.

'Why should the State forgo \$500,000 in bonus and \$5,000,000 in royalties while near-by wells ravage the pool?' argued the Governor. 'Regardless of the Council's action, we'll drill five wells as fast as we can, unless I am stopped by a superior authority, and the only superior authority I know is the President of the

United States.' Defying the city's power to control the drilling, the Governor promised all bidders on State leases that they could sink their wells behind the protection of armed guards, and announced that in the event that the Council tried to enjoin the State authorities he would call out the militia. After considerable shadow-boxing between the two, Governor Marland, one fine morning, stepped off the location for the first well behind the kitchen and named it Defiance No. 1. And in due time a detachment of the State militia executed a comic-opera manoeuvre of 'Marche Militaire' on the doorstep. Shortly after this the District Court handed down a decision that the city was without power to enforce oil zoning laws against the State. Since then the Governor has been busy seeing that the State is not defrauded, pilfered, cheated, or drained of one drop of oil asleep in its subterranean grabens.

Tantalized, however, by the thought that quite probably the greatest gusher of all lay imprisoned beneath the Capitol itself, and unable to drill down through the place where the dome ought to be, as some facetious crooner of 'Old Uncle Ned' suggested, Governor Marland and the drilling authorities decided to find out by slanting a hole under the structure from an adjoining block. From a surface location one hundred and fifty feet south of and three hundred and seventy-five feet west of the Capitol building, a slanting 6400-foot hole, by angle drilling and the novel indirect approach known as whipstocking, connected with the objective pool in October 1937, and, without destroying grass or flowers, completed a well with an initial production of 7744 barrels — which, if not the greatest gusher of all, was well worth angling for.

In the week following the vote on March 24, 1936, fifty-six wells were spudded in the newly zoned district. Sentiment was growing to throw open the whole of the East Side to drilling.

The Council was again petitioned to grant another extension so that the rest of the property owners, who had suffered all the evils, detriments, and nuisances of the oil field, might be allowed to lease and so receive some compensation. Hard pressed, they agreed to permit a vote, but reserved Lincoln Terrace, the millionaire residential district, and the State's medical centre — consisting of the University Hospital, the Medical School, and the Crippled Children's Hospital — as islands safe from oil encroachment. This altruistic gesture, however, only tangled another knot in the situation. Horrified at the prospect of oil wells on the fifteen acres surrounding the hospitals and school, the Board of Regents, after figuring probable royalties, changed its attitude and asked to be included on the May ballot.

Beautiful Lincoln Terrace, split into two factions, became the focal point for a bitter and confusing civil war. With drilling wells within a few blocks on three sides, it was a question whether it was any longer worth saving. 'Let the hair go with the hide; we'll lease and get what we can and move out,' said one faction. 'We'll fight to the last ditch; we'll file injunctions and petitions and damage suits; our property is covered by a plat restriction, and in the event of drilling in this addition we'll sue the property owners who sold an oil and gas lease, the drilling company, and the man who developed the restricted property,' insisted the other faction.

Affidavits were taken from architects and contractors as to the present value of homes, in view of asking for damages if invaded or made unsightly or obnoxious by drilling operations. 'If over 50 per cent of the home owners demand a place on the ballot,' the Council sorrowfully announced, 'it will be unfair to keep Lincoln Terrace off the ballot.' And thus, on May 12, almost the whole of Oklahoma City east of the Santa Fe Railroad was, by decree of the people, thrown open to drilling.

V

The Council was at once besieged for permits to drill. Each permit granted called for a \$1000 fee and a \$200,000 bond for fulfillment of contract and indemnity for injury or damage to property or person. Locations hopscotched away as far north as two miles. The race for the pay sand was on. Hordes of rig builders, tool dressers, drillers, tankies, foremen, mule skimmers, roustabouts, and roughnecks swarmed to work. Veteran oil hands and their families arrived in automobiles, found a camping place between derricks on high ground, threw together 'knockdown' houses, and were at home. When the boom is over, the families, cars, dogs, and houses will move on, following the bite of the drill.

Leases were bought, sold, and traded. Excitement flourished. Flower beds and lawns gave up without a struggle. Houses were put on wheels and trundled away to less valuable plots of ground. Lots 25 by 140 feet brought a thousand dollars each. Seventy thousand dollars was paid for the royalty alone on one five-acre tract. Some of the deals to drill were slyly referred to as 'Andrew Brown' deals, because everybody concerned was talking in terms of millions. Money had come to town. The talk was never of dusters, but of producers — big producers — gushers. People who had never been able to see a month or a week ahead found themselves overnight with more actual cash than they had ever dreamed of possessing.

The scout who closed a deal for a drilling block for one of the big companies told me of the scene enacted in that block just six hours after the pay-off. Returning late in the afternoon to secure signatures of possession, he stumbled on to a Christmas night celebration. The inhabitants had all been to town and bought the accumulated longings of years. Before one house stood a shiny Chevrolet roadster and its new owner, a

fat little man, shaking all over like jelly as he chuckled.

'Hi!' he shouted, a half block away; 'just see what I got! Yessir, I went down to a automobile place this very day and I says to the man, "Send me out a Chevvy!" And by golly he did, and there she is!'

At the next house the scout's knock was drowned in the music from the new radio. Pushing his way in past unopened bundles, he attended the first demonstration of a washing machine. In the next house, supper had been delayed, for 'Mother' was marching up and down trying on her new evening dress. He was welcomed like a fairy prince and an old friend of the family, and his advice was asked as to the cut of the back. It was pink chiffon.

Oil is the medium of fabulous riches and gigantic losses. It offers as bait prodigious speculative adventure. To the big investor it says, 'Put in your thousands for the chance at millions'; to the clerk, the dressmaker, the boarding-house keeper, it means more than pennies for pounds — it means the one chance, perhaps, at economic independence. It is a gigantic game of put-and-take. Put by all means, and take if you can!

VI

How does one play the game? There are, broadly speaking, two methods: royalty and lease. Each offers certain advantages. When land is leased, the lessee pays a bonus to the owner for the privilege of drilling and developing for oil; in return he receives a specified interest in all oil and gas produced. As a rule the lessee receives seven eighths of the oil and gas and the lessor a one-eighth interest known as royalty. In the Oklahoma City pool, however, the competition has been so great that in some instances one fourth of the oil and gas has been allowed as royalty. The landowner, Mr. Jones, may lease only a part of his land and await the outcome of the

test well. If it is a producer, he can dispose of the remainder of his holdings at a big profit; if it is a duster, he can be a philosopher and hope that the other portion is on the structure.

After leasing all or part of his land, Mr. Jones may go further and sell all or a part of his prospective royalty. In this way he assures himself of some money whether or not oil is found. This royalty often becomes a commodity to be traded in small pieces. If it is very valuable, or supposed to be, it is often split and sold as undivided interests. The royalty owner puts up no part of the drilling money and draws out, free of expense, his share of the oil. His reward, if any, is not so large, but on the other hand his gamble is not so prodigious. It should be remembered that in selling the royalty or lease Mr. Jones does not part with the surface right and use of his land, and when the lessee exercises his rights to prospect for oil he pays Mr. Jones for any damages to growing crops or other property thereon.

The mansion area extension of the Oklahoma City field presented an entirely new riddle to lessees and lessors and to the ordinance-fixing body. Instead of tracts of land, it was already cut into small homesteads, not of acres, but of feet — twenty-five feet to a lot. Most people owned two or more lots. The customary spacing of wells in other fields had been one well to every ten acres, but with many people owning small parcels in a block of five acres consisting of sixty-five lots of twenty-five feet each, it was agreed to allow one well to every five acres, unless the block contained less than five acres, in which case a well might be drilled on two and one-half acres. Out of this condition grew the community lease. The lessees of fragments of a tract pool their leases, and the one owning 51 per cent controls the drilling. All lessees pay their proportionate share of drilling expenses and, with royalty owners, receive their share of the oil.

Without regulations covering well spacing, an offset spree of drilling would plaster the scene with derricks and result in colossal waste. In the unrestricted area there were seven rigs in one block, chugging and pounding away against time in the effort to be first to the sand. There are now some three hundred and eighty-four drilling or producing wells in the residential districts of the city.

It is surprising that of all wells completed in this area only five or six have got away from the drillers, — gone wild, as they say, — owing, doubtless, to the infinite care and precaution taken to minimize hazards; for the damage in certain sections, should a well get away, would cripple, if not ruin, a drilling company. This is an oil field *de luxe*. No *débris* is allowed on the drilling field; there is no 'Rag Town' of parasites hanging on the fringe. Even the City Planning Commission, plundered of shrubs and grass, have taken heart and, starting anew, have approved the 'Shop Beautiful,' a lovely white-tile 'hot dog' stand for the army of oil-field workers, which, like other armies, travels on its belly.

'It will be just as beautiful as we can make it,' vowed the prospective owner. 'Oh, it will be fine!' And the Commission, which had fought against back-yard riches at the expense of beauty, sighed and thought so too.

VII

Aside from the teamsters who dig the cellars, there is little downright unskilled labor in an oil field. To watch the co-ordination and synchronization of six or eight roustabouts or roughnecks, as they are called, getting a huge pipe together and running it into the bowels of the earth, is a stirring experience. It is not the skilled labor of a precision machine, but the roustabout knows his pipe, how to coax it, how to yank it, how to 'wrestle' iron. He has to know, for drilling is a hazardous business.

While the *modus operandi* of drilling a

well is common knowledge in an oil community, to those beyond the border it is often but a jargon of strange words and phrases. Stated in unloiled terms, the procedure is something like this. After the lessee has secured a permit to drill and put up a bond, the engineer stakes the well. Teamsters and mules dig the cellar and slush pit; the rig driller lays forms for concrete pillars, which are run with cement, builds the floor, and puts up the derrick, which comes in portable form like a giant erector set. All derricks in the new field are of steel. If the need is urgent, the derrick can be put up in forty-eight hours after the cement has set.

At this point the drilling contractor moves in and rigs up tools — 'R.U.R.' to you in the oil sheet of the morning paper. The contractor sets the mud-hog engine and drilling engine, moves in pipe, sets and connects the boilers, and is ready to 'spud,' which means the first turn of the drill. After drilling a hole approximately a thousand feet deep, thirteen-inch casing is set to prevent surface cavings. In rotary wells no additional casing is used until the top of the Wilcox sand is reached, as the mixture of common mud and water, plus a rare mud containing colloidal substances dumped in continuously by the mud-hog engine and rotating with great velocity and force the full length of the hole, coats the sides with a hard mud skin which is practically impervious. When these muds circulate, they are liquid; when still, they turn back into jelly.

After this it is chug, chug, chug, with time out for a fishing job or two. Various ingenious gadgets have been invented for fishing. A drilling tool broken off several thousand feet down in a hole requires one type of tackle; a coil of rope, another. Shutting off water from sands above or below is another misadventure which slows drilling. However long it takes, once spudded, the well becomes 'our' well to lease owner, royalty owner, and every roustabout and roughneck on

the lot, who eagerly watch the chart of its health, its progress through the adolescent period of shale and lime, past the telltale sands which, encountered at certain depths, forecast its fortune, until that last roundup, the last bite of the drill.

When the well is completed and ready to produce, the master gate or valve above is opened; the oil, saturated and propelled by gas, rushes up and through into a flow pipe connected with the separator tank, where gas, like the steam in a teakettle, rises to the top of the tank, leaving the oil in the bottom. From here the oil is run into a storage tank holding a certain number of barrels. A yardstick is used to measure it, so many inches corresponding to so many barrels. To determine the potential, the well is opened for, say, four hours — the run in that time, multiplied by six, denoting its potential output in a twenty-four-hour day. Under the present proration, as fixed by the State Corporation Commission, however, only a small per cent, varying from month to month, of the capacity flow may be run for storage.

Through 'gathering lines' which spread out like fingers over the field, touching each gorged tank, the pipe-line companies withdraw the oil and convey it to refineries, where it is made into gasoline and varied by-products. The gas released from the oil is either piped away for commercial purposes, allowed to escape, or used in the field. One important use is to energize dead oil wells where the gas pressure is too low to raise the column of oil. This outside gas is forced under tremendous pressure through perforations in the oil pipe far down in the hole near the sand, and artificially hoists the oil. It is known as the oil-lift operation.

At the International Petroleum Institute held recently in Tulsa, Oklahoma, two strange new inventions for the exploration and recovery of oil far underground were displayed: the famous 'bottom hole pump' which, like a tireless

iron mule, stands on its head at the bottom of the well and kicks oil to the top with its heels; and the cameras or 'seeing eyes,' as they are called, which look ten thousand feet down into the earth and tell what they see. The seeing eye is being developed by science primarily to detect the wandering or whipstocking of a well meant to go straight. Like a sleuth, the eye detects any suspicious angling toward another man's pool, photographs the evidence, and reports to the driller. But more important perhaps is its help in guiding the drill into devious paths in order to recover oil from oceans and rivers.

With drilling in hitherto inaccessible places made possible, imagination shies at the picture every now and then suggested of America's reversion to the horse-and-buggy days, with motor vehicles useless, machinery silent, and airplanes unable to fly for a lack of fuel. Recently a group of scientists predicted that there would be a serious shortage of crude oil by 1940, and despite geophysical methods of discovery, deeper drilling, and more efficient recovery processes there would be little available after 1945. To-day with proration as tight as a vise, cutting past the bone and into the very marrow of production, and with stabilization dependent on the steps taken recently by the oil states further to curtail present allowables, it seems a remote possibility.

Engineers estimate that 75,000 barrels of oil per acre may be recovered from the rich Wilcox sands, and, as the State owns seventy-nine acres in the drilling zone, the total would be close to 5,925,000 barrels. The State receives one fourth as royalty, which, at the current price of a dollar a barrel, would

bring \$1,481,250, in addition to the \$683,852 bonus already received.

In ten years, from 1928 to January 1938, some 1214 wells were drilled in the Oklahoma City pool. At the extremely low estimate of \$65,000 each, they cost producers, for drilling alone, \$78,910,000. From these wells over 410,855,249 barrels of oil have been produced, selling from a low of twenty cents to \$1.82, and valued at \$419,072,353. Strange as it may seem, of all locations drilled only nineteen were dry! Engineers believe that another 180,000,000 barrels from the Wilcox and 40,000,000 from other horizons will yet be recovered. From the new mansion field, made hesitant by the appearance on the north of dry holes, the State received in the eighteen months from June 1936 to January 1938, in bonuses and lease rentals, \$1,563,596.42.

Once referred to as the 'infant industry,' oil long since kicked out of its swaddling clothes. Discovered by chance in Pennsylvania seventy years ago, it traveled west by southwest along with the other pioneers to make a fortune. In less than forty years it created five billions of new wealth. As I look from my two windows to-night I see brilliantly lighted spires piercing the darkened sky line. On one side, they are oil in the making; on the other, the finished product — new skyscrapers, giants of steel and marble. Oil has cut a wide swath in this city of the plains. It has stalked on stilts into a community, outraged precedent and tradition, worked a visible kindness to the hopes, fears, and longings of some and despoiled openly the accumulated treasures of others. Blatant, boisterous, but buoyant — 'smelly old crude!'

THE COST OF OUR GOVERNMENT

BY SENATOR HARRY F. BYRD

I

THE Federal Government cannot be fair with its citizens until it is fair with itself.

It cannot be fair with itself until it takes stock of its depression measures, determines a definite policy with regard to them, and adjusts its expenditures and revenue accordingly.

It cannot be fair with the citizens until, in the light of these policies and the accumulated and existing conditions, it makes unqualified, straightforward answers to three simple questions: What is the national debt? What is the total annual cost of the Federal Government? Who must pay the bill, and what rate is to be assessed upon the various classes of taxpayers?

These questions, while growing in importance to every citizen everywhere in the nation, for eight years have dangled in an abyss of uncertainty. Until they are answered simply and frankly, the government will be uncertain, the administration will be uncertain, its policies will be uncertain, the citizens will be uncertain, business will be uncertain, social welfare will be uncertain, and economic security will be uncertain.

The depression brought its difficulties and hardships. The citizens and their government repulsed the depression, temporarily at least, with fearless action which commanded the respect of the civilized world. The government promptly changed its pace to meet conditions — governments should change to meet changing conditions.

But the government has been overtaken by the moment when another fearless change of pace was necessary. It overran the moment for pausing to take inventory of what had been done, to solidify gains, to face facts, to reënforce its progress by retrenchment in unnecessary expansion, to discard excesses, to eliminate extravagances of emergency measures, to count the costs, to pay the debts and face the future squarely with adjusted policies.

These things were not done. Instead, statements of the national debt were qualified. Expenditures were continued on a double budget basis under promises of a 'laymen's balance' which never materialized. Expansion of government functions, agencies, and personnel continued with emergency fury. Attempts were made to plug round holes through which an avalanche of expenditures were pouring with square pegs of social security premiums and other spurious fiscal practices. Makeshifts were resorted to in place of sound and adequate taxation, policy determination, and adjustment.

These fallacies are still with us.

When the mariner has been tossed many days upon tempestuous seas he naturally avails himself of the first break in the storm for a glance at the sun to get his bearings and ascertain how far the elements have carried him off his course. That is simple salty prudence.

In seven years the Federal Government has spent the incredible sum of

\$47,000,000,000. In the same period \$22,000,000,000 has been added to the national debt. These figures are too large to comprehend, but they are vital because the prosperity of every individual in the nation depends upon the preservation of the credit of the nation.

No one will deny that continuous deficits can lead only to disaster. The credit of the government is still sound, but it will not remain so always under the strain of the present extravagance and enormity of expenditures. The Federal budget has not balanced for eight years.

In six years the increases in the Federal debt have been more than four times the total complete wealth of the State of Virginia — a wealth that Virginians have been accumulating by their frugality and industry for more than three hundred years. Virginia is an average state in wealth and population; thus we may say that the *new* Federal debt represents the total value of all the property owned by the citizens of four sovereign states of average wealth and population. To argue that such dissipation of resources is dangerous is to put it mildly.

In 1930 the debt of the Federal Government was \$16,000,000,000. It had been reduced from the World War peak of \$26,000,000,000 by payment of about a billion dollars each year of the twenties. To-day the debt has risen to upwards of \$38,000,000,000.

In addition to this direct debt, the Federal Government has guaranteed in full the obligations of twenty-five wholly government-owned corporations and partially guaranteed the obligations of ten semi-government corporations. This contingent liability is approximately \$5,000,000,000. Therefore the total direct and contingent obligations are more than \$42,000,000,000. It is true that this gross debt is subject to such credits as may (or may not) come from recoverable assets and the ultimate liquidation of the

thirty-five corporations — and the tendency is to expand these corporations and increase their number — whose obligations have been guaranteed by the government in whole or in part. It is likewise true that the debt is subject to such credits as may come out of the present gold policy, but it is difficult to calculate the extent of such credits because the problems presented in disposal make gold credits an asset of fluctuating value at best.

To get the debt back to the figure of seven years ago, payment of a billion dollars each year for twenty-two years would be necessary. It is questionable whether, even with uninterrupted prosperity for a generation, the people of this country and their business could sustain the government on its present expenditure basis and retire the debt at this rate. To do so would require nearly a 30 per cent increase in tax collections based upon the 1938 estimates — estimates which were the largest in history, approached only by the year 1920, when war profits were subjected to high tax rates.

The Twentieth Century Fund, an independent fact-finding agency, says that total government debts in the United States — Federal, state, and local — amount to \$56,000,000,000, 'the largest that any nation has ever had.'

In 1913 the per capita income for the United States was \$350; in 1936 it was \$469, an increase of 34 per cent. In 1913 total expenditures by all governments in the nation equaled \$30 per capita; in 1936 the total was \$134, an increase of 347 per cent. On a per capita basis, government expenditures in 1913 represented 8 per cent of the national income; in 1936 the expenditures represented 28 per cent of the national income. In 1913 the total public debt averaged \$59 per capita; in 1936 the average was \$430. At present about one third of every person's income would be required to meet government expenditures if we were to pay as we spend.

The President predicts a ninth consecutive annual Federal deficit for next year. In the previous history of the nation two years was the longest period of substantial successive deficits. In the three World War years, exclusive of loans to the Allies, the Federal Government spent for normal and war expenses only a little more than was spent in the 1935-1937 period: \$25,000,000,000, compared to \$24,000,000,000.

II

The best efforts to examine and reconcile figures in the two Federal Government budgets indicate that our annual Federal expenses are now being leveled off somewhere above a \$7,000,000,000 base. The double budget was adopted in 1934. There was to be one budget for emergency expenditures and another for regular expenditures. There are still two budgets. But there has never been but one treasury, and one source of revenue.

In 1934 the regular budget presented to Congress by the President was for \$2,700,000,000. In 1938 the regular budget is \$5,400,000,000 — an increase of 100 per cent in four years.

A reduction is shown in the statement of recovery and relief expenditures in the emergency budgets, but the reduction is accounted for largely by the transfer of such expenditures as those for the Civilian Conservation Corps from the emergency budget to the regular budget. There has been no reduction in total expenditures, and, excluding the nonrecurring soldiers' bonus, expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30 will be as great as for any other depression year, if not greater.

It is difficult at best to comprehend expenditure of billions of dollars, but the device of two budgets has added to the confusion. There have been announcements of reductions in spending for recovery and relief, but almost invariably reductions in the emergency budget

turn out to mean that the regular, permanent budget has been increased by the items eliminated from the emergency totals. The expenditures have been juggled from one book to another, but the taxpayer pays the bill for both budgets. The two-budget system has merely aggravated the general confusion.

The increase in the regular budget expenses during the past five years is indicated by the following figures: —

<i>Year</i>	<i>Regular Budget</i>
1934.....	\$2,700,000,000
1935.....	3,200,000,000
1936.....	3,300,000,000
1937.....	4,400,000,000
1938.....	5,400,000,000

When recovery and relief expenditures, the costs of the recently inaugurated slum-clearance programme, the additional costs of the new farm programme, and expenditures for other costly new items are added to the \$5,400,000,000 budget of 1938, the total in all probability will come closer to \$8,000,000,000 than to \$7,000,000,000.

Congress has done more to destroy the budget system by its practice of making lump-sum appropriations than by any other form of action. Approximately \$15,000,000,000 of such appropriations have been made in the past four years, as compared to \$1,500,000,000 of lump-sum appropriations in all previous history of the nation. These lump-sum recovery and relief appropriations, equivalent as they are to blank checks, have flowed in surprising volume into the regular departments for expansion of their activities. In actual dollars and cents, more than \$3,000,000,000 of lump-sum appropriations went into the regular departments in 1934, 1935, and 1936, swelling to that extent the budget estimates for their maintenance and operation.

While the unpublicized aspects of the double-budget-lump-sum appropriation may be a revelation to many who do not

follow closely the operations of Federal Government, there are other practices which baffle one seeking accurate information regarding the cost of his government.

One example is shown in the budget of 1938, which discloses that \$230,000,000 of social security taxes has been used for regular expenses, thus reducing the deficit by use of a tax collected and paid for the specific purpose of providing old-age security.

Another example is the practice of deducting from current expenditures excesses of collections on loans over loans made. In this manner the combined expenditures in 1937 were shown to have been reduced by \$243,000,000. In reality, and for the sake of accuracy, the excess of capital loan collections over the total of loans made should be applied to public debt reduction. Instead it has been and is being applied to current expenses.

Somewhat related to the foregoing is a third example involving the government corporations, at present so popular, which account for contingent liabilities amounting to more than \$5,000,000,000. The statement has been made publicly, and has not been denied, that the credits and recoverable assets of these corporations, as shown on official government reports, have been grossly overestimated.

An instance in point is the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The government purchased \$500,000 of stock and about \$4,000,000,000 of notes of this corporation. The stock and notes have been carried on government reports at face value, creating the impression that the total assets represented sound value, ultimately recoverable into the Treasury to reduce the public debt. Congress was informed more than a year ago that \$2,500,000,000 of these RFC assets were valueless because the money had been diverted into relief expenditures and expenditures of regular agencies of the government and were not recoverable.

But not until recently was it recognized publicly that RFC notes were not worth more than fifty cents on the dollar as recoverable assets. At the request of the Chairman of the RFC, who was not responsible for the misleading Treasury Department record, a bill was introduced in the current session of Congress canceling \$2,600,000,000 of these so-called recoverable assets and \$33,000,000 interest.

The government requires its citizens and the business enterprises they conduct to make clear and candid statements of their financial condition. There is no reason why the government should not be equally clear and frank in reporting the activities and financial condition of the government as a whole, and all of its agencies and the corporations in particular. These corporations have sprung up rapidly during the depression days. They have become a sort of special-privilege class of government agency. Some of them, in their functions and activities, bear striking resemblance to holding companies. Some of them disregard the Congress in the expenditure of funds. Some of them refuse orthodox government audit.

The huge deficits can no longer be attributed to failure of revenue. Even before the request was made of the current session of the Congress for another quarter of a billion dollars for a relief deficiency, the estimates for the present fiscal year indicated that the total deficit would be upwards of \$2,000,000,000 despite the greatest revenue in the history of the nation. And that revenue did not come from millionaires, for if the government had confiscated all the income of all the millionaires in the country the revenue would have run the government only about three days. It did not come from big business through the so-called undistributed-profit taxes. The records show, and no one will deny, that this and other share-the-wealth schemes broke down. Some contend that, together with other Federal poli-

cies and activity, they carried business down with them, with the resulting recession.

Nearly half of all the revenue came from the miscellaneous taxes embracing tobacco, amusements, and hundreds of other items which rich and poor alike pay at the same rate.

Ordinary people will pay most of these bills and carry the load of this debt and these expenditures. A true and accurate diagnosis requires frank and fearless recognition of the present economic predicament and governmental activity.

III

By far the greatest evil of the governmental operations during the past few years has been the gross waste of money through unadulterated extravagance, duplication of effort and agencies, and creation of agencies and functions which, if necessary at all, were of short-lived value.

A typical illustration of the manner in which millions of dollars have been squandered has come to light through examination of the use made of a lump-sum appropriation allocation for construction of houses in Virginia to be rented to mountain people. The average cost of these houses, complete with land and overhead, was about \$8000. Representatives of Virginia in Congress had no opportunity to vote on the appropriation for their own state. Competent builders in the locality have offered to reproduce the houses at the rate of \$900 apiece.

A formal request to the Resettlement Administration to stop such excesses was unavailing. In the same manner the same administration built about fifteen thousand houses throughout the country, some costing more than \$16,000 each. These houses were to be rented to low-income tenants. The overhead on some of these places, according to official audit, has run as high as 40 per cent of cost. The government's own

experts admit that families for whom the houses were designed could never pay rent based on actual costs.

The cost of the average American home is \$4400. With this in mind, efforts were made to limit the cost of houses to be built under the new slum-clearance law to a figure which competent persons, both in the Congress and out, including proponents, said was adequate.

The Federal Government has extended its operations until one out of every eighty men, women, and children in the United States is now on the national payroll and is naturally a supporter of legislation that has given him or her a job. He likewise is a supporter of legislation that will make that job permanent. When the personnel of the regular army, the navy, the marine corps, the legislative and judicial branches, and the Civilian Conservation Corps (now permanent) is added to the 889,550 (as of December 31, 1937) regular civil executive payroll of the executive branch of the government, the total is approximately 1,500,000 employees. With their dependents, it is seen that a substantial portion of the population of the United States is dependent upon the Federal Government for regular employment. But that is not all. To the regular payroll there may be added a million Federal pensioners (not including recipients of old-age pensions) who receive regularly a check from the Federal Treasury. Add to these the millions on relief. It is not fanciful to apprehend that the day may come when organized minorities receiving Federal support may combine to make and maintain administrations pledged to a progressive continuance of this prolific distribution of money wrung from taxpayers.

The statement is made advisedly that there is to-day in the United States the most complicated and costly bureaucracy in all history. To point to fifty Federal agency legal divisions in Washington is enough to describe the density

of the Federal jungle. But there have been at least twenty-four agencies concerned with lending government funds, thirty-four with acquisition of land, forty-eight with wild-life conservation, nine with credit and finance, at least a dozen with home and community planning, ten with materials of construction, and numerous others which overlap and duplicate functions in such fields as public welfare, health, and relief; regulation of business enterprise; transportation; agriculture; power; law enforcement; property and personnel; publicity, and so forth.

Make a simple test in your own community; check your telephone directory. There are branches of 75 Federal agencies in the State of Virginia. A government-compiled directory in Washington showed 143 separate Federal agency numbers, exclusive of hundreds of branch and extension numbers. Agency offices at the seat of the government outgrew the capital, and one large unit had to be taken to Baltimore. There were in Washington, at the time of a recent check, 46 personnel officers listed for the government; 104 publications and information offices; 126 agency libraries; 51 agency traffic managers. It was estimated that several hundred ex-newspaper men found employment in Federal agency press sections in Washington more profitable. In 1930 the Federal and district governments paid for 17,142 telephones in Washington; in 1936 the number was 32,882.

Besides the bureaucracy in Washington, there have been set up forty-eight or more miniature federal governments outside, one or more in every state in the Union. In the period from March 1, 1933 to July 1, 1936 the government built 664 new buildings outside of Washington at a cost of \$239,000,000. Yet on July 1, 1936 (later figures have not been made available), notwithstanding the new and old government-owned buildings, the government was leasing 11,842 others. The floor space of build-

ings owned and leased by government outside of Washington is the equivalent of fifty-two Empire State Buildings, or more than one Empire State Building for each state.

Thus it is not difficult to see how the overlapping of activity, the duplication of effort, the extravagance and inefficiency, have mounted.

The failure to form definite policies has been particularly costly with regard to relief. The Federal Government has been spending an average of \$810 a year per person on relief, but with no permanent relief policy. That figure may be compared with \$692, the average per capita income of the people in the United States in the prosperous year of 1929. Federal Relief was inaugurated as an emergency measure and has been continued as such, in a separate budget. In seven years the Federal Government appropriated \$15,000,000,000 for recovery and relief. Recent requests for more money for the current year indicate that the pace is not slackening.

The facts and figures cited to this point are only examples of what can be found in a thorough study of the Federal Government. The result of the activities of the Federal Government, from the standpoint of its fiscal status, is that for four years it has spent \$14,000 every minute of every day, including Sundays.

There are those in the nation who would take the last dollar in the Treasury to see that no one goes hungry or cold, and would bend every human effort to guarantee equal rights and privileges to all, but these same people to-day view with alarm the situation as it has developed. Their belief is that a mandate for progress and welfare without a mandate for solvency is a mandate impossible of fulfillment, and very likely a mandate for disaster. When they question whether what is being done can be done more economically and more efficiently, and whether all of the activities are necessary, they are held up to

scorn as economic royalists, tories, hard men without the milk of human kindness, men completely indifferent to human suffering.

In reality, many of those who question the safety of spending more than the income for so long are sincerely searching for means for better conditions for more people on a more permanent basis. That was true, for instance, of the group in the United States Senate in the summer of 1937 who endeavored to rid the nation of the greatest possible number of slum sections and provide in their place the greatest possible number of substantial and comfortable homes for the slum occupants, within the bounds of money available. This same group recently were made villains in a play written and staged by persons on the government's Works Progress Administration payroll in New York.

If the nation is to meet the future squarely and fearlessly, with a determination to make a better America for Americans, the time has come for the

government to face the existing conditions frankly, to get back to one budget, and to begin paying as it goes.

One way to pay is to reduce expenditures, through elimination of waste, extravagance, inefficiency, duplication of effort, and unnecessary agencies, functions, and activities. The saving from such action, if applied to the public debt, would make substantial reductions. There are also other ways to pay.

But there can be no orderly progress until the government first takes inventory of its vast and cumbersome self, until it determines what parts of it are to be permanent and what parts are not. When these questions are answered with definite and clearly defined policies that will be adhered to, then the questions involved in paying the bill will be met sternly, but definitely and with certainty.

Admittedly that is the hard way back to prosperity; but it is the common-sense way. It is a slower way than priming the pump; but it is a sure way, and more certain of lasting results.

BALLET WITH RED FLAGS

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

I

THE curtain was scheduled to rise at twelve noon. By eleven-thirty, Emily and I were in our seats in Row 2 of the Mariensky Theatre, in Leningrad; for perhaps the only thing that takes place on schedule in Russia is curtain rising.

Emily was a Russian girl, supplied by Intourist as my interpreter; she had been with me a month and we had traveled up from Moscow together. She was twenty-three, a graduate of the Moscow University, and an intensely Soviet citizen — so intensely Socialist, indeed, that I had been daily tempted to wring her neck because she refused to believe that my American mode of daily life did not consist in sitting like a great spider, sucking the blood of our exploited workers.

This morning, however, Emily and I were somehow pleased with one another. Obviously, there was not another tourist in the theatre; Emily had been smart to get us invited, and she knew it. This was the dress rehearsal of *Partisan Days*, the new Soviet ballet, and it was a historic occasion. For the first time in two hundred years, the orthodox, classic Leningrad Ballet Corps (once the Imperial Ballet) was to come down off its points, drape its muscular legs in native costume, and dance a full ballet of folk music.

The fact of the spectacle's being staged in the old Mariensky Theatre made it the more dramatic, because nothing in Russia is less modern than the Marien-

sky. High above our heads swung the great crystal chandelier; around its base, painted nymphs pranced elegantly across the ceiling. Our seats were armchairs, upholstered in handsome damask that had faded a lovely, sentimental blue; the (once) Imperial Box was draped in tasseled curtains of the same color. Curly gilt woodwork was lavish everywhere. It was all nostalgic of vanished days, of Sleeping Beauty waltzes, — Rubinstein, Meyerbeer, — of roses flung to adored Italian prima donnas. Only two nights ago I had seen Tchaikowsky's *Swan Lake* danced here, and a marvelous thing the Ballet Corps had made of it — an illusion so dreamy and delicious it had been impossible to believe oneself in the harsh, deadly serious world of the U. S. S. R.

'Nothing Marxian about *this* place,' I said incautiously now, to Emily. 'I love it. I just love it.'

'Wait,' she replied, 'until the curtain rises! To-day you will see no pretty fairy tale.'

I muttered that I knew it, and she need n't suppose I was going to be taken in by any more Socialist theatre propaganda. Had n't I gone to the movies every single afternoon in Moscow and seen a whole month of propaganda films? Pretty good films, I had to admit, but, after so much blood and thunder, *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* and *Onegin* had been a relief.

Nevertheless, I was secretly as worked up as anybody over what was to take

place this morning. *Partisan Days* was, I knew, a drama that touched the actual life of every person in the theatre; it was the story of those mad, tragic days at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1917. It was a drama to be danced fervently, or danced not at all. Would the Ballet Corps be able to come down off its skillful, pretty points, emotionally as well as technically?

The theatre was tense, restless. This was an audience of professional artists, — actors, writers, painters, — all of whom were familiar with the libretto of *Partisan Days* and the controversy that had raged concerning it. The composers of the ballet were here too; from time to time before the overture began, one of them crossed the wooden plank from stage to pit. I watched them curiously — so like, yet so unlike their Broadway counterparts: Asafiev, composer of the music, better known in America by his pen name of Glielov, middle-aged, bald-headed, his stocky person neatly dressed and necktied; Vasili Vainonen, the young choreographer, small and wild-haired, quick-moving; Dmitriev, author of the libretto and *décor*, tall, pale, and well-dressed, with the stamp of the theatre somehow plain upon him. All of them had that dress-rehearsal look of not having slept for weeks.

All, that is, but Vaganova. Vaganova, pivot of this theatrical battle, sat up in the Director's box, looking anything but nervous. The only woman choreographer in Russia to-day, decorated by the Government for distinguished work, she has a tremendous following. It was her arrangement of *Swan Lake* I had seen the other night; she had sent us our tickets for *Partisan Days*. Everyone knew she had been a solo dancer in the Imperial Ballet, and as such belonged heart and soul to the classic school of dancing. Her presence to-day showed she had not opposed *Partisan Days*, but what did she really think of it? Would n't she hate seeing 'her girls' in long skirts with fringed Georgian shawls over their

heads, and never a *fouetté tournant* in the whole performance? Everyone watched her now, sitting so straight in her black satin dress and smart tiny white hat, poised as always.

II

Overture. . . . I relaxed into the comfortable, pre-Revolutionary curves of my chair. Why, this was no modern music, shocking one's muscles into stiffness! Here were no trombones discordant, no shrill economy of horizontal line. Here was melody, supported from below by comfortable, familiar harmony.

'Emily!' I whispered. 'It's not new at all. It's Rimsky, all over again.'

'The composer Asafiev,' said Emily, stiffly, 'is a scholar as well as a patriot. Have we not just finished translating two of his books?'

We had, ten minutes before we left the hotel this morning. Sitting in the theatre, however, I had caught the infection of excitement until I had expected revolution from the orchestra as well as from the Ballet Corps. Asafiev's music certainly was n't startling, but then a Soviet audience does not desire 'modern' or striking effects in music; the national taste in music is far less sophisticated than its taste in theatre. Planning to introduce a propaganda ballet, the Direction had been astute in choosing a conservative composer who could write easy, singable tunes.

Curtain. . . . Here is the ordinary market-place scene of Russian opera, with the people dancing. Cossacks in smart black-and-white, in khaki-and-red, girls in graceful Georgian costume, helmeted White Russian officers, and the simple, ubiquitous Russian soldier in blouse and old boots. It is the eve of Nastia's wedding; celebrations have already begun. Nastia's betrothed, his Cossack curl over his left brow, his Cossack fur hat at an evil tilt, soon mani-

feats his Georgian temperament when Nastia dances with Kerim, the hero.

Nothing modern about this, either, I tell myself. Peasants, jealous Cossack — why, I've seen it fifty times in New York City.

I look at Emily, but Emily is leaning forward, watching the stage. She is waiting for something.

The dancing ceases abruptly as officers appear, swords clanking. Their boots are shiny, their hats are plumed, and one of them carries a banner. Emily draws her breath sharply. 'Look!' she says. 'The eagle!'

The eagle! The theatre stirs restlessly. Here in Leningrad, doorways and walls are defaced where, in fury and hatred, the eagle has been torn away. It is not permitted to look upon that Imperial emblem. . . . The officers carry placards which they tack to the house walls, and on the placards the black eagle spreads its wings. . . . Instantly the stage is divided. Kerim, with his crowd of peasants and workers, backs away from the placards, to the left. Nastia is dragged reluctantly to the right and stands under the eagle with her father, her betrothed, and the Tsarist officers and supporters. With a fling of his great hairy black cloak, Kerim steps forward, tears the eagle to the ground, and dances defiance.

'Ah-h-h!' says Emily, her hand clutching my arm, and 'Ah-h-h!' breathes the whole audience.

The music quickens, the curtain falls, rising instantly. Across a backdrop of jagged white Caucasian mountains, against a darkening red sky, six horsemen thunder by in single file, their Cossack cloaks flying, their hoofbeats pounding. And the foremost horseman carries a red flag.

At sight of that flag, something extraordinary happens to me, something that turns all my reasoning power to dust. I am no Communist; with all my heart I believe in democracy. Yet that crimson banner tells me a people has

risen, 150,000,000 strong — a people that for two thousand years, mute, illiterate, has doggedly endured, too ignorant to plead a cause, too despairing even to dream a flag. . . . And now they ride united, and their leader carries a red banner. . . . The Revolution has begun.

Strange that to-day I cannot remember if the sound that stirred me so was hoofbeats alone, or if the orchestra played full tilt. I know only that hoofbeats pounded to the very roof, that suddenly the curtain fell, lights flared, and here was I, a bourgeoisie woman from a hated capitalist country, on my feet and yelling, with both arms tight around Emily and tears streaming down my cheeks.

III

The whole theatre was on its feet. . . . 'Let's go find Vaganova,' Emily said, and had barely said it when Vaganova, having made some magic, instantaneous transportation of herself from box to aisle, was upon us. Tears were in her eyes. 'Dozens of times I have seen this ballet,' she said in French. 'And every time I weep. But you, from a capitalist country, why do you weep?'

She looked at me, and Emily looked at me. 'Because it's a good show!' I cried joyfully. 'Because the horsemen, the dancing — that flag — Emily!' I finished helplessly. 'Say it for me in Russian.'

Vaganova smiled; my speech seemed to need no interpretation. We walked up the aisle; before we reached the artists' room we were surrounded; everyone wanted to know what Vaganova thought and, because I was an American, everyone wanted to know what I thought. Was I moved? Did this Revolutionary drama make itself felt to a bourgeoisie? 'A couple more acts,' said I, 'and if *Partisan Days* holds up to its promise, I shan't be a bourgeoisie. I shall be as Red as any of you.'

They laughed. In Moscow such a re-

mark would not have been well received; this was May, just before the last purge, and with purges in the air Moscow does not joke on political subjects. But Leningrad is five hundred miles from the Kremlin, and, while these people were ardent Communists, they were also artists.

A tall, thin young man in the last stages of exhaustion came up. I recognized him as Vladimir Dmitriev. His wife introduced him. 'He has n't slept for three months,' she said. 'He's afraid to smile until after the second act.'

Vladimir looked at me with extreme indifference, declared he understood no word of French, German, or English, lit a cigarette from the stub of his old one, and turned away. 'We can sleep in the Crimea,' his wife explained. 'We go on vacation next week, before we take the ballet to Moscow. Is n't it wonderful that Vaganova approves? We were so afraid of her! She could have wrecked the whole thing with a word. Do you want to meet the Première Ballerina? No, not the one who is dancing Nastia to-day. That's Kaminskaya. She's good, too, but we're saving Anisimova for the opening to-morrow night. That's Anisimova, sitting over by the wall — the one with smooth black hair and the red fur. . . . She can run across the whole stage without rising an inch between steps. You know that glide, the famous Georgian step the women do while the men dance?'

Vaganova broke in. 'Our girls were dreadfully afraid of that glide. They almost mutinied. Classic ballet has nothing approaching that step, and my girls have been trained to certain routine postures for eight, ten years before they dance in public. They said what a terrible humiliation it would be if the Leningrad Ballet, with all its famous technique, should fail in a step every Georgian peasant woman could do. . . . Actually, they did n't succeed with the step at first.'

'And then,' finished Vladimir's wife

(Vladimir, looking more exhausted than ever, was watching us gloomily from a corner through cigarette smoke), 'we imported a Georgian woman from the Caucasus and she made the girls do it. My husband and Vainonen, the choreographer, spent a long time in Georgia, learning the dances and watching the people.'

I asked Vladimir's wife bluntly why her husband looked so gloomy when it was evident his ballet was a roaring success.

She shook her head. 'To-day does not count. The audience are all our friends. To-morrow night will be the test, when the professional critics are here, and the old balletomanes. These balletomanes know every posture and sequence of classic ballet. You have no idea how they hate anything that threatens their tradition. They will be ready to tear us to pieces.'

Looking at Vaganova, I wondered at her obvious pleasure and enthusiasm over her friends' success. If this kind of dancing proved popular, what would happen to her job? When Vaganova's attention was elsewhere engaged, I put this question to Vladimir's wife. She replied instantly that classic ballet was too well entrenched in Russia to fear any rival whatever. Classic ballet had held its own right through the Revolution; all its teachers were ex-dancers from the Imperial Ballet Corps. *Partisan Days* had not been composed with any idea of overthrowing the classic ballet. Merely, certain young writers and choreographers had been dissatisfied with the gap between classic ballet and modern Soviet philosophy (in Russia I never heard an artist use the word 'Marxian'). These young artists yearned to bridge this gap, to see the ballet expressing those principles that burn so bright in every Socialist patriot's breast.

Propaganda again, I thought. *Art as propaganda* — and opposition began to stir uneasily under my silk bosom. It was a silk bosom because Emily had

cautioned me to wear my best dress to-day. She had been right; everyone was dressed — and smartly dressed, which was to me almost more of a surprise than the ballet itself. Some of the women wore long dinner dresses and little feathered evening hats, and wore them well. This was an actor-dancer crowd, the one and only well-dressed crowd of the U. S. S. R. Performing artists — dancers, actors, virtuoso musicians — are lavishly paid in rubles. Next to bread, the theatre is the chief nourishment of the Russian nation. *Bread and the circus!* — the Kremlin is not slow to profit by the lessons of history.

Ironically enough, the very fact that Vladimir's wife was lipsticked, powdered, and well mannered took the sting from her words. Communist ardor does n't alter theatre people, I thought, in quite the same extrinsic way it alters the ordinary citizen. It does n't, at least, persuade theatre people to leave their hair unbrushed and their neckties on the bedpost. Also, what matters it if a drama is propaganda, provided it is good enough theatre?

But what I had begun to wonder, now that my senses had returned, was whether this ballet-drama could possibly hold to its promise. After all, I had seen but one act. Even if *Partisan Days* held its high note of suspense through two or three more acts, could I hold mine? Would my emotional powers be equal to such sustained response? Russians, I well knew, could weep and cheer and heart-throb through five solid hours of theatre and come out ready to talk about it till breakfast time, but I was no Russian — I was a middle-aged Anglo-Saxon woman from Pennsylvania.

IV

Emily and I returned to our seats. 'Emily,' I said, 'is there any chance of there being something *funny* in the next two acts? Will there possibly be a little

moment of what we learned in school to call comic relief?'

Emily gave me a look. Hastily I explained that I had merely asked because she knew that way I had of getting tired, sometimes, at the theatre; after the first four hours, I meant — owing, of course, to my bourgeois habit of looking for pleasure instead of significance. . . . Emily had often told me I should never be able to eradicate this habit — even more deleterious, she had said, than my constant desire for luxuries such as orange juice.

The curtain rose, and in two minutes my doubts as to interest were stilled. Here was the wedding scene of Nastia and her bad-tempered Tsarist Cossack. . . . Grouped in a wide semicircle are the bridesmaids and young men of the wedding party; to the right, downstage, Nastia's future parents-in-law stand waiting. Opposite, to the extreme left, Nastia, in her wedding gown, leaves her frowning, suspicious bridegroom and advances across the stage. In her outstretched hands is the cup from which, when her husband's parents have tasted, she will drink in pledge of wifehood. Her face stony, her body rigid, she advances slowly, rhythmically, gives the cup to the old people, watches them fill it and drink, receives the cup from them — and, instead of drinking, glides backward, the brimming cup in her outstretched hands, gazing fixedly at it. The music quickens and the girl's motion quickens with it until she is actually running backward.

She travels thus all round the semicircle, moving with incredible smoothness, a pantomime wonderfully expressive of reluctance and horror. Then she tears off her bridal veil and flings it to the ground; her furious bridegroom threatens her. Kerim bursts in with his Red Partisans, — diversely costumed as any Minute Men, — and under his great hairy cloak carries off the bride while a sailor Partisan threatens the wedding party with a hand grenade and

the orchestra whips itself to what Asafiev considers battle frenzy.

Curtain. . . Nastia is a Red Partisan now, and we are not surprised when she strides into the next scene carrying a rifle and arrayed in highly becoming Cossack hat, short black skirt, cartridge belt and boots. At an open-air café sit a group of pre-Revolutionary bourgeoisie, looking hard and haughty, drinking champagne and waltzing while a string band plays in the pavilion. . . . The Partisan Reds are, for the moment, off stage. A woman glides in, blonde, sheathed in black satin, with the slit skirt and white fox fur traditional of her rôle. 'A prostitute!' whispers Emily, with obvious relish.

Soviet citizens never use any word less statistical for this ancient profession. Rightfully proud of the abolishment of prostitution, the Comrades discuss the question endlessly; the daily papers are padded with autobiographies of reformed prostitutes who have turned themselves joyfully into girl scout leaders or market gardeners. This one, upon entrance, went immediately into a writhing, slow dance, while the bourgeois devils gathered round applauding her.

Head-shakings and 'tch-tchs' of disapproval issued from the seat next to me. Experience told me I was about to hear from Emily. She was going to ask me why capitalist countries permitted such goings on, and I stiffened for my usual somewhat muddled defense of democracy, when, mercifully, a shot was fired downstage, the Partisans charged on to the scene, and Emily's disapproval changed to purrs of victory. The bourgeoisie cleared from the stage; the Partisans did a stamping Cossack dance of joy and retreated to their campfires.

And now the slit-skirted blonde slinks back upon the stage, alone and terrified, pursued by two hoodlums — neither Red nor White — who are after her fur scarf and jewels. Emily grasps my arm.

'That bad woman!' she says, quite loudly. 'You see, neither side wants her! She is quite, quite deserted.'

Obviously, Emily is convinced that I am on the prostitute's side, if nobody else is. Before I can unravel a suitable argument, Nastia bounds downstage, waving her gun. A bandit is a bandit, no matter whom he is after, and Nastia threatens the two of them. They resist and Kerim rushes out, fights the bandits, and stabs one of them dead.

This seems to me a suitable time for applause, but Emily restrains me. Kerim's captain is striding downstage, furious because a Red Partisan has thus taken the law in his own hands. In skillful, splendid pantomime (Red or White, who can rival a Russian actor for pantomime?), the captain chides Kerim, lectures him on law and order, tells him the bandit should have been brought to trial, and demands Kerim's sword as token of submission.

'So!' says Emily. 'That is discipline! And in capitalist countries they say the Red Army goes about stabbing and burning!'

But Kerim is not so easily cowed. He thrusts his sword back in its scabbard, throws his hat on the ground, and dances on it in a fury of rage. 'Georgians are ter-r-ible men!' says Emily, delighted. 'I have seen Georgians dance on their hats like that. In Tiflis, in the street, when they were angry.'

I tell Emily with a sigh that her Soviet reactions are just too complicated for me, but I soon forget Emily because I am sorry for Kerim. He is defying his captain; he is going to desert the Reds, and no good can come of it. He runs off stage just as the Comrades, breaking camp, prepare to march. Nastia, with a despairing look after her lover, falls in line with the Partisans, but her captain takes her arm kindly. 'Kerim is no deserter. Go after him, Nastia, and bring him back to us.'

With a beautiful run and a Ballet Corps bound, Nastia is off to join her

lover. She follows a wrong scent, and Kerim, returning alone, is captured by the Whites; Nastia creeps on the stage in time to see her lover led struggling off to jail and execution.

V

Curtain on the Second Act. . . . Emily and I rise to promenade with the crowd.

'This is exciting,' I tell Emily. 'This is what I call a darn good story.'

Emily, who is small and slim, with curly brown hair and soft blue eyes, looks severe. She says the story is not at all important. 'What happens to Kerim and Nastia is not important. Their loyalty to the Revolution is important. Did you not see how, when Kerim deserted, Nastia prepared to follow the Partisans rather than her lover?'

Arrived at the artists' room, I was about to repeat my provocative bourgeois remark when Vladimir's wife anticipated me by declaring quickly that in writing the libretto of *Partisan Days* her husband had been especially careful to make Kerim and Nastia's story only an incident to the real plot, which was the story of the Revolution itself. 'Had we made it a mere personal love story, it would have been old-fashioned,' she said.

Vladimir's wife was, obviously, an intelligent woman. Moreover, she was well dressed and worldly, far more worldly than Emily. I looked hard at her, but I should have known better than to suspect irony. Four weeks in the Soviet Union should have taught me better.

'It's a good story, anyway,' I said, and Vladimir's wife smiled.

Vaganova came up, bringing Chistakiov, director of the Ballet School, who had shown me through the School several days before. The two of them were concerned, just now, because not long ago an American had told them New York

thought of the Monte Carlo Ballet, the old Diaghilev Ballet, as *the* Russian Ballet.

'This is most unfair,' said Vaganova. 'America should know that the old Russian Ballet has been carried straight on without a break, into our Soviet Ballet Corps. I danced solo in the Imperial Ballet and I can swear to you' — her steady blue eyes were very convincing — 'that our Soviet Ballet has not lost one point in technique from the old days.'

Chistakiov broke in with a polite bow. (What a relief, these bows of the older generation, after the pushings and shovings of the Comrades!) 'You saw our School, you talked with Ulanova's mother, who was a graduate of the Imperial Ballet School. I heard her tell you how she obtained her diploma in less than eight years, whereas to-day the School demands ten years of study before a pupil is ready for the stage.'

'Our audience of to-day demands a wider technique,' Vaganova said. '*Life* to-day demands it.'

This was a comparison I was not qualified to make, so I merely replied that New York would love *Partisan Days*. Why did n't they bring the Ballet over next winter? Everybody smiled, and shrugged. 'The ruble —' they began, and stopped short.

The ruble is an embarrassing subject, internationally speaking. No patriot likes to be reminded that his money is worthless outside the border. I said hastily that I was so glad their famous violinist, David Oistrakh, winner of the Brussels contest, was coming to America next winter, and they assented eagerly as the bell sounded for Act Three.

The village square again, with Kerim jailed in a whitewashed hut downstage left. Nastia appears, scouting cautiously into this stronghold of the enemy. She meets her mother and her old friends; a whispering crowd surrounds and hides

her. As the hour draws near for Kerim's execution, Nastia harangues the mob in pantomime. From out Kerim's cell his friend, the simple Russian soldier who has followed him throughout the story, is led off to be shot. Kerim's mother weeps, pleading for her son; the Whites abuse her and the crowd mutters.

The body of the Russian soldier is carried in and flung at the feet of the crowd; Kerim appears, manacled between guards. Led by Nastia, the mob charges, captures the jail, strikes the chains off Kerim, and the stage is once more a stamping whirl of victory, with Kerim and Nastia doing a Cossack sword dance in the centre. Suddenly, to a roll of drums there appears, marching thirty abreast over the rim of the hill backstage, the real Red Army come down from the north, fully uniformed and equipped. Helmets, boots, guns, banners — first symbol of the establishment of a central Red authority, first proof to the people that their Revolution is something more than hopeless guerrilla warfare. Red banners massed, to martial music, the Army marches downstage, straight at the audience.

Curtain. The ballet is over.

VI

Emily and I rose and walked up the aisle, out of the shouting crowd and the gilt and the faded blue damask, past the busts of Mozart and Rubinstein and Wagner, down the marble stairs and across the street to fight for standing room on our trolley. Hanging to my strap, propped on either side by Comrades, I told Emily dreamily — with the spell of the ballet still upon me — that the red of the Soviet flag was the most gorgeous color in the world, and the most exciting. What a superb ending for a ballet! All those blood-red banners massed and marching downstage. . . . Even though it was an old trick. Why, our own beloved Mr. Cohan owed his

first successes to flag waving! Only, I went on incautiously, *his* flag happened to be red, white, and blue. . . .

Emily cut across my words with cold, controlled fury. 'A play and a spectacle and a story!' she said. 'That is all *Partisan Days* meant to you! For me — for *us* — it was something more. Our flag is not only a beautiful color. It is the symbol of our Socialist State. Of our Socialist victory. It is —'

The strap to which I was clinging broke, the trolley swerved, and I crashed backward into several Comrades, who neither picked me up nor smiled at my fall. They merely gazed indifferently while I picked myself up and apologized.

A fast argument had already started between the woman conductor and the man I had landed on hardest, who desired the strap mended at once, before I fell on him again.

'Come!' said Emily. 'In two blocks we descend.'

She knew it would require two blocks for me to elbow my way to the front exit, although she herself could do it in half a block. 'Americans are so slow in the tram,' she had told me when I first showed silly Western reluctance about using my elbows. 'How do you get out of trams in your own country?'

This time, flailing to right and left, I kept abreast of Emily and we landed, breathless but together, on the wide square across from the dark bulk that was Saint Isaac's Cathedral.

'All the same,' I repeated stubbornly, 'the ballet was a marvelous spectacle. The *décor* and dancing could be equaled nowhere outside of Russia.'

Emily got ready to tell me how in a Socialist State the *décor* is always marvelous, because the theatre direction need not consider money, nor pander to gate receipts. I could feel her getting ready.

'Look here!' I shouted. 'All through that ballet I was just as excited over

your Revolution as you were. And that's a more generous confession than you'd ever make to me under like circumstances, young woman! But *Partisan Days* is n't modern — not from the artistic point of view. It's the Revolution, sure enough, but it's done in the old romantic tradition, and every bar of the music is nineteenth century. And it has too many mass scenes and too much business about *Forward, Comrades!* A person gets exhausted long before the final climax.'

To my surprise, Emily nodded assent. 'But it got across,' I went on, rapidly, before she could speak. '*Partisan Days* proved something. I know now why you cried when we walked through Lenin's tomb. I know why you stop dead in the street every time we sight a detachment of Red soldiers. I did n't know before we saw *Partisan Days*.'

Emily looked almost gratified — not fully gratified, because that would have been too yielding a gesture for a Socialist

patriot. It would have been, indeed, positively treasonable. I was, however, genuinely moved by what I had seen and heard, and desired to say so. 'It's one thing,' I continued, 'to be convinced intellectually. It's another thing — and a high sight more important — to be convinced emotionally. Art as propaganda —'

I stopped; a sudden thought stopped me. 'Those men in the row in front of us,' I said, 'those four men. They did n't look like artists. Emily, is it possible they were from Moscow, from the Government? Was that the Kremlin, come up to see what's what with the Ballet Corps?'

With her hand on the revolving door of the Hotel Astoria, Emily turned and looked up at me. The gleam had come back to her eye; I recognized it and clamped my teeth against inevitable, customary defeat.

'Comrade Stalin,' said Emily softly, 'is not a stupid man.'

THREE POEMS

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

AN ACRE OF GRASS

PICTURE and book remain,
An acre of green grass
For air and exercise,
Now strength of body goes,
Midnight, an old house
Where nothing stirs but a mouse.

My temptation is quiet.
Here at life's end,
Neither loose imagination,
Nor the mill of the mind
Consuming its rag and bone,
Can make the truth known.

Grant me an old man's frenzy,
Myself I must remake
Till I am Timon and Lear
Or that William Blake
Who beat upon the wall
Till Truth obeyed his call;

A mind Michael Angelo knew
That can pierce the clouds
Or inspired by frenzy
Shake the dead in their shrouds,
Forgotten else by mankind
An old man's eagle mind.

ARE YOU CONTENT?

I CALL on those that call me son,
Grandson, or great-grandson,
On uncles, aunts, great-uncles or great-aunts,
To judge what I have done.
Have I, that put it into words,
Spoilt what old loins have sent?
Eyes spiritualized by death can judge,
I cannot, but I am not content.

He that in Sligo at Drumcliffe
Set up the old stone Cross,
That red-headed rector in County Down
A good man on a horse,
Sandymount Corbets, that notable man
Old William Pollexfen,
The smuggler Middleton, Butlers' far back
Half-legendary men.

Infirm and aged I might stay
In some good company,
I who have always hated work,
Smiling at the sea,
Or demonstrate in my own life
What Robert Browning meant
By an old hunter talking with Gods:
But I am not content.

THE WILD OLD WICKED MAN

'BECAUSE I am mad about women
I am mad about the hills,'
Said that wild old wicked man
Who travels where God wills.
'Not to die on the straw at home,
Those hands to close these eyes,
That is all I ask, my dear,
From the old man in the skies.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

'Kind are all your words, my dear,
Do not the rest withhold,
Who can know the year, my dear,
When an old man's blood grows cold.
I have what no young man can have
Because he loves too much.
Words I have that can pierce the heart,
But what can he do but touch?'

Daybreak and a candle end.

Then said she to that wild old man,
His stout stick under his hand,
'Love to give or to withhold
Is not at my command.
I gave it all to an older man,
That old man in the skies.
Hands that are busy with His beads
Can never close those eyes.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

'Go your ways, O go your ways,
I choose another mark,
Girls down on the seashore
Who understand the dark;

Bawdy talk for the fishermen,
A dance for the fisher lads;
When dark hangs upon the water
They turn down their beds.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

'A young man in the dark am I
But a wild old man in the light,
That can make a cat laugh, or
Can touch by mother wit
Things hid in their marrowbones
From time long passed away,
Hid from all those warty lads
That by their bodies lay.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

'All men live in suffering
I know as few can know
Whether they take the upper road
Or stay content on the low,
Rower bent in his rowboat
Or weaver bent at his loom,
Horseman erect upon horseback
Or child hid in the womb.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

'That some stream of lightning
From the old man in the skies
Can burn out that suffering
No right-taught man denies.
But a coarse old man am I,
I choose the second-best,
I forget it all awhile
Upon a woman's breast.'

Daybreak and a candle end.

WAR AND PEACE — A REALITY

BY RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

DURING the last Christmas shopping season, a New York department store advertised that it carried no military toys, such as tin soldiers, guns, bombing planes, tanks, battleships, nor anything which might develop warlike instincts in the young generation. At the same moment the newspapers published photographs showing children brought up under military dictatorships playing with war toys which appeared so realistic that the only difference between them and those they would be called to use later on in life was their size. German children, instead of riding horses, cows, and pigs on their merry-go-rounds, now ride tanks and armored cars, fully equipped with machine guns.

From this it would appear that pacifist and war-minded parents agree on some points: they both want their children to be more peace-loving and more bellicose, respectively, than they are themselves. They both believe that a set of tin soldiers is an instrument of propaganda. Both are convinced that they possess the truth, that they are working for a better future, and that their children will find life more worth-while. Both are ardently faithful to their doctrine. On the other hand, the fact that both are trapped in an inextricable maze of logical contradictions does not disturb them in the least.

War, to the true pacifist, is the worst possible evil. It should be avoided at all costs. The doctrine of nonresistance is logical; it is better to lose one's home, country, and independence, because op-

posing violence to violence only engenders more violence. To fight — for any reason — is therefore wrong.

The less extreme partisans of pacifism, without going to these lengths, still believe, however, that it is possible to eliminate war by persuasion. They hold that the human animal is fundamentally not so bad as he looks, and that with time, good example, and a proper education, his better instincts will triumph over himself and over the world.

They proceed from the philosophy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who, walking along the road to Vincennes one day, sat down under an oak and wept profusely because it had suddenly been revealed to him that man was naturally born good, and that society, and the tyrants who rule over it, made him cruel, wicked, and immoral. Rousseau and his contemporaries firmly believed that primitive people lived in sinless and permanent peace. *Les bons sauvages*, as they were called, could do no evil because they lived so close to nature. Nature is beautiful and kind.

Since then our ideas on the *bons sauvages* have changed somewhat. Under closer observation they have turned out to be neither as lamblike nor as pure as Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and their contemporaries imagined. As for nature, it appears to be neither good nor bad. In fact, it does not seem to fit at all in any system of ethics that we know of.

The modern pacifist, however, is still inclined to think that man is born rather on the good side, and that, were it not

for the perverting influence of the war-mongers, armament makers, imperialists, nationalists, swashbuckling tyrants, and the like, little boys and girls of 1938 would remain for the rest of their lives as gentle, as peace-loving, and as just as they are to-day.

And that is why fathers and mothers took their children to the shop in New York which displayed no Christmas toys which might turn the children's minds in the wrong direction.

The war worshipers also claim to be following the law of nature. The doctrine of Mussolini and Hitler is not new. It is as old as man himself, but it seeks to-day to find its justification in the discoveries of modern biology and the law of the survival of the fittest.

'This planet,' says the apologist of warlike virtues, 'is not a bed of roses. Man must be kept trim for a constant struggle against nature and against other men, because the natural law is survival through fighting. *Homo homini lupus*. Therefore why pretend hypocritically that men are sheep? Pacifism is foolish, despicable, and eventually destructive of everything which enables man to maintain his supremacy in a biologically competitive world.'

German and Italian parents who believe in the forceful struggle for survival quite naturally do not want their offsprings to be the losers. If the law of mankind is a constant fight, they reason, why should not the survivors be *our* children? And so, at an early age, these biological children are given war toys and encouraged to visualize death on the battlefield with the minimum of distaste.

The curious thing about these two doctrines — pacifism and bellicism — is that they both have an appearance of logic, up to a certain point, but they both fail to take account of the complexity of human nature. Instead of throwing light on our problems, they distort the issues, and they are greatly responsible for the

utter confusion of thought in which we find ourselves.

They confront us with paradoxes and riddles: —

War is not the ultimate aim of warlike nations. War, for them, is a means to an end, which is peace. All the war makers of history agree on this. So Mussolini, Hitler, and the Japanese military clique prepare, threaten, or make war to impose peace — their peace, of course.

The pacifists, on the other hand, following another system of sophistry, fare no better: either they must face annihilation by refusing to fight, and abandon the world to the rule of force which they condemn, or else they will have to pick up their arms in a fit of despair (probably too late), and make war to save peace.

This is all very bewildering to the average intellect; and the countless millions of men and women who are neither fanatical hero worshipers nor hundred-per-cent pacifists feel that there is something radically wrong in both sets of premises, and that both lines of reasoning lead to an absurd impasse.

Common sense tells us, in spite of Mussolini's and Hitler's repeated assertions, that to threaten and prepare constantly for war is no way to ensure peace. The theory of the biological struggle for the survival of the fittest based on force alone is patently in contradiction of all human experience. Many individuals who are unfit by the standard of strength survive perfectly well. All through history we find men whose greatness or usefulness had nothing to do with their biological fitness. Moral values, intelligence, reason, are also means of establishing or maintaining human supremacy. Some very great warriors have been notorious misfits from the point of view of their brains or their morals.

But common sense renders us equally suspicious of those who tell us that peace depends on the eradication, or the negation, of our aggressive instincts. We doubt whether this is possible, for we

know that the most peaceful among us can be made to fight, and that they *should* fight under certain circumstances.

In short, the average man agrees with the scientists that human nature is a very intricate mechanism, made up of many conflicting elements which can be made to harmonize within certain limits under the control of reason, but that to try to isolate a certain group of human characteristics in order to justify a one-sided ideology is a fruitless task.

All this is so obvious that saying it may be merely wasting space. But it is also obvious that the lack of moderation and realism shown by the apologists of both doctrines has so befuddled the judgment of many among the most intelligent people that they do not know whether they should fight or refuse to fight, nor when nor how, to save what is dearest to them. The pull of conflicting ideologies is too strong.

It is not my purpose to propose any new plan to save the world, or to recommend any of the existing ones. I am neither competent nor clear enough in my own ideas to contribute to any plan at all. Indeed, it is the very fact that I am conscious of being one of the many

victims of confusion of thought, the most pernicious of all modern diseases, which leads me to say that no solution can be found to the riddle of war and peace until we succeed in reinstating some measure of balance in our minds.

This implies a laborious effort on the part of all those who happen to be citizens of the so-called 'peace-loving nations,' whether they be American, English, or French. It is much easier to do nothing about it, to refuse to face facts as they are, — which is the course we have been following up to now, — or to take refuge in some high-minded but ineffectual doctrine. But it is quite obvious that this course has not been successful. We live in a state of chronic deterioration which will not be checked until we discover the things we consider worth saving.

The problem is not that of war *or* peace, but that of war *and* peace, because both eventualities confront us to-day, whether we admit it or not. To commit ourselves, and future generations, to one single course of action for to-day and for all times is not only unrealistic but immediately dangerous.

War and peace are not the alternatives of an abstract dilemma. They are two aspects of reality as it exists to-day.

PEACE AND THE NAVY

BY CAPTAIN DUDLEY W. KNOX

I

THE world stands aghast at the tragedy of China. One of the largest, most populous, and potentially richest of countries, inhabited by a race of exceptional vigor, character, and intelligence, has been rendered prostrate in a few short months by a well-armed overseas nation of relatively slender resources of materials and men. The ancient Celestial Kingdom henceforth will afford the classic example of the folly of unpreparedness — of the grave fallacy that lies in the doctrine of peaceful security through military weakness.

True enough, unduly swollen armaments also carry a menace of war. We saw something of that in 1914, and history records many other instances. Nevertheless a country possessing great military-naval strength can almost always choose peace if it so prefers — an honorable peace. Certainly this is very true of a nation as well isolated as the United States. For us adequate armaments — especially naval — offer a positive way to peace with security, for the country and its external interests.

This is undoubtedly the cardinal principle underlying the President's recent message to Congress urging substantially greater preparedness. 'Specifically and solely,' he says, 'because of the piling up of additional land and sea armaments in other countries, in such manner as to involve a threat to world peace and security,' additional fighting forces are needed for this country. Military-naval adequacy is a matter of relativity, and,

to quote the President further, 'our national defense is, in the light of the increasing armaments of other nations, inadequate for purposes of national security and requires increase for that reason.' For us it is the most certain way to ward off insecurity and war in a world seething with a spirit of great unrest and aggression.

The failure to limit armaments by international agreement is the greatest world tragedy since the holocaust of the World War. Reasonably balanced armaments, such that the strength of each nation would act as a deterrent against outside aggression, are an ideal worth working for. The stability of peace would be vastly improved and the heavy economic burden of armaments relieved. If satisfactory proportions of armaments among the powers could be established, the general level could be reduced.

The great promise given by naval limitation treaties of 1922-1930, supplemented by the Kellogg Pact, has unfortunately not been fulfilled. In that highly constructive movement the United States led the way and made much more than her share of sacrifices in the common good. In barest outline the degree of American concessions to the cause of naval limitation is represented by our allowances under the treaties compared with the size of our navy as it existed beforehand — *relative* to other countries in both instances. Contrasted with the British, we voluntarily wrote down our navy, 396,871 tons more than they did.

With respect to Japan, our corresponding loss was 450,000 tons. The latter figure, believe it or not, is the equivalent of more than half the navy of Japan at the present time.

But even these figures fail to represent the full extent of our sacrifices. Our scrapping programme by treaty included eleven great capital ships on the stocks upon which upwards of \$300,000,000 had already been spent and whose completion would have made us by far the strongest naval power. Besides all this, we gave up rights to naval bases in the Orient which, translated into terms of naval power, reduced our potential strength in that region by at least 50 per cent of our fleet, whatever its size might be. In other words, after cutting our navy 450,000 tons, relative to Japan on the status quo basis of 1921, we agreed to restrict our power in Oriental waters by a further 50 per cent of the remainder. Such is the handicap resulting from having no naval base near a theatre of operations.

It was a noble gesture made in the hope of promoting world peace generally. But it also had specifically in view the permanent settlement of the chronically vexatious situation respecting China. During the World War, Japan had seized a large section of that unhappy country, and her 'Twenty-one Demands' giving control over the Chinese Government were in force by virtue of a large army of occupation. The Naval Limitation Treaty was one of a group of treaties and agreements under which Japan consented to evacuate China and joined with us and seven other nations in categorically guaranteeing the political and territorial integrity of China in the future.

In effect, therefore, the price of our unmatched naval sacrifices which would make it impossible for us to attack Japan, or even to interfere with her future will in the Orient, was her promise to restore China to the Chinese and to refrain from future aggression against

that weak giant of a neighbor. Costly as it was, our diplomacy had succeeded, but it is worth noting here that diplomacy then had the potential backing of overwhelming sea power, which it lacked a few years later when it failed utterly. Unquestionably force is a necessary handmaiden to successful diplomacy in this troubled world.

The late Senator Lodge, a member of the American Delegation to the Conference, characterized the whole arrangement as an 'experiment' in international relations. Certainly nothing like it had ever been tried before. Those loudest in its favor were subsequently the leaders against building up our navy to treaty levels, partly on the ground that we should not trust ourselves with so much power. They seemed to prefer to trust Japan with superstrength in the Orient. The 'experiment' proved to be not only a failure, but a costly failure as well. If we now had the splendid battleships that were scrapped then, we should not need to spend hundreds of millions on new battleships to-day.

During the eight years from 1922 to 1930 an odd naval race was in progress. America went backward because of old ships that became obsolete and England virtually stood still, while Japan went forward by leaps and bounds in the smaller types of ships upon which the treaty had placed no limitation — the so-called naval 'auxiliaries' comprising principally cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. Italy and France also built up rapidly in these types. There was a decided halt abroad only in the construction of battleships, which all had agreed to limit. In the beginning our navy had had a great deficiency in cruisers, and we declined to make it up for the sake of setting a good example. England started with a surplus of cruisers and was content to build only replacements for the older ones. Japan began with a deficiency similar to ours in auxiliary tonnage and immediately undertook a great building project in these types of ships.

In effect, the money she was able to save through the treaty by stopping battleship construction was diverted to new smaller vessels in large numbers.

In this way Japan's total naval strength relative to other countries was greatly increased. She had taken full advantage of the loophole in the 1922 Treaty which was not plugged up until the London Naval Treaty of 1930. Then in 1931 Japan embarked on her conquest of Manchuria despite strong diplomatic protests from America and other countries, who declared the invasion to be in violation of the Nine-Power Treaty which Japan had signed in 1922. But Japan was now in a position to ignore diplomatic protests that lacked the potential backing of force. Vastly improved relative naval strength and great geographic isolation, made doubly secure by an absence of strong foreign naval bases in the Orient, were combined with political tension in Europe and an America gone pacifistic to guarantee Japan freedom from outside interference.

In regard to alleged treaty violations, Japan took refuge in the contention that Manchuria was not a part of China, but even this alibi was thrown to the winds when a few months ago she embarked on the general conquest of China that is now in progress. Once again Nippon's advance has been timed so that the storm of diplomatic protest from the western world can be safely disregarded. Her naval position is still favorable, America remains on guard against any action that might lead to war, and the acute political situation in Europe effectively ties all other great navies to those waters. What a striking contrast to 1922, when diplomatic pressure, well fortified by great potential naval strength, sufficed to induce a peaceable evacuation of China by firmly entrenched Japanese armies.

The futility of diplomacy when divorced from adequate force, the danger of being drawn into war from weakness,

and the peaceful security that is inherent in military-naval strength, are principles that have many illustrations in American history. From this point of view the following episodes, besides the foregoing, are well worthy of critical examination: the quasi-naval War with France (1798-1801), our wars with the Mediterranean Barbary Powers, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, the occupation of Mexico by the French during our Civil War and their subsequent evacuation, the crisis with Japan during the administration of President Theodore Roosevelt, and our entry into the World War.

In the latter case, President Wilson at first strove valiantly to safeguard our interests through diplomacy alone, then became convinced that a backing of great naval power was necessary if we were to avoid being drawn into the conflict, rushed through Congress the huge naval building programme of 1916, and finally failed in his peaceful object because too long a time was required to build ships. An earlier start by a year or more might well have rendered them effective in supporting diplomacy. No doubt this severe lesson was taken to heart by the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt, and now influences him as President during the current crisis. His great building programme started now will well serve our diplomacy towards safeguarding America's interests and keeping her out of war in the forbidding outlook in both Asia and Europe.

II

The new programme lags behind similar action by other nations. It calls for a navy about 20 per cent larger than that allocated to the United States under the naval limitation agreements of 1922 and 1930. In consequence of Japan's refusal to continue these treaties they expired in 1936, but nevertheless we have since voluntarily accepted that quota as our upper limit — to which, in

fact, we have never built up at any time after 1922. Until recently Britain has also kept under the same treaty maximum, although maintaining a larger navy than ours.

On the other hand, Japan quickly built up to the extreme limit of her quota under the treaties, and after their termination it has been assumed that her new construction has considerably exceeded that level. It is impossible to speak with certainty on this point because, after refusing to renew the limitation treaties, Japan also declined to join Great Britain and ourselves in an agreement for mutual exchange of information on new construction. She preferred to maintain secrecy, and this fact, combined with her recent invasion of China and an unwillingness to bind herself to keep within the old treaty limits, points strongly to a substantial increase in Japan's navy since 1936. This presumption is well supported by various other indications and reports.

Because of this Japanese attitude as well as the rearmament of Germany and substantial increases in Italian preparedness, a year ago England announced a prodigious new defense programme to cost nearly seven billion dollars, a large part of which was to be used for the construction of new ships, in part to replace units becoming obsolete. It contemplates ten new battleships (to make a total of twenty-five), additional aircraft carriers sufficient for five hundred planes, and new cruisers and destroyers to reach a total of seventy and two hundred, respectively. French policy is to maintain a navy equal to those of Germany and Italy combined.

Thus, among all the great naval powers, we are the last to adopt the policy of expanding our fleet above the standards of total tonnage set under the expired treaties.

It should be emphasized, however, that naval power is a matter of relativity, and that the new American programme does not aim to raise our navy above the old

5-5-3 proportions fixed by international agreement in 1922. Because other nations have recently projected increases in the total size of their navies, it is necessary for us to do likewise if the traditional proportions of strength relative to them are to be preserved. Obviously the aggressive implications that have been assumed respecting our programme in certain quarters are quite unwarranted. We are merely catching up with others who have already set the pace.

In fact, moderation has governed us even in the new programme, under which we should fail to come up to the 5-5-3 proportions. In battleships, for instance, we have fifteen built, two building, and five additional projected, including those in the programme — a total of twenty-two. The corresponding unofficial figures for the British are fifteen built and a total of twenty-five, including those building and projected. Similarly Japan's total by unofficial reports is fourteen, of which ten are already completed. The comparable French total is eleven, the Italian eight, and the German eight.

In all cases a substantial part of the new construction is earmarked to replace old units that are already, or soon will become, obsolete through age. For example, our grand total of twenty-two as set forth above really represents a permanently serviceable force of only eighteen, because by the time the new ships can be completed older ones will be beyond the age of effectiveness. A necessary further explanation is that for some of the ships projected there is no immediate appropriation of funds. They therefore merely represent a declaration of future intention to build.

The numbers of battleships dealt with in the preceding paragraph are necessarily subject to change in the event of a material alteration in the individual size. (The generally accepted maximum at present is 35,000 tons.) If larger units become the standard, then a smaller

number would be built. This question is unfortunately shrouded in doubt because of Japan's refusal to join Britain, America, and others in an agreement for mutual exchange of information as to plans for future naval construction. Although Japan may deny to-day the existence of plans for 43,000-ton battleships (as is reported by the press while this is being written), nevertheless tomorrow she may actually initiate such plans secretly. Other powers would virtually be forced to adopt the larger size as soon as they became aware of the Japanese raise in the 'ante.'

The matter of individual size of battleships is of outstanding importance because a few 'monster' ships could so far outclass current types as to defeat a whole fleet of them. Their larger guns could sink old-fashioned antagonists before the latter could get within effective range. Besides this, the 'monster' could be given greatly superior speed, much better armored protection against damage from gunfire and aerial bombs, as well as vastly improved underwater protection against mines and bombs, and great steaming radius. The design of every ship is a compromise between the demands for gun power, protection, speed, and fuel capacity. Each one of these factors involves weight, which requires a certain tonnage or displacement to be floated. There must therefore be a compromise among the essential factors when the size of the ship is restricted. Admiral Fiske once proposed a 'compromiseless' ship — meaning one in which could be placed all the gun power, speed, protection, and cruising radius that were wanted. This meant that the total size of the ship would have to be unrestricted, and that she would be virtually irresistible, unsinkable, inescapable, 'uncatchable,' and unhampered by refueling requirements.

As measured by the standards of that era, something on the order of such a 'dream ship' came into being early in the present century with the advent of the

dreadnought. This was then a new type of battleship so much larger and more powerful than her predecessors as to outclass them, and thus to render them obsolete. It was a revolutionary development, and at great expense the principal navies were hastily modernized accordingly. The nightmare of a repetition of this overhangs the naval world now because of Japan's secrecy and refusal to coöperate in the exchange of information, or in an agreement at least limiting the individual size of battleships.

It is pertinent here to consider the utility of the battleship type, especially in view of the widespread opposition from air-power extremists. This matter has received the most thorough experimentation and technical examination in all navies, and complete confirmation has been given abroad to the contentions of American naval officers that were made during the acute controversy that raged in this country some years ago. As to relative costs, the British Admiralty recently announced that one battleship could be built for the approximate cost of forty-three twin-engined bombers. Compare this with the extravagant equivalent of one thousand planes so persistently claimed here.

The British authorities also point out that battleships have an indispensable function in the control of the high seas that aircraft cannot perform, that all other types of naval vessels are more vulnerable than battleships to air attack, that anti-air defense from ships has vastly improved in recent years, and finally that, although scarcely unsinkable, battleships can take a lot of punishment from the air without sustaining fatal damage. In truth, battleships can be sunk more readily by heavy gunfire from other battleships or forts than by bombing attack from the air. There is no doubt whatever that battleships are justly termed the 'backbone' of sea power, though it is also an indisputable fact that naval aviation is an immensely important and powerful arm of the fleet.

In the new programme the increases for naval aviation are well in excess of the general average of a 20 per cent addition to the fleet as a whole. The navy is now exceedingly air-minded and bows to no other service on land or sea in its faith in the utility of air power, or in the excellence of its aviators and equipment. The limit of planes is raised from 2050 to 3000; aircraft carriers (ships) from six to eight; and seaplane tenders (ships) from three to fourteen. Seven of these new tenders are small, but each will be able to 'mother' a squadron of twelve large seaplanes or 'flying boats.' The difference between 'carriers' and 'tenders' is that the former normally carry the planes on their decks, except in flight, whereas the latter merely serve as a base from which repairs and supplies can be received by large flying boats that rest habitually on the water when not in the air. In supporting the new naval programme before the Congressional Committee, Admiral Leahy said, 'It is my considered opinion at the present time that the most urgent improvement in the nation's air defense is an increase in the number of naval patrol planes and their tenders.' Such aircraft are useful not only in gaining early information of hostile approach but also in subsequent combat operations with their bombs.

Besides provision for strengthening battleships and naval aviation forces, the President's programme would similarly add to other combat types represented principally by cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, in such proportions as to elevate our quota of total fighting power on the sea by about 20 per cent. In addition it is proposed to build forty-two more non-combat vessels which must supply and otherwise serve the fleet proper. In this category are such types as repair ships, mine layers and mine sweepers, hospital ships, store ships, and tenders to destroyers, submarines, and seaplanes.

It is well to recall the fact that all of

these ships are not to be built at once, that the programme merely fixes an upper limit to which we can build in an orderly and hence more economical way over a period of years, that much of the new construction is for the replacement of ships becoming obsolete through age, and that we are the last among the great naval powers to increase our navy above the limits previously fixed by the now expired treaties.

III

'How is the navy to be used?' is a question in which public interest has been actively reawakened by the President's recommendations for more ships. In certain quarters the fanciful suggestion has been voiced that our navy may have some sort of understanding with the British navy for joint action in Asia or elsewhere. This is scarcely worthy of answer to anyone possessing even rudimentary knowledge of our form and method of government. Such a thing might be possible in Japan, where army and navy are almost independent entities, virtually free from civilian control and responsible only to an Emperor who is mainly a titular and religious head largely divorced from active political participation in the government.

This is one of the most baffling aspects of the present situation in China. It is the Japanese Army and the Japanese Navy that are acting, rather than the political branches of the Japanese Government or Japan itself in a broad sense. The Foreign Office may make apologies for what has been done and give assurances of what will be done by the combat forces, but its words carry no final authority because, regardless of contrary technicalities and theories, the whole government is in fact dominated by the military-naval groups.

In democratic America such a relationship between civil and military functions and officials is quite inconceivable. State policies are determined exclusively by civilian political officials — in the

White House, in Congress, and in the State Department. The navy acts only in accord with such policies and under the direction of its constitutional Commander in Chief, the President. The support of national policies, however they may be defined by civil authority, is the first duty of the navy — a duty which it has ever loyally performed.

In this respect the navy's task is sometimes difficult because of policies that are loosely defined or frequently changed. These handicaps are unavoidable, however, in a world of international competition and where vital circumstances are constantly undergoing alteration. The game of international politics is like any other game, in that one moves for defense, for improvement of position, or to outmanœuvre an opponent. The frequent changes of policy, with regard to the Caribbean and Europe, that were forced upon President Wilson by unstable conditions well illustrate the necessary impermanence of policy. Too rigid a declaration of policy in advance may easily lead to its defeat or virtual nullification by another nation seeking to escape its consequences. For example, Japan rendered our recent Neutrality Act ineffective by refraining from declaring war on China. In international affairs the President needs the benefit allowed by the Constitution of a great deal of unhampered discretion if he is to employ the navy in the best way to safeguard the national interests in unexpected contingencies.

There are many earnest advocates who would restrict our navy to a purely defensive rôle, near our coasts, including the Panama Canal and possibly Hawaii. As Admiral Leahy said in his recent testimony before a Congressional committee, 'In defending our territory in war we cannot assume an attitude of passive defense and simply beat off an attack at one place and later another. In such a case we would see our coasts blockaded, our outlying possessions seized, our commerce, both coastwise and foreign,

driven off the seas, and we would undergo the costly experience of finding the war lasting' until the enemy 'had attained every objective and everything he wanted.'

This nation should be the last to overlook the fatal economic consequences of a sea blockade. Fallacious arguments are frequently advanced about the country being so nearly self-supporting as to be able to endure a blockade without much suffering. The same reasoning could have been applied before the Civil War to the Confederate States, which under the Union blockade endured economic collapse and dire hardship including starvation in many large cities. The mere withdrawal of foreign shipping from the American trade during the Boer War and during the early part of the World War precipitated acute industrial depression within our borders. The shuttles of ships on the oceans, no less than transport ashore, weave the fabric of our economic well-being.

Under modern conditions a blockade sufficiently effective to upset the intricate mechanism of industrialism can be conducted from a long distance offshore. During the World War the British blockaders of Germany operated as far as a thousand miles from Heligoland. A tight blockade of the United States would be more difficult, but nevertheless important classes of our foreign commerce could be stopped from much greater distances if our navy were held to our side of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. For example, in normal times the value of our trade with the general region of the Orient, including Australia and India, aggregates two billion dollars annually. Much of this represents automobile exports and rubber imports. Our vast automobile industry is thus subject to near ruin by hostile naval operations seven thousand miles from our shores. The situation respecting our commerce with South America is similar.

When, or under what general circumstances, our essential commerce in these

and other regions might require the protection of our navy cannot be foreseen — perhaps not at all, if a potentially unfriendly power should feel that adequate protection would be forthcoming. If, however, such a country knew that the American navy was tethered to America and denied its normal major function of safeguarding the economic life of the nation, as it is related to the high seas, then the probability of shutting down Detroit factories and closing salesrooms all over the land, through hostile naval operations in the Orient and South America, would be greatly increased. So also would be the likelihood of a general blockade of our coasts conducted from near mid-ocean.

Another cogent reason for an unchained navy in these days of airplanes is the menace of bombing. We are fortunately situated so that this hazard is virtually restricted to planes that are based on ships. And they must come to within a thousand miles of the coast before war loads of bombs can be flown over a land objective. The best defense against this form of attack is to meet the hostile ships at sea with our fleet before they can approach the coast close enough for their bombers to take off. Some will argue that our fleet will itself be too vulnerable to air attack. The reply is that the hostile ships will also be vulnerable to the planes and guns of our fleet, which should be sufficiently strong to win the contest and thus protect our cities. And the farther at sea this is done, the less will be the danger at home.

At the moment special interest as to the possible employment of our fleet has reference to the Orient. It may be said with certainty that what danger there may now be of war with Japan would be very much less if we had in existence the fleet which the President recommends, together with an adequate naval base in the Philippines, making it possible for the fleet to go out there at any time and remain indefinitely. Provocation against

us would then vanish. History proves conclusively that the Japanese deeply respect superior force. When they have had it, they have been aggressive. Their present invasion of China was launched when the chance of interference by stronger powers in Europe and America was nil. The invasion during the World War was under similar circumstances. In 1922 it was the influence of these powers at a time when they were able to send overwhelming naval forces to the Orient that persuaded Japan peacefully to evacuate and give up an already established control over China. In the Far East, more than anywhere else in the world, can the influence of force be used as an effective ally of diplomacy and peace.

Just what occasion the future may bring forth to call for our fleet going out to the Orient is impossible of prediction. We have to look forward to a long period of Japanese occupation and control of China, characterized, perhaps, by repeated minor incidents that will provoke us, and by a growing encroachment upon our general rights and interests in the Celestial Kingdom. What is of much greater importance, however, is the increasing detriment to our economic prosperity that will surely come from a highly industrialized Orient fed by the limitless Chinese resources of raw materials — all under the centralized control of Japan.

Unquestionably the fundamental aspect of Japan's adventure on the continent is economic. She seeks relief from overpopulation and hopes for untold wealth through industrialism and world trade. For this she finds many precedents in the western world, which cannot justly criticize, however much it may deplore and struggle against, the economic upheaval that it faces in consequence. Already American unemployment lists and relief rolls have been greatly lengthened by the flood of Japanese goods on our counters — sold at prices far below any possibility of

competition. The flood has only begun, assuming that Japanese conquest of China will be consolidated. Tariffs and quotas cannot give sufficient protection against this, because of inevitable competition in our foreign markets.

But in this respect America stands in considerably less jeopardy than does England, as well as all the industrialized countries of Europe. They face the ruination of their whole economic structure, while with our better balance of agriculture we can carry on with less general distress. This point is worthy of special emphasis because of the suggestions and implications prevailing for many years that it is the United States which must stop Japan and that war between these two countries is inevitable. This hypothesis is unsound as regards not only the basic economic danger inherent in the prospective unbeatable industrial setup in the Orient, but also the impairment of interests within the boundaries of China. British interests there aggregate about eight times, and French interests four times, those of the United States. Russia's concern with affairs in China is also more vital than ours.

The general attitude of the American people and their government against plunging into a war with Japan is therefore perfectly well warranted. If Japan must be stopped, it is primarily a matter for European countries. Nearly all of them stand in greater economic danger than we do, and there would be no equity in our undertaking an Oriental crusade as a champion of European interests.

On the other hand, our 'stake' in the situation is very substantial, aside from a sympathy with the world's general welfare. Should we join with European nations in settling this affair in Asia if they should undertake to do so? It would seem that sooner or later they will be compelled to take some action, as a matter of economic self-preservation.

What our attitude would or should then be respecting joint action will necessarily depend upon many circumstances that cannot be foreseen. But in any case we shall prefer to avoid war, and our ability to aid in a settlement without war will be greatly enhanced by a powerful fleet, and doubly so if it has an adequate base in the Philippine Islands for its logistic needs. In anticipation of this situation that seems certain to arise, we should now provide both the fleet and the base, remembering that such a base would in no wise impair the independence of the Philippines.

A naval demonstration in overwhelming force — such as, for example, the combined fleets of England, France, and the United States — could unquestionably settle the Asiatic problem on terms satisfactory to the western world, and without war. Japan's position in China is vulnerable in the extreme to a threat of superior sea power. Her army must be supplied by sea from the mother country, and if the overseas communications were cut for any considerable length of time Chinese and Russian troops would certainly destroy Japan's forces of occupation.

A diplomatic demand for the evacuation of China, backed by greatly preponderant fleets, would therefore leave Japan no choice but to comply. To fight the foreign fleets would mean only the certain destruction of Japan's fleet as well as her cherished army. Inherently the present situation in the Orient presents a classic opportunity for the influence of superior naval forces as an ally of diplomacy and peace. But obviously the European superiority of naval forces must be very pronounced. Otherwise war would be certain, and a satisfactory settlement exceedingly uncertain. Without a settlement by some such pacific means as suggested, the danger of widespread war arising out of the ferment in China will surely be chronic for many years.

THE JOURNEY TO HANFORD

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

I

THE time came one year for my sad Uncle Jorgi to fix his bicycle and ride twenty-seven miles to Hanford, where it seems there was a job. I went with him, although at first there was talk of sending my cousin Vask instead.

The family did n't want to complain about having among its members a fool like Jorgi, but at the same time it wanted a chance, in the summertime, to forget him for a while. If he went away and got himself the job in Hanford, in the water-melons, all would be well. Jorgi would earn a little money and be out of the way. That was the important thing — to get him out of the way.

'To hell with him and his zither both,' my grandfather said. 'When you read in a book that a man sits all day under a tree and plays a zither and sings, believe me, that writer is an impractical man. Money, that's the thing. Let him go and sweat under the sun for a while. Him and his zither both.'

'You say that now,' my grandmother said, 'but wait a week. Wait till you begin to need music again.'

'That is nonsense,' my grandfather said. 'When you read in a book that a man who sings is one who is truly a happy man, that writer is a dreamer, not a merchant in a thousand years. Let him go. It is twenty-seven miles to Hanford. That is a good intelligent distance.'

'You speak that way now,' my grandmother said, 'but you'll be a melancholy man in three days. I shall see you

walking around like a tiger. I am the one who shall see that. Seeing that, I am the one who shall laugh.'

'You are a woman,' my grandfather said. 'When you read in a book with hundreds of pages of small print that a woman is truly a creature of wonder, that writer has turned his face away from his wife and is dreaming. Let him go away on his bicycle, him and his zither both.'

'It is simply that you are not young any longer,' my grandmother said. 'That is the thing that is making you roar.'

'Close your mouth,' my grandfather said. 'Close it, or here comes the back of my hand.'

My grandfather looked about the room at his children and grandchildren.

'I say he goes to Hanford on his bicycle,' he said. 'What do you say?'

Nobody spoke.

'Then that's settled,' my grandfather said. 'Now, who shall we send with him? Which of the uncouth of our children shall we punish, sending him with Jorgi to Hanford? When you read in a book that a journey to another city is a pleasant experience for a young man, that writer is probably a man of eighty or ninety who as a child once went in a wagon two miles from home. Who shall we punish? Vask? Shall Vask be the one? Step up here, boy.'

My cousin Vask got up from the floor and stood in front of the old man, who looked down at him furiously, twisted his enormous moustaches, cleared his

throat, and put his hand over the boy's face. His hand practically covered the whole head. Vask did n't move.

'Shall you go with your uncle Jorgi to Hanford?' my grandfather said.

'If it pleases my grandfather, I shall,' Vask said.

The old man began to make faces, thinking it over.

'Let me think a moment,' he said. 'Jorgi's spirit is the foolish one of our tribe. Yours is also. Is it wise to put two fools together?'

He turned to the others.

'Let me hear your spoken thoughts on this theme,' he said. 'Is it wise to put an old fool and a young one together, of the same tribe? Will it profit anyone? Speak aloud so I may consider.'

'I think it would be the natural thing to do, under the circumstances,' my uncle Zorab said. 'A fool and a fool. The man to work, the boy to keep house and cook.'

'Perhaps,' my grandfather said. 'Let's consider. A fool and a fool, one to work, the other to keep house and cook. Can you cook, boy?'

'Of course he can cook,' my grandmother said. 'Rice, at least.'

'Is that true, boy, about the rice?' my grandfather said. 'Four cups of water, one cup of rice, one teaspoonful of salt. Do you know about the trick of making it come out like food instead of swill, or are we dreaming?'

'Of course he can cook rice,' my grandmother said.

'The back of my hand is on its way to your mouth,' my grandfather said. 'Let the boy speak for himself. He has a tongue. Can you do it, boy? When you read in a book that a boy answers an old man wisely, that writer is probably a Jew, bent on exaggeration. Can you make it come out like food, not swill?'

'I have cooked rice,' Vask said. 'It came out like food.'

'Was there enough salt to it?' my

grandfather said. 'If you lie, remember my hand.'

Vask hesitated a moment.

'I understand,' my grandfather said. 'You are embarrassed about the rice. What was wrong with it? Truth is all that pleases me. Speak up fearlessly. If it is the truth fearlessly, no man can demand more. What embarrasses you about the rice?'

'It was too salty,' Vask said. 'We had to drink water all day and all night, it was so salty.'

'No elaboration,' my grandfather said. 'Only what is true. The rice was too salty. Naturally you had to drink water all day and all night. We've all eaten that kind of rice. Don't think because you drank water all day and all night that you are the first Armenian who ever did that. Just tell me that it was too salty. I'm not here to learn. I *know*. Just say it was too salty and let me try to determine if you are the one to go.'

My grandfather turned to the others. He began to make faces again.

'I think this is the boy to go,' he said, 'but speak up, any of you who have something to say. Salty is better than swill. Was it light in texture, boy?'

'It was light in texture,' Vask said.

'I believe this is the one to send,' my grandfather said. 'The water is good for the gut. Shall it be this boy here, Vask Garoghlanian, or who?'

'On second thought,' my uncle Zorab said, 'two fools, out and out, perhaps not, though the rice is not swill. I nominate Aram. Perhaps he should go. He deserves to be punished.'

Everybody looked at me.

'Aram?' my grandfather said. 'You mean the boy who laughs, the loud-laughing boy? You mean light-footed, bright-eyed, loud-laughing Aram Garoghlanian?'

'Who else would he mean?' my grandmother said. 'You know very well who he means.'

My grandfather turned slowly and for half a minute looked at my grandmother.

'When you read in a book,' he said, 'about some man who falls in love with a girl and marries her, that writer is truly referring to a very young man who has no idea she is going to talk out of turn right up to the time she is ready to go into the ground, at the age of ninety-seven. That writer is thinking of a younger type of man.'

'Do you mean Aram?' he said. 'Aram Garoghlanian?'

'Yes,' my uncle Zorab said.

'What has he done to deserve this awful punishment?' my grandfather said.

'*He knows*,' my uncle Zorab said.

'Aram Garoghlanian,' my grandfather said.

I got up and stood in front of my grandfather. He put his big hand over my face and rubbed it. I knew he was not angry, though, because his hand was gentle.

'What have you done, boy?' my grandfather said.

I began to laugh, remembering the things I had done. My grandfather listened a moment and then began laughing with me.

Only he and I laughed. The others did n't dare laugh. My grandfather had instructed them not to laugh unless they could laugh like him. I was the only Garoghlanian in the world who could laugh like him.

'Aram Garoghlanian,' my grandfather said, 'tell me. What have you done?'

'Which one?' I said.

My grandfather turned to my uncle Zorab.

'Which one?' he said. 'Tell the boy which mischief to acknowledge. There appear to be several.'

'He knows which one,' my uncle Zorab said.

'Do you mean,' I said, 'telling the neighbors you are crazy?'

My uncle Zorab refused to speak.

'Or do you mean,' I said, 'going around talking the way you talk?'

'This is the boy to send with Jorgi,' my uncle Zorab said.

'Can you cook rice?' my grandfather said.

He did n't care to go into detail about my making fun of my uncle Zorab. If I could cook rice, I should go with Jorgi to Hanford. That was what it came to. Of course I wanted to go, no matter what the writer was who wrote that it was a fine experience for a boy to travel to a strange city. Fool or liar or anything else, I *wanted* to go.

'I can cook rice,' I said.

'Salty or swill, or what?' my grandfather said.

'Sometimes salty,' I said. 'Sometimes swill. Sometimes perfect.'

'Let's consider,' my grandfather said.

He leaned against the wall, considering.

'Three large glasses of water,' he said to my grandmother.

My grandmother went to the kitchen and after a moment returned with three large glasses of water on a tray. My grandfather drank one glass after another, then turned to the others, making many thoughtful faces.

'Sometimes salty,' he said. 'Sometimes swill. Sometimes perfect. Is this the boy to send to Hanford?'

'Yes,' my uncle Zorab said. 'The only one.'

'So be it,' my grandfather said. 'That will be all. I wish to be alone.'

I moved to go. My grandfather took me by the neck.

'Stay a moment,' he said.

When we were alone he said, 'Talk the way your uncle Zorab talks.'

I did so and my grandfather roared with laughter.

'Go to Hanford,' he said. 'Go with the fool Jorgi and make it salty or make it swill or make it perfect.'

In this manner I was assigned to be my uncle Jorgi's companion on his journey to Hanford.

II

We set out the following morning before daybreak. I sat on the crossbar of the bicycle and my uncle Jorgi on the seat, but when I got tired I got off and walked, and after a while my uncle Jorgi got off and walked, and I rode. We did n't reach Hanford till late that night.

We were supposed to stay in Hanford till the job ended, after the watermelon season. That was the idea. We went around town looking for a house to stay in, a house with a stove in it, gas connections, and water. We did n't care about electricity, but we wanted gas and water. We saw six or seven houses and then we saw one my uncle Jorgi liked, so we moved in that night. It was an eleven-room house, with a gas stove, a sink with running water, and a room with a bed and a couch. The other rooms were all empty. My uncle Jorgi lighted a candle, brought out his zither, sat on the floor, and began to play and sing. It was beautiful; it was melancholy sometimes and sometimes funny, but it was always beautiful. I don't know how long he played and sang before he realized he was hungry, but all of a sudden he got up off the floor and said, 'Aram, I want rice.'

I made a pot of rice that night that was both salty and swill, but my uncle Jorgi said, 'Aram, this is wonderful.'

The birds got us up at daybreak.

'The job,' I said. 'You begin to-day, you know.'

'To-day,' my uncle Jorgi groaned.

He walked tragically out of the empty house and I looked around for a broom. There was no broom, so I went out and sat on the steps of the front porch. It seemed to be a nice region of the world in daylight. It was a street with only four houses. There was a church steeple in front of the house, two blocks away. I sat on the porch about an hour. My uncle Jorgi came up the street, on his bicycle, zigzagging joyously.

'Not this year, thank God,' he said, leaping off the bicycle.

'What?' I said.

'There is no job,' he said. 'No job, thank God.'

'No job?' I said.

'No job, thank our Heavenly Father,' he said.

'Why not?' I said.

'The watermelons,' he said.

'What about them?' I said.

'The season is over,' he said.

'That is n't true,' I said.

'The season is over,' my uncle Jorgi said. 'Believe me, it is over.'

'Your father will break your head,' I said.

'The season is over,' he said. 'Praise God, the watermelons are all harvested.'

'Who said so?'

'The farmer himself. The farmer himself said so.'

'He just said that,' I said, 'because he did n't want to hurt your feelings. He just said that because he knew your heart would n't be in your work.'

'Praise God,' my uncle Jorgi said, 'the whole season is over. All the fine, ripe watermelons have been harvested.'

'What are we going to do?' I said. 'The season is just beginning.'

'It's ended,' he said. 'We shall dwell in this house a month and then go home. We have paid six dollars rent and we have money enough for rice. We shall dream here a month and then go home.'

'With no money,' I said.

'But in good health,' he said. 'Praise God, who ripened them so early this year.'

My uncle Jorgi danced into the house to his zither, and before I could decide what to do about him he was playing and singing, and it was so beautiful I did n't even get up and try to chase him out of the house. I just sat on the porch and listened.

We stayed in the house a month and then went home. My grandmother was the first to see us.

'It's about time you two came home,' she said. 'He's been raging like a tiger. Give me the money.'

'There is no money,' I said.

'Did he work?' my grandmother said.

'No,' I said. 'He played and sang the whole month.'

'How did your rice turn out?' she said.

'Sometimes salty,' I said. 'Sometimes swill. Sometimes perfect. But he did n't work.'

'His father must n't know,' she said. 'I have money.'

She lifted her dress and got some currency out of a pocket in her pants and put it in my hands.

'When he comes home,' she said, 'give him this money.'

She looked at me a moment, then added: '*Aram Garoghlanian.*'

'I will do as you say,' I said.

When my grandfather came home he began to roar.

'Home already?' he said. 'Is the season ended so soon? Where is the money he earned?'

I gave him the money.

'I won't have him singing all day,' my grandfather roared. 'There is a limit to everything. When you read in a book that a father loves a foolish son more than his wise sons, that writer is a bachelor.'

In the yard, under the almond tree, my uncle Jorgi began to play and sing. My grandfather came to a dead halt and began to listen. He sat down on the couch, took off his shoes, and began to make faces.

I went into the kitchen to get three or four glasses of water to quench the thirst from last night's rice. When I came back to the parlor the old man was stretched out on the couch, asleep and smiling, and his son Jorgi was singing hallelujah to the universe at the top of his beautiful, melancholy voice.

RADIO IN EUROPE

BY CESAR SAERCHINGER

How do you manage to serve God and Mammon at the same time?' That was the question asked, in all seriousness, by Sir John Reith, the 'autocrat' of British broadcasting, in speaking to an American radio executive who had come to discuss an agreement for the exchange of programmes between the two countries. Translated into pedestrian English, Sir John's question meant: in order to please the advertiser, did n't the American broadcaster have to sell his soul? This conversation took place in the early years of broadcasting; in the intervening years radio has prospered mightily, both in Europe and in America, though in very different ways.

For various reasons, serving Mammon was not an attractive proposition to the European broadcaster at the start. The tariff walls which have grown up around the individual countries since the war provide one answer, for most of these countries depended on export for their prosperity, and export became a matter of political barter instead of international trade. Internally the old prosperity, in which the consumption of luxuries could be stimulated by persuasion, was gone. Commercial expansion through radio advertising proved an empty dream; competition in the pre-war sense had very largely disappeared in countries where the feeding of the population had become a state concern. The only commercial object of broadcasting — in the industrial countries — was the sale of radio sets. The only private enterprise interested in broad-

casting was the radio manufacturing industry, represented by a handful of concerns.

Another difficulty was the physical limitation of ether space. What could be accomplished in the United States by a single federal authority — namely, the apportionment of available wave lengths by the Federal Radio Commission — could be done in Europe only by international agreement. For while our forty-eight states, with their limited States' rights, had little to say in the matter of American regulation, the forty-odd states of Europe, thanks to their sovereignty, had everything to say there. Control of the ether waves became a national concern. 'Military necessity,' arising from the propinquity of potentially hostile nations, added further cause for regulation. Private commercial broadcasting was therefore virtually ruled out. Public service broadcasting, so called (more or less euphemistically, according to the country involved), took its place. Not Mammon, but other gods had to be served, including the god of war.

How does European radio serve its gods?

I

Let us begin our survey with Great Britain, the first European country to organize its broadcasting on a national scale. The government gave a provisional franchise to a single company (organized by the radio manufacturers), and after four years it converted this company (the B. B. C.) into a non-profit

public corporation under a royal charter. The principle of 'public service broadcasting,' having been successfully tried during the first four years, was thus made permanent.

Now the main lines of that British 'public service' coincide with the 'public interest, convenience, and necessity' requirements laid down by the Federal Communications Commission in the United States. But the accent is differently placed. Our broadcasters think primarily of the public interest and convenience (largely in terms of entertainment); the British of public 'necessity' (in terms of social service). British broadcasting devotes more time to direct education, distinguishing clearly between children and adults; to official and useful information such as weather reports, storm warnings, advice to farmers, market prices, lectures, charitable appeals, parliamentary reports, and news. All of these items, because of the importance attached to them, are broadcast at regular, specified, and constantly publicized times, adjusted as far as possible to the listening habits of people, both nationally and regionally. Programmes supplying entertainment, diversion, or amusement are grouped around these public service 'pillars,' timed, again as far as possible, in accordance with listeners' habits. Having no commercial sponsors, the B. B. C. is master of its time, and tries to dispose of it in such a way as not only to please the majority but to serve special groups and even individuals with the least possible inconvenience to the majority.

Thus the news comes regularly at five different times between 6 p.m. and midnight, twice on one set of stations and three times on the other, both being audible throughout the country. Before the news there are the weather reports, urgent police messages (appertaining to accidents and the like), and the so-called 'S O S.' This, a typically British institution, consists of calls sent out to lost or straying persons asking them to go to a

place (clearly specified) where a near relative is 'dangerously ill.' The proportion of successful calls is astonishingly high. No person in Britain need die lonely if his son or daughter, brother or sister, is within the reach of radio. This, then, is an example of service which, though slightly irksome to an impatient listener, brings untold benefit to individuals.

Similarly, it may be irksome to the majority to listen to daily directions and storm warnings to fishing fleets; but the ensuing benefit to a small yet important group is thought to justify the sacrifice of time. There are a number of such instances. Few people are interested in the daily 'fat stock prices,' which must be given when the English farmer is home from the fields, yet no one begrudges the resultant benefit to a single social group.

This question of timing requires a tremendous amount of forethought in a broadcasting service which designedly caters to individual groups as well as the mass. There are age groups and sex groups, occupational and regional groups, class and income groups, all of whose daily habits must as far as possible be taken into account. In the morning the B. B. C. caters to women (with household interests) and to the unemployed, as well as to the schools. At midday it supplies light as well as classical music for all. In the afternoon there are again the women, the leisured classes, and children and adolescents in search of education, including those who study foreign languages; at teatime there must be light music, and a little later millions of children look for their story hour, or talk on current events. Then there are adult education courses and talks to organized 'discussion groups.' Remember, all this is done with two sets of stations, the 'National' — a powerful long-wave transmitter, reinforced by a handful of synchronized local stations — and the 'Regional,' which operate partly as a chain and partly as individual local stations, as chain stations do in America.

The evening, aside from the news, is given over to the full-length symphony concert, to radio drama, musical comedy, or vaudeville show, on the one hand, and to the 'star' lecture, to literature, to talks on current affairs and world affairs, on the other, so distributed over the alternate wave lengths that two things of similar interest will not overlap — an attempt which is not always successful. The various regions also contribute their share of characteristic local material, which sometimes adds a third, fourth, or even fifth alternative programme, though so large a choice is rare. There is not in England the same amount of selectability as in America (unless one draws on foreign stations), but there is rather more variety than less, since the alternative programmes are planned so as not to duplicate each other, both with a sense of balance and with variety.

Dance music, except for an occasional dash at teatime, is relegated to the hour after 11 P.M., on the assumption that only urban populations are interested in it, the farmer having by then gone to bed.

Artistically the B.B.C. has the best-balanced broadcasting schedule in the world. It devotes a greater share of its time to serious music of all kinds than does American broadcasting, a perhaps equal amount to semiclassical and light music, and much less to dance music and jazz generally. It gives two hours a week to full-length vaudeville shows and an occasional half hour to smaller comedy programmes. It takes radio drama seriously and has run for years a weekly series of Shakespeare plays condensed to one hour each. In the lecture field, aside from a great deal of out-and-out education, it has, in comparison with us, a similar preoccupation with current events, but a far greater amount of talks on general questions of interest, scientific, literary, and ethical, both past and present. It goes in for the re-creation of history and historical characters on a considerable scale.

The B.B.C. gives less time to partisan argument on public questions, but more factual analysis of a disinterested character. It avoids controversial subjects rather more than we do, gives a fair comment on the news, but confines criticism of the government to authoritative speakers, whose arguments can be conveniently answered. But it has, especially in former years, been rather more effective in laying bare the evils of unemployment, poverty, and the like. Its freedom of speech, like ours, is restricted in matters which concern public morals, religion, and so forth. It bars attacks on the crown and the royal house — a sacrosanct subject in a monarchy — much as we would probably bar a direct attack on the Constitution of the United States. In practice, generally speaking, Great Britain has rather less freedom of speech on the air than the United States, though in principle there is little difference between the two.

The same cannot, of course, be said of most other European countries, — especially the totalitarian states, — whose censorship arises not out of the system of broadcasting but out of the political background of present-day Europe.[†]

II

In Germany there is no freedom of speech except as the government dictates. Everything is influenced by that single fact — news, talks, education, and the balance of the programme schedule in general. That schedule originally allowed for a great deal of variety, as German radio was organized regionally, in accordance with the country's federal character, and the best minds, the most characteristic artistic emanations of the component states, contributed to provide an interesting ensemble. Germany's great treasure house of music was tapped for the benefit of all; the state-subsidized theatres and orchestras of the minor capitals were freely drawn upon to form the basis of local

programmes, just as in Great Britain the Scottish and Welsh and Irish as well as the English regions all had something distinctive to add to the B.B.C.'s offerings.

With the advent of the Nazi régime, German broadcasting was completely reorganized on totalitarian lines under one central head, subservient to the will of Dr. Josef Goebbels, minister for 'propaganda and enlightenment.' Henceforth the business of German radio was to further the objects of the Nazi State, and the only *raison d'être* of culture—music, literature, education, information—was to propagate National Socialist philosophy and advance the claims of Germany and Germanism throughout the world. Music, the 'language of humanity,' was revalued on the basis of its origin and tendency: German music was henceforth to be a sublimation of the German spirit, and to be 'German' evidently required the purging of all racially undesirable elements as well as any modern tendency which might be open to the charge of 'art-bolshevism.'

But no country in the world could boast so highly developed and so decentralized a cultivation of music and drama, and not even the ruthless hand of the political reformer has been able to destroy these values. Aside from propaganda, the basis of German entertainment is still the playing of first-class symphony orchestras all over Germany, of chamber music by first-rate ensembles, of opera from a dozen different opera houses and from the festivals of Bayreuth and Munich, as well as the singing of lieder and the playing of the great classics (except Mendelssohn) by competent solo instrumentalists.

Propaganda takes precedence, however, whether it is in the form of news, speeches, lectures, or what is known all over the Continent as 'reportage'—the direct eyewitness commentary of public events. German announcers have made this into a fine art; pitching their voices in a high lyrical key, they dramatize

every party demonstration, and 'celebrate' every appearance of the Leader with evangelical zeal. On such occasions all German stations form a single chain, and listening, where it is not compulsory (as in factories and schools), is practically unavoidable, since loud-speakers are on at full blast, not only in the neighbors' homes but in the main streets and thoroughfares. With highly developed engineering technique, complete ubiquity is assured, and through recording and retransmission the evening programme is suffused with the great doings of the day. On such days, of course, it is as impossible to listen to a foreign station as it would be 'disloyal' to attempt it.

The regimentation of the public by radio has gone further in Germany than anywhere else, not perhaps because the will is lacking elsewhere, but because the Germans are so terribly efficient at this sort of thing. From the calisthenics in the morning to the singing of the 'Horst Wessel' song at night, the German's life is becoming more and more ordered by the radio's command. On days of festivals and political demonstrations, crowds are regulated by radio, herded and shepherded by radio; even the innocent-looking newspaper kiosk is equipped with loud-speakers for 'emergencies.' In Garmisch, at the Winter Olympics of 1936, a great people's recreation hall was built in eighty-eight days by highly disciplined labor, working day and night. I watched the spectacle of these minions of a modernized Nibelheim working in gangs, moving in mechanized tread through the darkness and snow pierced by searchlights, and taking their commands from loud-speakers fastened to gigantic masts—a nightmare vision of the future mass enslavement of mankind.

Education forms an important part of German radio, but education, too, is organized to develop a standardized mentality on Nazi lines. Since nearly 40,000 schools receive daily half-hour lessons over the air, it is safe to say that virtually the entire youth of Germany is

being inoculated with the totalitarian creed.

Next to Great Britain and Scandinavia, Germany has the greatest number of radio listeners in proportion to population. The Nazis have accomplished this, despite the lower per capita income, by intensive organization and by the manufacture of a cheap standard set (*Volks-empfänger*) costing twenty dollars. This, in addition to its cheapness, has the advantage of low power, which practically limits its selectivity to Germany and keeps out the undesirable foreigner. Listening to Russia is, in any case, illegal, but there is nothing like making it impossible. On the other hand, Germany does rebroadcast a considerable number of foreign programmes by reciprocal arrangement with friendly states — programmes almost wholly musical and innocuous. Its foreign department is, in fact, one of the most active in Europe.

III

If Italian radio has less popular influence, it is because, owing to a low standard of life and the high price of receivers, there are proportionately fewer radios in Italy than in any other European country (density in 1936, 12.2 per 1000). This is partly offset by the communal radio set, which is gradually becoming an institution in all Italian villages, and partly by the sets installed in Italian schools. Propaganda has a large part in Italian radio, too, but is not so all-pervading, although the government has first call on all radio time, exercises a close censorship and control over both matter and persons, and generally holds the whip hand over a theoretically private radio corporation which is even permitted to accept a limited amount of advertising to increase its revenue. Broadcasts of sports events, especially football, attract the greatest number of listeners, as is testified by the crowds standing at the open doorways of cafés and before stores equipped with radios.

Culturally the basis of Italian radio is, first, opera and, second, classical music. The E. I. A. R., the Italian radio monopoly, has a legal right to all the performances of the Italian opera houses, theatres, and concert organizations, in return for stated fees in addition to what amounts to a subsidy of the musical and theatrical profession. This is engineered through the Fascist corporations — the quasi-guild system of the Fascist State. Besides rebroadcasting a great number of these performances, the E. I. A. R. transmits studio performances of opera which are perhaps the finest of their kind and one of the major treats for music lovers all over Europe. There is a great deal of other good music, well performed and always in its entirety, while the quantity of light music and jazz is negligible. Drama and stage comedy have an important part in the repertoire, operetta and variety a lesser. Lectures, recordings, and news make up the balance.

Russian radio, except for international propaganda (and everything that comes out of Russia is either intended or reputed to be propaganda), is practically a closed book to the outside world. Like many of the Soviet's grandiose developments — power, transportation, industrial production, five-year plans, and what not — radio would seem to be much more grandiose on paper than in reality. Potentially it is the greatest radio system in the world; actually it is the most gigantic cultural problem ever tackled by a government. Soviet Russia has 170,000,000 people scattered over 8,250,000 square miles. They are divided into two hundred nationalities speaking sixty-five languages and dialects, and are widely scattered, living mostly in villages, on steppes, in arctic plains, torrid wastes, or remote mountains, along one-track railroads or with no railroads at all. Many millions of people, thousands of communities, are unconnected — except for primitive overhead telegraph wires — by reliable communica-

tion facilities; there is nothing that would form the basis of a radio network such as the only other transcontinental broadcasting system, America, enjoys.

The first function of Russian radio, therefore, is communication; the second, education — in its most elementary sense. Russian radio administration attempts to cater to thousands of localities, each separately and according to its needs, by means of innumerable local stations operated by local radio committees taking orders from a central committee; and it covers the country as a whole — not through hookups but through superpowerful stations reaching across enormous distances, supplemented by short-wave stations whose system extends to the ends of the continent and beyond.

The job of the radio committees is not merely to supply programmes, but to see that they can be heard — in other words to supply radio sets, which again must be manufactured and distributed by the state. Most of Russian listening is perforce communal listening; to supply sets to such a population, with very low buying power, through state industry is the work of a century. To some extent the lack of radio sets is overcome by the local 'radio exchange' — each exchange or central set supplying a number of local loud-speakers connected by wire.

According to official figures, Russian programmes are devoted predominantly to classical and folk music (60 per cent of the time), the rest being divided between education (school broadcasts and lectures to adults) and news and politics, which, in the case of authoritarian states, are almost interchangeable terms. The quality of these broadcasts is very variable, depending on facilities, and from personal observation some of these facilities are — even in Moscow — very primitive indeed.

IV

Within their geographical limits and their comparatively small resources, the

smaller European democracies — Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries — have in many ways the ideal broadcasting service. In Denmark and Norway, broadcasting is nonpolitical by choice, although it is administered as a state department; in Sweden, where it is private, politics plays a negligible part, and the same is true of Belgium and Switzerland, which, by the way, have the problem of bilingual and trilingual broadcasting to contend with. Denmark, thanks to a well-balanced and efficient programme policy, enjoys the largest proportionate audience in Europe and perhaps in the world. Its income from listeners' licenses, each costing ten crowns or approximately \$2.50 a year, is sufficient to support a highly trained and first-class symphony orchestra, as well as excellent smaller ensembles. Closeness to England and Germany and Sweden, moreover, provides a wide choice of foreign programmes for the adventurous listener.

It ought to be mentioned, for the sake of completeness, that the American system is not wholly absent from the European scheme of things. In France, for instance, both private concerns and the government have set up broadcasting stations, and the private stations subsist on advertising. The government, in fact, lagged behind in its development as long as it tried to finance its broadcasting out of general funds. When at last a parliament could be persuaded to vote a license law (fifty francs per radio set per year), government broadcasting leaped forward, and it has now outstripped private broadcasting in extent as well as in cultural value. The two systems, however, exist peacefully side by side, the government chain (P.T.T.) specializing in the higher cultural values, the private stations — supported by advertising — in frankly popular entertainment and news.

Classical music, some of it relayed from the subsidized Opéra and Opéra Comique, as well as the Parisian and

provincial orchestras, alternates with studio recitals which abound in lyrical sentimentality and a great deal of humor. Full-length operetta and comedy form a considerable part of the fare, and there is a fair dose of lecture recitals, poetry readings, and the like, as well as recordings of all kinds of music during the daytime hours. News and news interpretation are perhaps the most important item of the schedule, and foreign rebroadcasts have a considerable share. (France takes a weekly news talk from New York, for instance.) Regional programmes add the flavor of the soil, but there is very little dance music and practically no education, so called.

An important feature of French radio is its democratic organization of listeners' control. There is a National Radio Council to which all the license-holding listeners send elected representatives. This is the supreme programme authority; so the man who pays the piper is, to some extent, able to call the tune.

In the little state of Luxemburg the sole broadcasting station is operated as a concession by a private company. But the station is so powerful (150 kilowatts) in relation to the size of the country that most of its coverage is beyond the borders. Hence most of its advertising is done in English (since the French and Germans are less gullible) and is linked to entertainment programmes of very low appeal, whose only recognized merit is that they enliven the intentionally serious — some say dull — British Sunday on the air. Both Germany and Italy permit a very limited amount of advertising, under severe restrictions, and Eire (formerly the Irish Free State) allows advertising of Irish products only, which, being chiefly nature's own, do not lend themselves to ballyhoo.

The Irish listener, moreover, has such easy access to British programmes that only his intense patriotism induces him to listen to the Irish programmes from Athlone. The Irish are a talented race,

but their gifted sons have an inclination to wander abroad, and the Irish broadcasting service is hard put to it when it comes to competing with the attractions of London and the rest.

It is generally believed that the American commercial system and the government license system are the only two possibilities. There is, however, another and very interesting alternative, which is actually in force in Holland, where it has demonstrated a remarkable success over a long period of years. Holland, which has a reputation for high-class and very efficient broadcasting, finances its radio services on a completely voluntary basis. There is no government or other monopoly, and competition between the four broadcasting organizations, though friendly, is keen.

Each of the four is, in effect, a society of listeners whose members pay membership fees according to their ability and generosity. The choice of the society to which they belong is made on wholly idealistic or 'ideological' grounds, for one is Catholic, another Protestant, another Socialist, another, the largest, just 'general' — in other words, nonpartisan and nonsectarian; and this also implies an ethical standard — namely, freedom from prejudice. The four societies share the two available transmitters (Holland is a small and flat country); they are owned by a holding company in which the government has a share but no peace-time control. There is no advertising, and no 'tax'; the poor and the stingy listen free of charge. It would be difficult to deny that Holland, on the basis of its radio alone, is the most generous and tolerant country in the world.

Summing up, the system of organization in Europe ranges from strict government control through the semi-socialized monopoly system of England to the private enterprise of Luxemburg, with many intermediate degrees, notably the voluntary system of Holland. All systems, except Luxemburg's, provide a 'public service' of one kind or another.

V

To understand the difference between this variegated setup and the American system, and the reasons for it, one must remember that, whereas radio in the United States grew from widely scattered seed, each of the national radio systems of Europe was grown from a carefully nurtured plant. American radio organization developed, as it were, from the outside in, while European radio grew from the inside out. American radio developed freely, empirically, to be consolidated later on; European radio for the most part was consolidated before it had a chance to grow. It missed the advantages of diversified experimentation; and it burdened a set of officials with the task of creating a service which would satisfy the whole nation as well as its component parts. The majority of these officials were engineers, musicians, men of the theatre, *littérateurs* — intellectuals, in short, who devised a programme according to their own concept of the nation's cultural life. Their programmes were derived from established mediums of entertainment rather than being created as a new form growing out of the nature of the instrument, as in America.

On the other hand, European radio, with the prestige of the governments behind it, had the great cultural institutions and the subsidized artistic resources of the country at its command. Governments, reluctant to yield their inherent rights in the new public domain, the ether, for anything so dangerously ubiquitous as broadcasting and anything so frivolous as entertainment, finally doled out franchises to monopolies under officials who could be trusted to guard the national interest and its — usually subsidized — artistic resources. Where these resources were not sufficient for radio's requirements, as in Great Britain, the radio created them with the income from license fees, without dictation or interference from commercial interests.

Thus the B. B. C. Symphony Orchestra quickly took its place as one of the half-dozen great orchestras of the world, and even little Denmark was able to establish a really first-class orchestra for the first time in its history. It is not too much to say that virtually every broadcasting country in Europe, thanks to radio, has now a standard of orchestral performance which once was limited to Germany, Austria, and the United States, and that European listeners as a whole have, for an average price of \$2.50 a year, a dozen or more of the world's finest orchestras literally at their fingers' ends.

VI

The difference between American and European radio programmes is not so much in quality as in kind. The aim of American broadcasting is to serve the majority, and to serve it so brilliantly that the minority will fall into line. Commercially its ideal would be a complete unanimity — a standardization of taste, as an approach to the greatest possible market for standardized goods. European broadcasting, in democratic states such as Great Britain, also aims to please the whole population, but as an aggregation of groups rather than a single undifferentiated mass. It accepts the differences in taste and does not try to satisfy all of them at one time. Where American radio aspires to the perfection of a certain technique, Britain tries to enrich its programme by differentiation of content and a variety of purposes adjusted to divergent needs. The interesting question is not which of the two offerings is better, according to any one standard or any individual's taste, but how far they succeed in achieving their particular end.

How can we find out? There are two kinds of test — quantitative and qualitative. On purely numerical evidence America is generally assumed to be in the lead. This is true if we take Europe as a whole. But for a variety of reasons,

chiefly economic, the comparison is not fair. If we confine ourselves to Great Britain and the northern democracies, the picture is somewhat different. For the sake of convenience let us take Great Britain alone. In the United States there are, according to the manufacturers' census, about 25,000,000 radio sets in use. This corresponds roughly to 25 per cent of the population. In Great Britain there are over 8,500,000 homes using a radio license. This again corresponds to about 25 per cent of the population.

Quantitatively, then, the popularity of radio is equal in the two countries, although allowance might be made for the higher cost of radio sets in England (about 50 per cent). Also, the American figure applies to radio sets, active or inactive alike. The British figure applies to radio *homes*, which may contain two or more sets, collectively covered by a single license, renewable each year. The increase in the number of licenses is at the rate of about 4000 a month, although the saturation point is obviously not very far off.

The qualitative test is far more difficult. Fan letters are an unreliable indicator: most of them refer to single programmes or types of programmes; few of them are written by members of the intelligent minority. Surveys made for advertising agencies or by interested parties are misleading, since they aim to prove preference for a given station (among a very similar lot) or for a given programme. An analytical survey showing listener habits in general, based on social and psychological factors, is only now being undertaken for the first time, under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation, at Princeton University.

Pending this inquiry we must be satisfied with indications arising out of casual experience. How much listening is casual, fortuitous, and passive? How much is selective, intentional, and active?

One indication is the circulation of programme periodicals such as the *Radio*

Guide in America and the official programme weeklies of the European radio companies. In England the *Radio Times* has a paid circulation of 3,500,000. Since its only advantage over the daily newspaper radio page is that it gives additional programme details (movements of symphonies, names of assisting artists, analytical notes, and so forth) the inference is that the buyer is probably a selective and certainly an interested listener. In other words, nearly half of all radio owners in England show an interest in these programme details to the extent of paying for them in addition to their license fees.

To supplement these indications the B.B.C. has sent investigators into the field to study listening habits and stimulate listening to the better type of programme. It is the only European organization (outside the dictator countries) which has made an intelligent effort to organize listening groups. There are 800 discussion groups in England which meet regularly to debate the subjects of broadcast talks. Its school broadcasting, too, is not shot out into empty air, propelled by a pious hope. In 1937 it served 43 per cent of all elementary and secondary schools in the country. It knows exactly what schools and grades are listening, programmes being graded accordingly, and the teachers purchase the printed material which supplements the lessons. This material, in the form of syllabuses on twenty-six separate courses, has an enormous paid circulation (1,684,468 in 1937). All this is supervised by a School Broadcasting Council not controlled by the B.B.C.

Cultivation of listener habits and regularity of programming are, in fact, two secrets of the B.B.C.'s success. What applies in America to the most popular commercial programmes is true in England of numerous serious musical programmes and informative talks — namely, that people wait for them, make a date with their radio for them, and with their friends to join the fun. A

series of talks in which Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, E. M. Forster, and others participate commands a tremendous audience; courses of talks on astronomy by Sir James Jeans or on zoölogy by Julian Huxley have achieved popularity with a public which may be more contemplative but certainly is not better educated than ours.

These things are proof, at any rate, that the radio in England has succeeded in being a public service supplying a number of wants. From casual talk picked up among all sorts of people I have come to feel that the English public, even if it does not listen as much as the Unseen Audience of America, listens more systematically, more discriminately, and more intently. Five years ago the United States was universally reputed to be the most radio-conscious country in the world; I doubt if it holds that position in such solitary splendor to-day.

But Europe, besides becoming radio-conscious, is becoming America-conscious by virtue of the radio. Several countries nowadays rebroadcast American programmes from time to time; three of them — Great Britain, France, and Germany — do so regularly. England, with its regularity and its serious attention to informative talks, is turning this to good account.

A single example will illustrate this heartening fact. For some three years now the B. B. C. has taken a weekly talk by an American news commentator from New York. That commentator, Ray-

mond Gram Swing, has become a popular idol with all British people who are interested in American affairs, not because of any histrionic or emotional appeal, but by virtue of his concise reasoning and fair comment on the American scene. Some time ago I was in the barber's chair in London; the barber, a young chap of average intelligence, hearing my American accent, started talking about America. 'How do you know all this?' I asked. 'Well,' he answered, 'I listen to your countryman, Mr. Swing. Every Friday night. Never miss it.' Just as a lark a friend of mine, to whom I told this incident, took an American radio executive on a shopping jaunt through London. They questioned the various people — taxi driver, sales clerk, bank teller, and so forth — on the subject of Swing. The first six people knew not only his name but what he said and when. All liked the broadcast and all were interested in America as a result. When the B. B. C. interrupted the talks for a period, thousands of letters poured in to ask the reason why. The British radio audience to-day demands to hear America.

And so, despite Sir John's perplexity about God and Mammon, the exchange of programmes negotiated in the early days of broadcasting is bearing fruit. A better understanding, not only between European and American radio, but between the great Western democracies, is being fostered steadily, week by week, by the unseen strands of thought which travel back and forth on the ether waves.

SILK STOCKINGS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM

BY MARGARET DANA

WILLIAM LEE, a fiery young English curate with radical leanings, went one day, some three hundred and fifty years ago, to call upon Cecily Yorke, soon to be his bride. Like most men and all radicals, William enjoyed an audience, and as he paced the cottage room he rehearsed his next Sunday's sermon to Cecily's demurely patient ears. As she sat quietly listening, her hands were busy with her knitting needles and her eyes were intent on the stocking taking shape there.

But suddenly William paused. In a fury he asked how a man was to talk against the accursed sound of clicking needles, to say nothing of how he was to know whether a maid listened or not while she watched naught but a miserable stocking under her hands! And he flung out of the cottage vowing he would not come back until he had invented a machine to do mechanically what Cecily's fingers so nimbly did with her needles.

To-day, long after William actually did invent the first hosiery knitting machine, something like five hundred million pairs of silk hosiery are produced each year in this country alone. Stockings have built up a business worth many billions of dollars — and a singularly American industry at that. This shows very plainly in the fact that of an average price, let us say eighty-five cents, for a pair of silk stockings ten cents goes for the raw material imported

from the Orient, but seventy-five of it must be chalked up against the American industry itself. According to the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, ninety thousand people are employed in making the hose, thirty thousand in preparing the yarn for the knitters, and uncounted thousands in selling the finished product to the American market.

The silk stocking has become for virtually every woman — rich or poor, young or old — the symbol of liberty, democracy, and an undisputed self-respect. Yet, strangely enough, few women appear to be satisfied with the silk stockings they buy and wear. The same woman will vacillate back and forth between brands and between price ranges, swinging from a belief that she must pay the most to get the best to a rebellious conviction that she might as well buy the cheapest, since all stockings are alike in the long run — and no pun intended! The difficulty lies in two factors. One is the lack of understanding of general hosiery construction on the part of the consumer, the other a lack of standardization on the part of the manufacturer. The consumer often expects too much or the wrong thing, while the manufacturer often capitalizes upon the ignorance of the general public.

It is quite true that the manufacture of silk hosiery is highly technical and complicated. A trip through a hosiery mill is apt to make one wonder, not

that there are so many imperfections in hosiery, but that there are not a thousand more. There are more delicate precision operations involved, more chances for trouble, and more opportunities for 'chiseling' in the stocking business than in almost any other. But no consumer needs to know all the technicalities or terms or processes. What she does need to know, first and foremost, is that at the heart of all the practices which cut down on wearability and increase the hazards of silk-stockings buying lies one pertinent cause — the attempt to save silk. Silk is, after all, definitely limited in production volume. Yet it has certain unique characteristics which make it irreplaceable for stocking manufacture. Cotton and rayon are both occasionally offered as substitutes, but silk is the only fibre which can be made into a yarn so fine it will produce the sheerness consumers require while retaining strength and elasticity enough to carry some degree of practical wearability. As a matter of fact, neither cotton nor rayon in a yarn as fine as is generally used for silk could stand the strain of the actual manufacture on the knitting machine.

To get some idea of the almost fabulous strength of silk, consider that in its natural state it is the strongest textile yarn known to man, yet the filament is so fine that it takes 256,000 yards to make *one pound* of silk. But silk is costly. As with precious metals, the tendency in using it is to get its effect with as little actual use of the raw material as possible. Yet, unfortunately for consumers, a silk stocking is as good, from the wearability standpoint, as its silk content, and almost in exact ratio. Many of the complaints a woman makes about her silk stockings are due to the skimping of silk, somehow, somewhere. Other difficulties come usually from incorrectly fitting her purchase to her purpose.

We must begin our scrutiny with the yarn that goes into the stocking. There are, of course, grades of silk thread, and the finer and sheerer the stocking, the

better the grade of silk used, for anything else would show its defects too clearly in a fragile, clear construction. The next breaking up into grades occurs as the throwster, who prepares the yarn for the knitter, takes two or more threads and twists them together into yarn. If two threads are used, the stocking made of that yarn will be called a two-thread stocking, and a delicate gossamer thing of no wearability it will be. Three threads make a stocking nearly as sheer, four and five threads produce the semi-sheer, and from there up to about seven or eight make the service stocking.

Until recent years a yarn twisted only slightly, three to five turns per inch, was usual. But, as women demanded increasingly sheer hosiery, the throwsters developed high-twist yarns to maintain some degree of durability. In a four-thread crepe yarn, for instance, according to hosiery standards (not wholly accepted by the trade), one pair of threads must be twisted from sixty to eighty turns to the right per inch, the other pair from sixty to eighty turns to the left per inch, and then both pairs together again to the right a few times. Obviously this uses an enormously greater amount of silk. Twist a string yourself into as many turns and you will see how much silk can be swallowed up by high-twist yarns.

Nevertheless it is a fact that a proper crepe twist increases the durability of even sheer hose almost unbelievably. True crepe stockings resist abrasion, snagging, and strain to a high degree, and are naturally most desirable from the consumer's standpoint. But unhappily a great many stockings are sold as 'crepe' which have not the slightest real claim to the word. Since the hosiery industry has not yet accepted its own prescribed standards and begun to label hosiery so that such terms may be officially checked, there is no way for a consumer to know by sight or touch whether the stockings she buys are truly crepe. But after the purchase, when the stock-

ings are washed, it is a fairly simple matter to check the point. A real crepe stocking will twist into a spiral around its seam as it hangs to dry, whereas the hose with less than standard crepe twist will hang fairly straight. In this way a buyer may at least check the brand she buys, so that if it is satisfactory she may safely buy it again — or, if not, avoid it.

There are, as most women know, two kinds of stockings, one called seamless, the other full-fashioned. The first is knit without shaping to the leg, on a circular bar, and has the same number of stitches at top as at bottom. Its ribs up and down will be parallel with each other. It may have a faked seam to imitate full-fashioned hose, but a true full-fashioned stocking has slanting ribs at the back where they run into V-shaped angles at the seam. Full-fashioned stockings are knit flat, starting at the top or welt with the required number of stitches according to the gauge of the machine, and narrowing automatically by dropping out needles at the knee, calf, and ankle. Where these narrowings occur there will be tiny dots, called fashion points, on both sides of the back seam.

Standard procedure calls for stockings to be knit on a fourteen-inch needle bar. Occasionally, to save silk, some manufacturers will use less than the full width of the needle bar, and thereby immediately decrease the elasticity of the fabric. Also they may narrow too rapidly and too often, so that again the silk is skimmed and the strain unevenly divided. In 'bargain' stockings you will often find too many of those little fashion points under the knee. A double row of four or five dots under the knee is normal, but more should make you suspicious. A knee, when bent, measures two inches more around, and needs every bit of stretch possible in a fabric that covers it. A very sheer stocking, as a matter of fact, should have no needles dropped out at the knee at all.

The foot of a stocking is knit on a

different machine from that which knits the leg or boot. The transfer of the infinitesimal loops from the needles of the legger to those of the footer is a delicate and highly skilled performance. Every single loop *must* meet every proper needle — and skill as well as time here costs money. Carelessness or haste is apt to result in that familiar line of junction where foot meets boot, which women dislike for its ugliness. That line, and those others called 'rings,' can be eliminated to-day in stocking manufacture, but this inevitably adds to the cost of the hose. Rings in the leg of a stocking are caused by variations in color, texture, or thickness of the yarn; and, since it used to be common practice to knit from only one cone of yarn to a machine section, obviously these variations could pile up, course on course, into a distinct defect. Now the three-carrier system can be employed, which uses three cones of thread alternately, one course at a time, so that variations become almost invisible.

The things that make for beauty in a stocking are easily checked at the point of sale, but the durability factors are not so easily tested. Once it is understood that durability depends, first upon the number of threads used in the yarn, and secondly upon the amount and kind of twist given the yarn, the consumer buyer can go on from there to the next vital point, which is to discover if enough yarn has been used, and how much 'live' elasticity the stocking has.

To determine these qualifications you must first check the length of the stocking. Thirty inches is standard length, with a tolerance of one inch each way. That is, a stocking may measure twenty-nine or thirty-one inches and still be considered standard. But many stockings are knit far short of this standard, and stretched and pressed into a greater length. To test for this, grasp the stocking at both ends evenly and firmly and pull gently. If it has an easy stretch of several inches, and if it *jumps* back

into place instead of crawling back, you may safely presume that the stocking was *knit* the length it measures, not stretched to that length on the finishing boards.

Next measure the foot. A foot should measure the exact number of inches indicated by the size. A nine and a half size stocking should be nine and a half inches long in the foot. There are, alas, manufacturers who commonly knit but three foot sizes, stretching these into measurements to fill in the other sizes. Obviously, as soon as washed, this sort of foot will return to its knit measurements, and the purchaser will wonder complainingly why the stocking shrank so badly in laundering. After measuring the foot, give it the 'stretch test.' It should stretch several inches and make a quick comeback, like the leg. The welt, too, should have a margin of stretch, — at least four inches for the doubled stocking, — and the ankle should have at least two. But in every case remember it is not the amount of stretch alone which is important, for the manner of stretching and the comeback are vitally significant. These three things show up silk skimping better than any other means of testing available to consumers.

Finally there are a few extra points of warning which will help any woman to eliminate unsatisfactory stockings. The 'gauge' is often referred to in advertising and selling hosiery. All other things being equal, it is true that a fine gauge, such as forty-five or fifty-one, means a better stocking, more closely knit, and more resistant to snagging than a lower gauge, such as forty-two. But occasionally 'bargain' or special sale stockings offer the phenomenon of high gauge at a low price. High-gauge stockings properly should not be cheap, for they use more silk and require costlier labor, but it is possible, as I have mentioned, to put a stocking on a full four-

teen-inch needle bar with the gauge truly set at fifty-one or fifty-five — and then drop out some of the needles! In this way, although the stocking may truthfully be described as '51 gauge,' meaning that there were fifty-one needles for every inch and a half of bar, the number of ribs will be far below standard. Silk has been skimmed again. This will cut wearability in half at once.

Again, in shopping for silk hosiery, notice two small but important details: the reinforcement over the big toe should be well *over* the joint, otherwise the friction will wear this point through in short order; and the seam at the back of the stocking and under the foot not only should be flat, but should have about sixteen stitches to the inch. Twelve is much too few, though often seen, and the consequence is a heel seam that opens on the first wearing.

Again, if you wish longer than standard hose, buy those which have been *knit* longer. The familiar speech of the salesgirl about there being a 'long one in each box' is based on a fallacy. It is true that there appears to be a long one in each box, but the variations in the box come, not from different knit measurements, but from the way the hose dried on the finish board. Washed, it will drop back to its normal knitted length.

As to price, one reputable manufacturer states that a consumer has the right to expect the maximum wearability and a large amount of beauty in stockings at the retail price of eighty-nine cents. At a price over that, you may get additional style and beauty, but no more durability and very likely less as sheerness increases. Under that you must expect to sacrifice some standards; and below fifty-nine cents, if both beauty and durability are present, then someone has suffered a loss to present them to you at that price.

MARTHA DOYLE

BY RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

PERMIT me, Muse, to sing the praises of Martha Doyle, a great lady in her own right and the noblest hunter I have ever seen or known. If I ever did see a better, I would not admit it, for that would be disloyalty to Martha's memory, and I am the High Priest of her cult. Many admired her, a certain few revered her greatness, but I adored her. She had my heart, and perhaps, in a grudging, spinsterish, slightly contemptuous way, I had hers. You give your heart, I believe, to only one woman, one countryside, one horse, and one dog. Mr. Kipling, who, though no scientist, was an accurate observer, once wrote, about a countryside: —

Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your throne, you know as well as me,
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it, there our hearts will be.

I may have philandered with hundreds of horses, gone — as it were — from blonde to brunette and back again, but if the Mayo Brothers were to open my heart to-morrow they would see graved, in the horse section of it, the words 'Martha Doyle.' However prodigal in his emotions, however wastrel in his amours, every horseman has one separate and holy place where stands, with candles burning constantly before it, the shrine of the one horse that he loved.

The sons and daughters and grandchildren of Man o' War might win more races and more money than their famous progenitor, but they could never replace him in the heart of Mr. Riddle. When he was leading in War Admiral after

winning the 1937 Belmont, following his victories in the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, someone congratulated Mr. Riddle on his great horse. It is reported that he answered sadly, 'Yes, but he's not as great a horse as Man o' War.' He could n't be, to Mr. Riddle. In my much humbler sphere, I too have measured all the hunters I ever rode or saw by one standard — were they or were they not the equal of Martha Doyle? And none of them, to me, ever was.

She was a brown mare about sixteen-two, with a white streak on her face and two white stockings behind. A Canadian filly, she was sired by a thoroughbred named Martin Doyle, of whose antecedents or performances I am entirely ignorant. I never even knew the name of her dam, and, although I was frequently assured that Martha was 'in the book,' no papers were shown to prove it. I do not believe that she was clean bred, but the 'nick' which produced Martha Doyle from a little-known sire and an unknown dam is one of those mysteries which make horse breeding and racing so fascinating.

Peter Roche, of Leominster, Massachusetts, picked her out and bought her, a shaggy, rough young thing hardly halter-broken. She had a deceptive mouth, and even so great a horseman as Peter rated her a three-year-old when, as we afterwards discovered, she was just two. Peter clipped her and cleaned her up, bitted and backed her in his big stable and indoor ring at Leominster, schooled her once or twice, and then

entered her in the show at Worcester. This was in the days just after the war when the Worcester Show brought out some excellent competition, particularly in the hunter division.

I cannot remember what, if anything, Martha Doyle did in other classes, but I do know that she won the High Jump at six feet four with a wild, 'sprangling' jump, landing all abroad, but triumphant, on the ground. My wife was so impressed with the gallantry and the looks of the young mare that she promptly bought her and brought her home to Groton. I must have shown by the yearning in my eyes that I coveted my wife's horse, for on my next birthday morning I found, under my pillow, a sheet of note paper with the two words on it: 'Martha Doyle'; and a nobler gift or a more unselfish giver I have never known.

As a three-year-old we hunted her in the drags at the Norfolk Hunt Club, thinking her a year older. Both of us tried to ride her, but with only a qualified success. The sight of hounds filled her with a fine, careless rapture. Hunting was her destiny and her delight. All she wanted on earth was to be, not up with hounds, but up with the leading hound, or a trifle ahead of him. Consequently our performances in the field were an alternation of riding on the heels of the Master and Whippers-In and, when the opportunity served, of turning her in a great circle which gave us another chance to ride from the tail to the head of the hunt. In narrow places or wood roads our exploits were particularly noteworthy, and soon Martha Doyle, with either Mr. or Mrs. Danielson on her, became just about as popular at Norfolk as a first-rate case of Asiatic cholera.

We cut down her oats, worked her hard, and tried every bit known to the ferocity of man. It was possible to turn her in a big field, but, short of breaking her jaw, I knew of no way to stop her when hounds were running. The head groom at the Club stables, an optimistic

man, submitted that he had the skill and the equipment to control any puller and begged to be allowed to hunt her. I consented graciously. He appeared at the meet, but I did not see him again for several hours. He turned up very wet and chagrined, with a broken curb chain and a strange tale of how the mare had run away with him and had not stopped until she ran into a lake, where, he said, 'she swam around with me, like a seal.' It is reasonable to suppose that on that day he had 'no pleasure in the strength of an horse.'

Mind you, there was no vice in her — only an unconquerable determination to 'be first in the rush and come home with the brush.' Keeness is a fine quality, but of course it can be exaggerated. In fact, the case looked almost hopeless until I thought of Peter Roche, and asked Henry Vaughan, the Master of Norfolk, if he would permit Peter to ride my mare on one of the Norfolk drags. He consented, and Peter turned up in due season. He rode Martha in a plain snaffle, and he rated her up and down the hunt, in front, in the middle, or with the stragglers. She was completely docile and apparently did not pull an ounce. I asked this superlative horseman how he did it. He laughed in the embarrassed way one laughs at a foolish question. 'I dunno, Mr. Danielson,' he said; 'I just tell 'em they got to do what they're told.' Apparently it's just as simple and easy as that. The trouble is that I've never been able to tell them anything. I am no Houyhnhnm, and have great difficulty in speaking with horses.

That lesson taught Martha Doyle, to a certain extent, the sweet virtues of obedience, and with the help of a gag snaffle we were able to restrain her natural exuberance. The gag was discarded the next season, and from then to her retirement the only bit used with her was a simple Pelham and she never needed a martingale. I do not mean to imply that she exactly wanted to lag behind. On the contrary — very much

on the contrary. But, until she was an old maid with 'some relish of the saltiness of time' and a mouth hardened by years and years of my rough, unskillful hands, she was never really a puller — so long as she was in her appointed place, out in front. In her last few seasons I developed muscles like iron bands and a 'back' trying to keep Martha from trampling on the drag boy or catching foxes with her teeth. But that was my fault.

Martha was a success in every department except that of a mother in Israel. When her honorable infirmities forced her to retire from the hunting field she was mated for three successive seasons to one of General Peabody's good stallions, and, although in each instance her figure became distinctly matronly, her children were brain children only and not flesh and blood.

I could n't begin to recount her exploits or tell you her virtues. Hunting folk will understand when I say that I hunted her, roughly, twice a week, for eleven years, with only two falls, neither of which was in any sense her fault. The first was in a drag at Norfolk. She was going very strong and eager, but, for a wonder, halfway back in the ruck. Someone ahead of me knocked a large round stone off a wall, and it was still rolling when Martha landed on it and turned a somersault. *Le bon Dieu* so willed that, when she rolled over me, only her neck and shoulders touched me and I was quite unhurt. I held on to the bridle, which broke, and she galloped on after the hounds, finally bogging down in a dismal swamp. She was extricated by the entire population of Dover, Medfield, South Natick, and Natick, all of whom were quite willing to accept a reward for their services. Altogether it made up into quite an expensive afternoon's sport.

Incidentally, among the spectators who saw our fall was the late Percy Haughton, then coaching the Harvard football team. I met him at tea after the run and he asked me how I felt. I told

him that I was perfectly well and had n't even a bruise. He said, 'To-morrow you will be the lamest man in Massachusetts.' And I was, bent double, tied up in knots, unable to walk without a cane — although, in any specific sense, entirely uninjured. I have often wondered at his prescience.

The other fall was entirely my fault. I got the mare so completely wrong into a trappy post and rails that any other horse would have refused and walked home in disgust. Martha, however, tried to make the hopeless effort, and we crashed. I could number her refusals on one hand or one and a half. As a matter of fact, I recall only three. I have reread my hunting diary and find only one instance of a refusal in the field, which is not conclusive evidence. That particular incident I remember very well, because it involved an optical illusion. The diary reads: —

Swung to the right in Miss Minnie Coburn's field, down a slope to a drop jump with a stiffish in and out at the foot of the hill. This was a bad-looking but perfectly practicable place — it must have looked bad to the riders and to the horses as well.

The reason it looked so evil was that the angle of descent made the two stone walls of the lane look like one enormous wall, or, at best, two walls with only a few feet between them. I have never seen a more deceptive obstacle.

Martha surprised me by swerving at the in — as did every succeeding horse. Cracksman gave Fred Armstrong (my huntsman) a sharp refusal, shooting him high overhead so that he fell heavily on his back on the wall. He staggered across the lane, apparently badly hurt, and I was convinced that he had broken a majority of his ribs. I called to him to stay put and that I would send help, and went on with only Mrs. Lindsay and Mrs. Timmins. Most of the field got into the lane and milled about there for some time. I had hardly gathered hounds together at the check when Fred, on Cracksman, galloped up, and the courageous fellow told me that only his wind had been knocked out and no bones were broken. I was greatly relieved.

Martha's greatness was not in the fact that she was a natural jumper, nor that she had foot enough to stay with any hounds in the world, but that she had a heart as big as the biggest barn. She never asked what was on the landing side. I think if you had headed her at a house and given her 'the office,' she would have tried to crash the second-story windows and bull her way through to the other side. I rode her with complete and utter confidence, knowing that, barring accidents, she would carry me anywhere.

We understood one another almost too well. Once, at a meet, she felt peevish and kicked at a hound. I was shocked and surprised. 'Martha!' I said. 'Shame, shame on you!' She lowered her head, began quivering, and for the five or ten minutes before we moved off she stood perfectly still with no motion or change of position at all — except the trembling which was her act of contrition. Finally I slapped her shoulder and said, 'All right, Martha, let's go!' and she came to life and moved off with hounds, with that strong, pushing, purposeful stride — impossible to describe, but meaning that a hunter is going to do its duty and more than its duty that day.

I have always felt a sense of guilt that I did n't do right by Martha. Instead of being a local phenomenon, she could have been made into a national figure. She was a show hunter of indefinite potentialities. It so happens that I dislike horse shows and the showing of horses. And consequently I never took Martha to any but local affairs, when we wanted entries for our own — on the principle of 'you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.'

In the show ring Martha was an actress. Not only did she perform with an almost faultless precision, but she pranced and curvetted and put on all those acts which are so appealing in the case of a lovely mare and so very annoy-

ing when performed by a Roman-nosed gelding. She knew quite definitely the color of her ribbons, and if, as sometimes happened, she was awarded the red, her disgust was manifest. Mostly she won with monotonous regularity, being Champion Hunter at such shows as Worcester, Norfolk, Millwood, and several times at Groton.

I should have trained her and shown her at Bryn Mawr and Devon and the National. I should have turned her over to the Army as a candidate for the Olympic team. But I did n't. I hoarded her as my priceless possession, more precious than rubies. I think she knew that I had kept her from the fame that was her due, hence her sense of disappointment and frustration. I felt it. In her later days she gave me to understand by baleful glances and gestures of impatience that she knew perfectly that she was entitled to see her name in electric lights on Broadway, and that I, for selfish reasons, had kept her out of the Big Time. She was right, and I am ashamed. This is my apology to her memory.

The end? If she could have broken her neck in the hunting field, I would not mourn, as I do, the sad anticlimax of disease and disabilities which made it seem humane and proper to bestow oblivion. I do not know, for I have never asked, at whose hand or just when she was sent down 'that short, dark passage to a future state.'

I do not know if we shall ever meet again, or if in the Elysian Fields her ears will prick forward once more to the cry of hounds. I know she is buried in the horse cemetery on our place in Groton on the banks of the Nashua River. On her gravestone are the two words 'Martha Doyle,' just that — as they were on the note paper under my birthday pillow. I could n't inscribe that gallantry, that personality, that greatness, on stone. What more could I say? What more could I say?

DIPLOMACY IN NO MAN'S LAND

BY H. B. ELLISTON

LORD SALISBURY once said that the commonest error of statesmanship was to cling to the carcasses of dead policies. The world has had a demonstration of this truism in regard to the new diplomacy of collective responsibility. The new diplomacy took the defense of other countries' interests under its wing, on the ground that they affected the entire community of nations. Its venue was the League of Nations; and even the United States, though not a member of the League, sought participation in the system through the Pact of Paris, better known as the Kellogg Pact.

The Pact, to be sure, had no habitation or secretariat; not even a system of appeal for action in case the pledge was violated. No other method of presenting the instrument to the Senate would have obtained the ratification of that august body. At the hearings before the Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Walsh's question, 'Supposing some other nation does break this treaty, why should we interest ourselves in it?' was met by the Secretary of State with 'There is not a bit of reason.' Thus the Pact started its career as a self-denying ordinance by each nation acting individually, sans consultation, sans sanctions.

Nevertheless the Pact was destined for a different purpose. The administration wanted it for use as a key to collective diplomacy by the back door. This was apparent within a year of ratification. In 1929, Secretary Stimson assumed the rôle of convener of the Kellogg Pacters against the Russo-Chinese

'warriors' in North Manchuria. His *ad hoc* test, however, yielded no results beyond a tart defiance from Maxim Litvinov. Accordingly the administration moved the Pact closer to its parent instrumentality at Geneva because of the League's equipment in organization. And the United States, in the wars in Manchuria and Ethiopia, became a pace-maker of coercionist action against violators of the dual peace machinery.

It was the Hoare-Laval deal of 1935 that gave the new diplomacy its *coup de grâce*. And its moribundity was revealed glaringly when the present Chinese-Japanese clash broke out. There have been resolutions, but no action; words, but no deeds. Last October 5, the President uttered a threat at Chicago that made a possibility of the quarantining of Japan as a Pact violator. But the threat died almost on his lips, and, if Walter Lippmann is any guide, it is now history, not policy.

The result was that, till the *Panay* outrage, the world remained in a no man's land of diplomacy, clinging to the carcass of a dead policy. The chancelleries were too afraid to go on with the new diplomacy of protecting other people's interests, and they were too paralyzed, or not resilient enough, to turn back to the old diplomacy of protecting their own. It almost seemed as if the world of diplomacy went into a coma in 1937, as it did, according to former Chancellor Brüning, in 1931.

In that interval, ordinary prudence — which, after all, is what the old diplo-

macy amounted to — was sacrificed, and the world is now paying for the lapse.

I call as witness the lack of pre-action on the present Japanese threat to the International Settlement of Shanghai, that needlepoint of land $8\frac{2}{3}$ square miles in extent which, leased a century ago from the Chinese, is now the gateway to China and one of the first five ports in the entire world. Old diplomacy would have foreseen such an eventuality; and, foreseeing it, would have tried to ward it off. Its preoccupation as soon as the Japanese and Chinese fell on each other just outside the Settlement boundaries would have been to obtain pledges from both sides guaranteeing the neutrality of international Shanghai. For the Shanghai Settlement is international territory. As such, it is a national interest of all the powers to turn their diplomacy to the task of defending it if they mean to stick to it, as Secretary Hull on December 21 declared, in the first definite reassertion of the old diplomacy, was America's intention.

There is no statutory provision allowing for the neutrality of the Settlement. Neutrality is merely a tradition. Nevertheless it is as sacred to Shanghai as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and, like a gentleman's agreement, has carried the same force as if it were written. For it is the obverse side of the medal of self-defense, which has been assumed for a century past as part of the privileges of the leasehold. A century ago the original foreign land renters naturally formed a 'committee of residents.' The committee evolved into a council. The council hired watchmen. The watchmen became policemen. The policemen were aided by a local volunteer force. And, brooding above all, the powers extended their right arm, the evidence riding at anchor in the Whangpoo in the shape of men-of-war.

In due course the neutrality of the Settlement came to be recognized implicitly by the Chinese people. In 1853, during the Taiping (Great Peace) Rebellion,

native Shanghai was captured by a band of armed insurgents. But the presence of a British squadron in the river prevented any attack upon international Shanghai. Accordingly the helpless Chinese, hitherto scornful of the foreign traders, flocked to the Settlement for protection. From that day to this they have always found sanctuary in this foreign 'ghetto.'

Gradually Chinese officials, too, took advantage of its hospitality. Indeed, in the turbulent history of the Republic the Settlement became a regular health resort, to which the 'outs' repaired during every civil war and after the overturn of every government, and which has been used as a safe-deposit box for the government's cash reserves and a venue for government customs, tax, communications, and other establishments. The Japanese, in demanding the expulsion of 'undesirable Chinese' and in threatening to take over government establishments as if they had succeeded the Chinese as lessors of Settlement territory, now seem to have doomed Shanghai as an asylum for the Chinese.

Nor has the neutral zone reserved for protection hitherto been limited to the Settlement boundaries. Such an oasis is difficult to defend from its confines, and in these circumstances the scheduled plan of defense covers a short area outside the Settlement boundary. Even this extended schedule, however, has been overreached for protective purposes when the Settlement has been under dire threat.

The first occasion was during the Taiping Rebellion, which, lasting from 1851 to 1865, so far belied its name 'Great Peace' that it took a toll in life of twenty million people. For the protection of international Shanghai the British Admiral Hope, principal officer in command in Shanghai waters, suggested the creation of a neutral zone for a thirty-mile radius. A neutral zone of these dimensions was required, as a Far Eastern report of the times says, 'as a neces-

sary adjunct to our neutralized abiding place.' Shanghai and the world accepted the Hope scheme. But the Shanghai-landers had to wage war with the civil warriors before the neutral zone could be carved out. It took nine months of bloody carnage to clear out the zone; during which, incidentally, a New England soldier of fortune, Frederick Ward, who died in battle and who created the nucleus of the 'Ever Victorious Army' which General Gordon of Khartum fame subsequently commanded, did valiant service.

In the course of the Taiping war the Shanghai-landers again had to defend the neutrality of greater Shanghai. In 1860 the rebel leaders, badly in need of a seaport, entreated the neutrality of the Settlement while they infested the adjacent native city. No attention was paid to their appeal, for the foreign legations felt in duty bound to avert the anarchy which would result from the capture of native Shanghai. British troops and French marines, therefore, went outside the Settlement, manned the native city walls, and repelled the murderous Taipings.

Admiral Hope's neutral zone was forgotten for seventy years. Resurrection of the plan came from Mr. C. T. Wang, now Ambassador in Washington, when Chinese Nationalist hordes were advancing on Shanghai in 1927 with the fell intent of overrunning the Settlement. Mr. Wang — then on the other side from the Nationalists, Left, Right, or Moderate — was defending the old republican militarism which Nationalism overturned. He made a proposal to the powers similar to the Hope plan, but in view of Secretary Kellogg's attitude toward the Settlement, — namely, that American marines had no right even on the barricades of international Shanghai, — and in view also of the unwillingness of the powers unduly to extend their defense of Shanghai, nothing came of it.

Nevertheless, when the cyclone did arrive down the Yangtze, protection was

carried into Greater Shanghai, though not to the extent of the Hope scheme. In this operation British forces, whose dispatch to China for this purpose was reported beforehand to the League of Nations, took the leading part, and outside the Settlement, in Chapei itself, actually disarmed a body of Chinese troops whose activities were particularly endangering the Settlement. Major General Sir John Duncan, who commanded the allied forces, surmounted those difficulties with a rare combination of diplomacy and military vigor. Subsequently, in the British journal *International Affairs*, General Duncan, writing of the Japanese difficulties in 1932, commented on his own difficulties in 1927: —

In Chapei in 1927 I had two men killed and six or seven wounded in a couple of days. When you have a foreign garrison and an excitable and hostile population you may very easily have a flare-up, and once shooting starts, one incident leads to another; and when there is a question of 'face' as there is to-day, it becomes extremely difficult to draw back. I can tell you that I was terrified that in consequence of the outrages in Chapei I should have been compelled to use force, as the Japanese have used it, however much I disliked doing so. I say that on behalf of the Japanese.

Thus there was nothing particularly heinous when the Japanese first sallied outside the Settlement in their first war with China in 1932. The 6000 Japanese residents of Chapei, which abuts upon the Japanese sector of the Settlement defenses, were in danger from Chinese agitation over Manchuria. Chinese troops, the famous 19th Route Army, had arrived. They were as excited as the populace. Incidents had already resulted in assaults on Japanese, ending fatally in one case, and on January 28 the Shanghai Municipal Council declared the existence of a state of emergency, though not till after the first Japanese sortie outside the Settlement.

In emergencies the protection of international Shanghai is in the hands

of an International Settlement Defense Committee, composed of the Garrison Commanders, the Chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council, and the Commandant of the Shanghai Volunteer Defense Corps, of which the senior garrison commander is chairman. While in an emergency this committee is not entitled to give orders to the various commanders about the details of defense measures, nevertheless it allots the sectors and fixes the main principles of defense. And during the defensive measures the senior commandant naturally gathers power over the allied forces in the interests of coördination and direction. In 1927, for instance, General Duncan's authority was so acknowledged, save by the Japanese, who, however, were then concerned with conciliating the Chinese, not with acquiring freedom to go on the rampage.

What a long time ago in modern Far Eastern history is ten years! In 1927 Japan was trying to tickle the Nationalist snake with a feather. It felt that to have joined General Duncan's defense would have made Japan look *too* offensive to China. In 1932, too, Japan elected to ignore the precedent of joint defense, but not, this time, for the purpose of lying low — rather for the purpose of dealing with the problem itself. The Japanese navy on its own decided to quell the Chapei disturbance. It was hoped to do so with a single stroke. But the operation misfired, and, by misfiring, lapsed into an aggressive war on the Chinese forces, which never received any cloak of respectability from the Settlement powers as defensive operations. The Chinese resistance in 1932, incidentally, made 1937 inevitable, for it turned Japanese invulnerability into a myth to the entire Chinese people.

In 1932 the great powers other than Japan made no effort to come to grips with the Shanghai neutrality problem. The reason lay in the overclouding of Shanghai by Manchuria. The five-point programme of peace on February 2,

1932, which the powers presented to Japan and China, showed this subordination very clearly. The fourth point provided for neutral zones, and Japan accepted it. But the five-point plan stood as a whole, and Japan could not accept point five, reading: —

Upon acceptance of these conditions prompt advances to be made in negotiations to settle all outstanding controversies between the two nations in the spirit of the Pact of Paris and the resolution of the League of Nations of December 9, without prior demand or reservation and with the aid of neutral observers or participants.

By adding this fifth point (said to have been President Hoover's idea) to their formula, the powers acted like a landlord who, on being told of a fire in his own house, delays attending to it until he has settled an argument he is having in his back garden with his tenant. The powers apparently thought that Shanghai provided an opportunity for a showdown about Manchuria — this in spite of the separate provision that had already been made for readjustment about Manchuria. For on December 9, 1931, the League, with American acquiescence, had disposed of the Manchurian problem, pending the return to China of the Lytton Commission. So the Japanese decided to pursue their futile war to the bitter, and ignominious, end.

The winding up of the Shanghai trouble left its lesson for any future emergency. The lesson was underscored by writers acquainted not only with the distinction between international Shanghai and China, but with Shanghai's history. Again, however, it has been forgotten, as Hallett Abend reminds the world in the first dispatch to the *New York Times*, November 24, on the Japanese threat to international Shanghai, after the windup of the 'war' with the Chinese in the vicinity of that great port: —

This condition was foreseen last August when the foreign authorities of Shanghai made urgent representations to Washington,

London and Paris, stressing the necessity for an immediate formal agreement to neutralize the foreign refugee area in Shanghai, but the home governments ignored these recommendations, and nothing was done, although three months ago Japan doubtless was willing to agree to the neutralization projects.

It would seem as if the sagacity and forehandedness of the old diplomacy have been forgotten amid the confusion of worrying about the moribundity of the new.

The surprising thing is that the United States, while refusing to take such precautionary action, insisted upon assuming a much more exposed position as a protector of international Shanghai. This was just the opposite of what happened in 1927. In 1927 Secretary Kellogg, while urging a written agreement by the contending Chinese forces to respect Shanghai's neutrality, insisted that American troops should not man the outer Settlement barricades, but should keep inside the Settlement for the protection of American lives and property.

In Kellogg's mind a fine distinction existed between the protection of the Settlement as such and the protection of American lives and American property within. Nobody else had been able to see the distinction. In fact, it made the whole Kellogg move a *reductio ad absurdum*. But at least this kind of action did put primary emphasis on precautionary diplomacy. In 1932, and again in 1937, the administration chose

to put marines side by side with the other defenders on the outermost Settlement boundaries, but without at the same time making an effort to ensure neutralization by agreement among the belligerents battling just outside international Shanghai. How dangerous has become this protection unsupported by guarantees was illustrated last December when Colonel Price 'moved on' Japanese soldiery who had usurped positions in the American defense sector — an incident which escaped being 'a land *Panay*' only by a hair.

Since this case study of diplomacy in no man's land was written, a postscript has been provided in Europe. Chancellor Hitler has wrung a 'cold Anschluss' out of Austria. And Anne O'Hare McCormick, *New York Times* special representative in Europe, cabled from Rome, on February 21, that the general opinion of informed observers is that if 'an understanding between Italy and Britain could have been reached a year ago, perhaps even six months ago, the Austrian surrender would have been postponed indefinitely.' On Britain's part such an understanding, it is now revealed, has hitherto been blocked by the paralysis resulting from the dualism in British foreign policy symbolized by Premier Chamberlain, exponent of the old diplomacy, and Foreign Secretary Eden, exponent of the new. With Mr. Eden's resignation the world of diplomacy is more than ever advanced out of no man's land.

FROM 'REMBRANDT' TO 'PETER PAN'

Charles Laughton and I

BY ELSA LANCHESTER

I

IN *Rembrandt* I was cast, as you know, to be Hendrickje Stoffels, and Charles and I started on a little teamwork again.

Rembrandt was the toughest of all our acting experiences together, much the toughest, because both parts were difficult characterizations, and we were doing something which neither of us had ever done before. We had nothing to hide behind. I did not have spectacles, for instance, or a red nose. Charles did not have to speak with a French accent or anything like that. We had to be somebody else, and yet so natural that everybody would say: 'Is n't it nice to see them being themselves?' Actually I represented a feminine little thing. I had to be a much more fragile person than I really am. Charles had a far more difficult task in trying to show the public what a creative genius is, something that in the history of the screen and stage has rarely been a success.

Charles had to approach Rembrandt in a humble way. Of course, if you are doing a strutting turkey, you have to be humble about the strutting turkey. Every part an actor takes should be approached humbly. But when you approach a genius you are most tentative about the whole thing — it is such an elusive and unexplainable quality in man.

My part in *Rembrandt* was relatively easy. If it had been a film about Hen-

drickje Stoffels it would have been a different proposition, because I should have had to support an entire story showing how she influenced a genius. As it was, I was only one pillar in the structure. Charles was ten pillars.

Occasionally Charles had black screens put round him for a very sensitive close-up, some rather subtle thing that needed a special effort. In our first day's work together on the floor in *Rembrandt*, which was where I had to sit for him as kitchen-maid, we had the screens round us, but I myself found that they made me very self-conscious. I remember hearing a giggle from the other side and it disturbed me. You are in such a tensed-up state when doing a close-up of such a scene — when two people are about to fall in love — that a giggle from somewhere immediately makes you think, 'They're laughing at me.'

A number of people said, 'You see, Charlie Laughton has got his wife into the picture,' so I just had to be successful. It was a very unpleasant position, because I felt I was acting with a pistol at my head. Every artist should be allowed a few failures, but when I act with Charles I am not allowed this license. I have simply got to be good. Fortunately, in *Rembrandt* I seemed to get away with the part, and so those who said that Charles had got me into the picture had their heads or tails between their legs afterwards.

With Gertrude Lawrence on the set, there was perpetual gayety; she bubbled over with fun, but she never held the work up. Alex Korda used to think out practical jokes to play on her. I remember one occasion when she came to do her longest and most difficult speech in *Rembrandt* — the speech when she comes into the paint room to abuse me. She had to come through a door to make the speech, and Alex quietly passed word round before the scene was to start that everybody should hide and be completely quiet. She waited on the other side of the door and nothing happened. As there is silence anyway when they are about to shoot, this was at first not so unusual; there was just that silence as if we were waiting to get word from the sound people saying they were ready. We were all hidden behind 'flats' and things. I should think for about ten minutes she was waiting on the other side of the door for her cue. I heard her once mumbling something to herself, and then there was more silence, and still more, and we were all peeping to see when she would make a move. She had to make the move; we would not give in. Eventually the door opened and Gertrude's face came round. In about the time it takes to count six she seemed to be thinking, 'Well, I did n't know it was lunchtime,' and then she burst out laughing, because she realized what had happened.

Charles liked the character of Rembrandt, but the trouble is that one should not jump at acting the characters of famous people, either contemporary or in the past. Someone comes along to an actor and says, 'You are going to do Napoleon,' and he thinks he has a character already drawn and has only to step into its shoes. That's the first impression. The nearer he gets to the famous personality, the more he appreciates that, because that person is famous, he or she is already established in the public's mind, and people have different preconceived notions of what that partic-

ular celebrity is like. The wretched actor has to be *something, a whole*, whether like the original person or not, and something so powerful and so true that it will combat the preconceived notion.

When they first planned to do *Rembrandt* they thought of showing his paintings on the screen, especially certain more or less familiar self-portraits of Rembrandt from youth to age, so that one could see, throughout the life of the man, what had aged him, using the portraits for dramatic emphasis. But when they came to shoot the picture, as apart from telling the story on paper, they realized that it was better to tell people about Rembrandt the man. It was better that Charles should show them a man, and that they should go with deep curiosity to picture galleries saying, 'Let's see what sort of paintings this man did.'

The film showed Charles painting, emphasized his desire to paint, and showed the person that he was painting and why this person inspired Rembrandt, but the audience always saw the back of the canvas.

You can imagine Charles's agony in searching for the look in the painter's eye or the feeling expressed by the hand, when he had a close-up camera on him. He was caught in the act of creating something, knowing all the time he had to make people feel that what was coming out of him was greatness. To reveal the inner struggle of a man who is great within himself, apart from exterior and material things, is — I do not know what; in fact at times, at the beginning of *Rembrandt*, it seemed impossible to achieve it. Charles had retakes and retakes just to get that look of inspiration in his eyes. I suppose they were about eight weeks shooting.

When Charles and I were acting together we did not have much trouble, and fortunately for me there was more continuity in that part of the story where Hendrickje Stoffels came into the picture. By the way, I wrote my own song

in *Rembrandt*, and Charles advised me to keep quiet about it. I was acting a simple girl, and he thought if the public got the idea I was clever it would detract from my performance. It hurt me very much, — I love to be thought bright, — but later I saw what he meant. I only wrote the song because every one they submitted seemed so complicated. I scarcely knew a note of music, but I had a gin and tonic and wrote the words and music in three quarters of an hour, picking out the tune with one finger on the piano and writing it down on ordinary paper.

When we both went over to Holland for the first night of *Rembrandt*, it was a great event. We dined at the British Embassy in The Hague with Sir Hubert and Lady Montgomery, and then we and the party were whisked off in the enormous cars of the Corps Diplomatique. Although there was a traffic block halfway round the town, one side of the road was kept clear. The roads were lined with people, and we just sped through, which was something that had never happened to me before. Personally, I do not think film actors should be pampered in that way.

On reaching the theatre I was presented with an enormous bouquet of pink carnations, and we were ushered into one of those open boxes — not the nice closed type of box in which one can at least look modest with the aid of a curtain, but a square box right in the middle of the dress circle. The moment we entered, the audience stood up and turned round from whichever part of the theatre they were in, and lifted up their hands to clap — a most embarrassing gesture from the point of view of the clapped. I think film actors should stay at home on such occasions.

The show started the moment we arrived, and when it was over the lights went up, and flashlight photographs were taken from every part of the house. During the interval (the Dutch picture theatres have an interval) we went out of

the box to meet and chat with various people. Finally, at the end, they put a blinding white spotlight on Charles and me, and gave him a colossal laurel wreath. It was so heavy that I could not lift it. Charles just managed to heave it off the ground. They gave me another bunch of carnations, red this time, and on both these two final gifts — the wreath and my red carnations — were long streamers combining the English and Dutch national colors, with gold tassels on the end of the ribbon.

Having once more bowed and had more flashlight photographs taken, and met a lot more people who, I think, were more ambassadors, we left the theatre with the whole audience lined up on each side of the staircase right out on to the pavement and along the road. More applause as we passed through this living avenue.

In spite of the crowd we got into the waiting car, and once again the traffic was cleared on one side of the road. We were dropped at our hotel, and after saying good-night to Sir Hubert and Lady Montgomery we took our flowers into the hotel and I went to the bathroom to dewire them, put them in water, and carefully fold up the pretty ribbon, which I always save for our cook's niece's hair. When I came to undo the ribbon on my bouquet, which had been flying out gayly from our car as we came along for everybody to see, I found it had Gertrude Lawrence's name on it instead of mine! So much for fame.

II

Charles and I were first approached to do *Peter Pan* in 1935, but when we went to ask Korda (to whom we were under contract) he would not let us do it, because he said we were starting a film in two weeks at the outside — absolutely. We were both deeply disappointed, and were very happy when the company again approached us in 1936.

During the run of *Peter Pan* a teacher

wrote to Charles from a school for the deaf in the old Kent Road asking if he could use his influence to get about fifteen children nearer the stage than they could afford. This he was able to do, and we took them out to tea afterwards and gave them all a box of chocolates. It was a wonderful experience for us, for the deaf children's point of view was unexpectedly observant; they had read the play before and did not seem to have missed a word of it. One rather tragic aspect of their affliction was that, having lived in a world of doctors and operations, they thought my flying apparatus had been grafted on to my back, and were very much surprised to find a network of strapping when they examined it in my dressing room afterwards. These children were brought to the theatre by their teachers, who had saved up the whole year to give this Christmas treat to a few picked children. Charles and I were very much moved afterwards when the children, in their turn, saved up their pennies and sent us two beautiful handkerchiefs.

Charles was exceedingly busy during rehearsals for *Peter Pan* and could scarcely fit them in. He had to go to Rome to prepare for *Claudius*, and soon after we had arranged to do *Peter Pan* Irving Thalberg died. This meant that Charles had to replan his future, which led to the new setup with Erich Pommer. Charles does not usually do things for sentimental reasons, but in this instance he wanted to play Hook as a compliment to the memory of Gerald Du Maurier, whom he admired almost more than anybody on the English stage. When I first knew Charles he was greatly influenced by both the actor and the man. Every Christmas he used to drop in to *Peter Pan* and stand at the back of the pit. He had not always leisure enough to sit through the whole play, but usually found time to see some of the Hook scenes, and he would come home and walk around saying, 'When Gerald did this' and 'When Gerald did that, God how I laughed!'

Gerald Du Maurier invented certain stage 'business' in the rôle of Hook, and as long as *Peter Pan* is performed every actor who follows Gerald will respect his interpretation of the part. Possibly Gerald first did these famous bits of business when he felt pleasant one afternoon; or maybe a child had made some particularly rude remark to Hook from the front of the stalls, and Gerald's reaction fitted in and became tradition; just as in the Comédie Française a new actor may take on an old classic part and add something to it. For instance, when Charles went over to the Comédie, during the famous tirade in Act II of *Le Médecin malgré lui* he pointed the words *les ventricules de l'omoplate* by slapping a girl's behind, and it became, I think, *la tradition Laughton*. I am afraid Charles not only did that, but many other things which are allowed and even applauded on the French stage, and which, to his delight, were described afterwards in the English press as 'a wealth of gesture'!

I don't know whether Charles will do Hook again. He was good, but if he did it again he could certainly be better. Through no fault of his own he was a little too obedient. Barrie said he did not wish us to play in *Peter Pan*. So we wrote a note saying, 'Please may we see you,' and we called at his flat with it. A butler who had been used to protecting the great man for many years opened the door very frigidly, took the note from Charles's hand, recognized Charles, and shut the door in our faces. After about five minutes the door opened again. We went in.

We were shown into Barrie's room. He said, 'I thought you would come.' We felt very humiliated, because we had spent horrible moments deciding whether or not we dared beard him in his den. He said, 'I am afraid that you will terrify the children, Mr. Laughton, and after all, Hook must not do that.' Charles vowed not to frighten the children and looked very gentle, while Barrie

no doubt was suppressing visions of Captain Bligh. Barrie had never seen me before, and his eyes did not leave me. Finally he said thoughtfully, 'I think you would make a good Peter.' So perhaps he only wanted to see what I looked like, and had already decided that Charles should play Hook.

We felt more or less like a couple of kids begging on a doorstep, and Barrie was obviously enjoying the situation. Fortunately, while we were there Elizabeth Bergner rang Barrie up. He went into another room and was away for at least ten minutes. On returning he said, 'I have been speaking to somebody who says that you are both perfect for *Peter Pan*, and that I shall make a great mistake if I do not let you do it.' So we have Bergner to thank for the fact that we did it, and we are exceedingly grateful.

Barrie crept into one of the rehearsals. He would have come more often, but he was unwell at the time, and little did we realize that this was the last rehearsal of *Peter Pan* that he was ever to see. He again said that I certainly looked like Peter, and he thought we were both going to be all right in the parts. He and I had an argument about the way Peter Pan should be dressed. I wanted to dress more like one of the other lost boys, because I know from past experience, having been a dancer and having been called 'elfin' until I am sick of the word, that I have quite enough of that quality about me naturally. It did not seem necessary to put on wings and dress in the Pan costume, which is in itself elfin. What I needed was to add to the boyishness of the character.

Barrie would not have it, and now I think he was right. If I had flown in at the window in any other costume than the traditional one, all the children who had seen *Peter Pan* before would have said, 'Who is this?' It would have taken me at least the whole of the first act to win their hearts again. It would have been uphill work for me to give them

something fresh to remember the next year, and if I had succeeded, Heaven help the next Peter Pan who went back to the traditional costume.

I gave in to Barrie after an argument in which I expressed my own opinion. Most of those sitting round when I answered him back went very white round the gills, because people were scared and stood in awe of the little man. But he appeared to like my talking back at him. I think you will always find that those who have achieved greatness respect being treated in a natural way by a person who is not frightened of them.

III

If Charles and I were n't a couple of ordinary people who think that life is great fun, I suppose we should find it all rather a bed of thorns. When irritating things happen we feel very grim for about an hour, but it never lasts. We love going out and about, but sometimes we are glad to shut our door and feel that the world is outside. I remember Charles's buying a lovely lace handkerchief for a Christmas present for his mother to add to her collection of old lace, and some weeks later a headline appeared in a London daily suggesting that Charles blew his nose on £10 handkerchiefs. And then a jeweler has recently broadcast the following description of a visit Charles paid to his shop:—

'A little while ago Charles Laughton came to me and I showed him a sixteenth-century exquisitely enameled bird. He was so staggered by its beauty that he fell on his knees in silent prayer. He literally turned pale as a moonstone with the excitement of seeing so excellent a piece. He asked me if I would sell it, but how could I sell such a sweet little bird, which I had rescued from the melting pot in the time of the gold rush?'

Actually Charles and I don't particularly like modern or antique jewelry. He did buy me a £15 ring once for Christmas — I never wear it — and this ring

was bought from the same old gentleman who was broadcasting, which only goes to show that well-known people can't even go shopping with pleasure. Charles told me he had seen a beautiful enameled bird, but I have never seen him go down on his knees to anything. Of course I must apologize to the jeweler if the gem happened to be on a bottom shelf and Charles had to go down on his knees anyway.

Nowadays not only is the mental happiness of the artist in old age a problem, but his physical comfort also.

In a sort of Wellsian country where all men are equal and age is cared for without charity, this is possibly a just position for an artist. But in these times a film star cannot keep what he earns. You will hear what the film industry pays him, you will hear what the public expects him to spend — but if he really lived in this sumptuous manner he would never die in comfort. It is a short working life — possibly a gay life, but when you are dead and have made your contribution to the world . . . Oh well, if you are British and live in England but have to work in both countries, the Governments of England and America will just have to pay for the coffin.

Touring in *Peter Pan* was one of the most unexpectedly wonderful experiences that I have ever had. I decided to go because Charles was going to be so very busy on *Claudius*, on the one hand, and I had never been on tour and wanted to toughen myself as an actress, on the other.

If anyone had asked me a year ago, 'What do you do?' I should have said, feeling that I was overstating the case, 'Oh, I act'; but now, after the tour, if I were to be asked the same question I should hold my head up, hit myself a blow on the chest, and say, 'I'm an actress.' For this reason I would advise any actress, who has the opportunity, to do *Peter Pan*, and for as many audiences as possible. I was so happy during this tour! True, I played the part with

a fractured rib most of the time, and I also had a nasty car smash somewhere near Wigan — but I was very happy. The company and the audiences were all delightful people who threw themselves into the spirit of Barrie's fantasy without question or doubt.

The Sunday train call was a contrast to the rest of the week, but we all had a lovely time in our various ways. I used to play poker with the manager, the stage director, and the stage manager, and I know that an eight-hour journey often passed like twenty minutes. It was hard work — two shows a day most of the time, which meant from 1 P.M. until 11 P.M. in the theatre.

When I got back to London things seemed to be getting along quite nicely at Denham, until that awful day when Merle Oberon had a car smash, and Alex had to stop the *Claudius* production until he could find out whether Merle would be fit to carry on. Everything came to a standstill, Merle remained in hospital, and everybody was naturally terribly upset. Without any farewells, everyone connected with the picture drifted away; Joe von Sternberg went back to America via a handful of other countries; Merle took a much-needed rest to recover from the shock of her accident; and, as had been planned to happen when *Claudius* should finish, Charles became his own master for the first time in his life.

When I say 'his own master,' of course I refer to his partnership with Erich Pommer. At the moment I must say that Charles is the gainer in so far as he has learned, and is still learning, what has to happen in the film business *on the other side of the desk*. And who in the world is a better person for this new enterprise than Erich Pommer? Charles as an actor has had a very high average of successes. Erich Pommer as a producer has an even higher average. I think *Farewell Again* (his second English picture) is the first really fine film about contemporary English life.

Charles is intensely happy nowadays, which is very catching, and makes our flat quite a noisy place. I thought I had married an actor; but no, between films he pecks me on the forehead every morning at ten o'clock and says, 'Good-bye, darling, I'm late for the office,' and I scream after him, 'What time dinner — seven or eight? Is anyone coming?'

In finding myself on the fringe of this new business I also find life very exciting. If Charles is learning to sit on the other side of the desk, I am certainly learning to be an inkstand or penwiper on it. I have had several very good ideas, and I now know when not to speak. I look at lovely girls without envy, since if they have talent they may mean future bread and butter for us. I also look at men to see if they have sex appeal and talent — I'd do that anyway, of course, but a bread-and-butter eye is more critical.

Sometimes when business gets extra-important I keep out of the way. Erich Pommer and I have a fatal effect on each other at times. We both have mechanical minds, and we both fiddle with matchsticks or bits of paper while talking. Many a serious moment has been broken up by one of us taking a camera, cigarette lighter, or such object to pieces, and the other one wanting to mend it or put it together again.

IV

At the moment Charles is very keen on modern stories because he has appeared in so many period pictures. Naturally there are fashions in pictures, and the historical film has more or less had its day. But Charles feels now that we should concentrate on modern pictures about England. American pictures deal with life in the North, South, East, and West of the United States, and they deal with all classes of people. The world knows America through its films. You cannot say the same with regard to British films. There has been a spate of

comedies called *Bottoms Up* and *Bottoms Down* and titles of that description, but they have not dealt with true English life. If English novelists and painters tell the world about England, then why should n't the film business also, which has a much larger public than either of those other branches of art?

There are some exceedingly good writers for the films, but very few new ones seem to be coming along. We spend a lot of time looking for a new writer, and we find that the modern writer has lost the art of storytelling. He is brilliant at dialogue. You can get twenty people to write a certain type of dialogue for a certain film, but story value is rarely there. Many novelists say that films are badly written. Then you suggest that they write an original script, and they produce something much worse than the worst Hollywood Western or more high-brow than what Proust might have written for Eisenstein. Charles and I consider the films to be potentially the most vigorous form of art to-day. When this new medium starts to produce its own writers, then will begin the period of great movies.

I think dramatists can be helped by having definite actors and actresses in mind when they write plays or film stories. Shakespeare and Molière wrote for a known company of actors. Yet it is always the fate of the actor to die and the glory of the writer to live. But perhaps immortality does not appeal to the modern writer.

People often ask what are our favorite acting parts. The answer is, every part has been our favorite part in turn. When you are acting you must believe, and deeply, in what you are doing.

When a job is finished you usually carry away the pleasantest memories of it. Charles has never achieved a performance without some suffering, but the procession of characters he has brought to life all have friendly faces now. You look back through rose-colored spectacles.

(*The End*)

THE ERNE FROM THE COAST

BY T. O. BEACHCROFT

I

WHERE'S Harry?' Mr. Thorburn came out of the back of the farmhouse. He stood in the middle of the well-kept farmyard. 'Here, Harry!' he shouted. 'Hi, Harry!'

He stood leaning on a stick and holding a letter in his hand, as he looked round the farmyard.

Mr. Thorburn was a red-faced, powerful man; he wore knee breeches and black leather gaiters. His face and well-fleshed body told you at a glance that Thorburn's Farm had not done too badly during the twenty years of his married life.

Harry, a fair-haired boy, came running across the yard.

'Harry,' said the farmer to his son, 'here's a letter come for old Michael. It will be about this visit he's to pay to his sick brother. Nice time of year for this to happen, I must say. You'd better take the letter to him at once.'

'Where to?' said Harry.

'He's up on the hill, of course,' said the farmer. 'In his hut, or with the sheep somewhere. Your own brains could have told you that. Can't you ever use them? Go on, now.'

'Right,' said Harry. He turned to go.

'Don't take all day,' said his father.

Mr. Thorburn stood looking after his son. He leaned heavily on the thorn stick which he always carried. Harry went through the gate in the low gray wall which ran round one side of the yard, where there were no buildings. Directly he left the farmyard, he began

to climb. Thorburn's Farm was at the end of a valley. Green fields lay in front of it, and a wide road sloped gently down to the village a mile away; behind, the hill soared up, and high on the ridge of the hill was Michael's hut, three miles off, and climbing all the way.

Harry was thirteen, very yellow-haired and blue-eyed. He was a slip of a boy. It seemed unlikely that he could ever grow into such a stolid, heavy man as his father. Mr. Thorburn was every pound of fourteen stone, as the men on the farm could have told you the day he broke his leg and they had to carry him back to the farmhouse on a hurdle.

Harry started off far too fast, taking the lower slopes almost at a run. His body was loose in its movements, and coltish, and by the time the real work began he was already tiring. However, the April day was fresh and rainy, and the cold of it kept him going. Gray gusts and showers swept over the hillside, and between them, with changing light, came faint gleams of sunshine, so that the shadows of the clouds raced along the hill beside him. Presently he cleared the gorse and heather, and came out on to the open hillside, which was bare except for short, tussocky grass. His home began to look far off beneath him. He could see his mother walking down towards the village with one of the dogs, and the baker's cart coming up from the village towards her. The fields were brown and green round the farmhouse,

and the buildings were gray, with low stone walls.

He stopped several times to look back on the small distant farm. It took him well over an hour to reach the small hut where Michael lived by day and slept during most nights throughout the lambing season. He was not in his hut, but after a few minutes' search Harry found him. Michael was sitting without movement, watching the sheep and talking to his gray and white dog. He had a sack across his shoulders, which made him look rather like a rock with gray lichen on it. He looked up at Harry without moving.

'It's a hildy wildy day,' he said, 'but there'll be a glent of sunsheen yet.'

Harry handed Michael the letter. Michael looked at it, and opened it very slowly, and spread the crackling paper out on his knee with brown hands. Harry watched him for some minutes as he studied the letter in silence.

'Letter'll be aboot my brother,' said Michael at length. 'I'm to goa and see him.' He handed the letter to Harry. 'Read it, Harry,' he said. Harry read the letter to him twice.

'Tell thy dad,' said Michael, 'I'll be doon at farm i' the morn. Happen I'll be away three days. And tell him new lamb was born last neet, but it's sickly.'

They looked at the small white bundle that lay on the grass beside its mother, hardly moving.

'T'll pick up,' said Michael. He slowly stood and looked round at the distance.

Michael had rather long hair; it was between gray and white in color, and it blew in the wind. It was about the hue of an old sheep's skull that has lain out on the bare mountain. Michael's clothes and face and hair made Harry feel that he had slowly faded out on the hillside. He was all the color of rain on the stones and last year's bracken.

'It'll make a change,' said Michael, 'going off and sleeping in a bed.'

'Good-bye,' said Harry. 'You'll be down at the farm to-morrow, then?'

'Aw reet,' said Michael.

'Aw reet,' said Harry.

Harry went slowly back to the farm. The rain had cleared off, and the evening was sunny, with a watery light, by the time he was home. Michael had been right. Harry gave his father the message, and told him about the lamb.

'It's a funny thing,' said Harry, 'that old Michael can't even read.'

'Don't you be so smart,' said Mr. Thorburn. 'Michael knows a thing or two you don't. You don't want to go muckering about with an old fellow like Michael — best shepherd I've ever known.'

Harry went away feeling somewhat abashed. Lately it seemed his father was always down on him, telling him he showed no sign of sense; telling him he ought to grow up a bit; telling him he was more like seven than thirteen.

He went to the kitchen. This was a big stone-floored room with a huge plain table, where the whole household and several of the farm hands could sit down to dinner or tea at the same time. His mother and his aunt from the village were still lingering over their teacups, but there was no one else in the room except a small tortoise-shell cat, which was pacing round them asking for milk in a loud voice. The yellow evening light filled the room. His mother gave him tea and ham and bread and butter, and he ate it in silence, playing with the cat as he did so.

II

Next morning at nine o'clock there was a loud rap with a stick at the kitchen door, and there by the pump, with the hens running round his legs, stood Michael.

'Good morning, Mrs. Thorburn,' he said. 'Is Measter about?'

'Come on in with you,' said Mrs. Thorburn, 'and have a good hot cup o' tea. Have you eaten this morning?'

Michael clanked into the kitchen, his

hobnails striking the flags, and he sat down at one end of the table.

'Aye,' he said, 'I've eaten, Missus. I had a good thoom-bit when I rose up, but a cup of tea would be welcome.'

As he drank the tea, Mr. Thorburn came in, bringing Harry with him. Michael, thought Harry, always looked rather strange when he was down in the village or in the farmhouse; rather as a pile of bracken or an armful of leaves would look if it were emptied out on to the parlor floor.

Michael talked to Mr. Thorburn about the sheep; about the new lamb; about young Bob, his nephew, who was coming over from another farm to look after the sheep while he was away.

'Tell en to watch new lamb,' said Michael; 'it's creachy. I've put en in my little hut, and owd sheep is looking roun' t' doorway.'

After his cup of tea Michael shook hands all round. Then he set off down to the village, where he was going to fall in with a lift.

Soon after he had gone, Bob arrived at the farm. He was a tall young man with a freckled face and red hair, big-boned and very gentle in his voice and movements. He listened to all Mr. Thorburn's instructions and then set out for the shepherd's hut.

However, it seemed that Mr. Thorburn's luck with his shepherds was dead out. For the next evening, just as it was turning dark, Bob walked into the farmhouse kitchen. His face was tense with pain, and he was nursing his left arm with his right hand. Harry saw the ugly distorted shape and swelling at the wrist. Bob had fallen and broken the wrist earlier in the day, and by evening the pain had driven him back.

'I'm sorry, Mr. Thorburn,' he kept on saying. 'I'm a big fule.'

The sheep had to be left for that night. Next morning it was again a cold, windy day, and clouds the color of gunmetal raced over the hill. The sun broke through fitfully, filling the valley with a

steel-blue light in which the green grass looked vivid. Mr. Thorburn decided to send Harry out to the shepherd's hut for the day and night.

'Happen old Michael will be back some time to-morrow,' he said. 'You can look to the sheep, Harry, and see to that sick lamb for us. It's a good chance to make yourself useful.'

Harry nodded.

'You can feed the lamb. Bob said it did n't seem to suck enough, and you can let me know if anything else happens. And you can keep an eye on the other lambs and see they don't get over the edges. There's no need to fold them at night; just let the dog round them up and see the flock is near the hut.'

'There's blankets and everything in the hut, Harry,' said Mrs. Thorburn, 'and a spirit lamp to make tea. You can't come to harm.'

Harry set off up the hill and began to climb. Out on the hilltop it was very lonely, and the wind was loud and gusty, with sudden snatches of rain. The sheep kept near the wooden hut most of the time; it was built in the lee of the ridge, and the best shelter was to be found near it. Harry looked after the sick lamb and brewed himself tea. He had Tassie, the gray and white sheepdog, for company. Time did not hang heavy. When evening came he rounded up the sheep and counted them, and, true to advice that Michael had given him, he slept in his boots as a true shepherd does, warmly wrapped up in the rugs.

He was awakened as soon as it was light by the dog barking. He went out in the gray dawn light, and found a rustle and agitation among the sheep. Tassie ran to him and back towards the sheep. The sheep were starting up alert, and showed a tendency to scatter. Harry looked round, wondering what the trouble was. Then he saw. A bird was hovering over the flock, and it was this that had attracted the sheep's attention. But what bird was it? It hovered like a hawk, soaring on outstretched wings; yet it

was much too big for a hawk. As the bird came nearer Harry was astonished at its size. Once or twice it approached and then went soaring and floating away again. It was larger than any bird he had ever seen before — brownish in color, with a gray head and a hawk's beak.

Suddenly the bird began to drop as a hawk drops. A knot of sheep dashed apart. Tassie rushed towards the bird, his head down and his tail streaming out behind him. Harry followed. This must be an eagle, he thought. He saw it, looking larger still now it was on the ground, standing with outstretched wings over a lamb.

Tassie attacked, snarling in rage. The eagle rose at him. It struck at him with its feet and a flurry of beating wings. The dog was thrown back. He retreated slowly, snarling savagely as he went, his tail between his legs. He was frightened now, and uncertain what to do.

The eagle turned back to the lamb, took it in its talons again, and began to rise. It could not move quickly near the ground, and Harry came up with it. At once the eagle put the lamb on a rock and turned on him. He saw its talons driving towards his face, claws and spurs of steel — a stroke could tear your eyes out. He put up his arms in fear, and he felt the rush of wings round his face. With his arm above his head he sank on one knee.

When he looked up again, the eagle was back on the lamb. It began to fly with long slow wingbeats. At first it scarcely rose, and flew with the lamb almost on the ground.

Harry ran, throwing a stone. He shouted. Tassie gave chase, snapping at the eagle as it went. But the eagle was working towards a chasm, a sheer drop in the hillside where no one could follow it. In another moment it was floating in the air, clear and away. Then it rose higher, and headed towards the coast, which was a few miles away over the hill.

Harry stood and watched it till it was out of sight. When it was gone, he turned and walked slowly back to the hut. There was not a sound to be heard now except the sudden rushes of wind. The hillside was bare and coverless except for the scattered black rocks. Tassie walked beside him. The dog was very subdued and hardly glanced to right or left.

It took some time to round the sheep up, or to find, at least, where the various parts of the flock had scattered themselves. The sick lamb and its mother had been enclosed all this time in a small fold near the hut. The ewe was still terrified.

An hour later Harry set off down the mountain side to the farm. Tassie looked after him doubtfully. He ran several times after him, but Harry sent him back to the hut.

It was the middle of the morning when Harry came back to the farmyard again. His father was standing in the middle of the yard, leaning on his stick, and giving advice to one of his cowmen. He broke off when he saw Harry come in through the gate, and walk towards him across the farmyard.

'Well,' he said, 'anything wrong, Harry? I thought you were going to stay till Michael came back.'

'We've lost a lamb,' said Harry, breathlessly. 'It's been carried off by an eagle. It must have been an eagle.'

'An eagle?' said Mr. Thorburn. He gave a laugh which mocked Harry. 'Why did n't you stop it?'

'I tried,' said Harry. 'But I . . .'

Mr. Thorburn was in a bad mood. He had sold some heifers the day before at a disappointing price. He had had that morning a letter from the builders about repairs to some of the farm buildings, and there was work to be done which he could hardly afford. He was worried about Michael's absence. He felt as if the world were bearing down on him, and he had too many burdens to support.

He suddenly shouted at Harry, and his red face turned darker red.

'That's a lie!' he said. 'There's been no eagle here in my lifetime. What's happened? Go on — tell me.'

Harry stood before him. He looked at his father, but said nothing.

'You've lost that lamb,' said Thorburn. 'Let it fall down a hole or something. Any child from the village could have watched those sheep for a day. Then you're frightened, and come back here and lie to me.'

Harry still said nothing.

'Come here,' said Thorburn suddenly. He caught him by the arm and turned him round. 'I'll teach you not to lie to me,' he said. He raised his stick and hit Harry as hard as he could; then again and again.

'It's true,' began Harry, and then cried out with pain at the blows.

At the third or fourth blow he wrenched himself away. Thorburn let him go. Harry walked away as fast as he could, through the gate and out of the yard without looking round.

'Next time it will be a real beating,' his father shouted after him. 'Bring the eagle back, and then I'll believe you.'

III

As soon as Harry was through the gate, he turned behind one of the barns where he was out of sight from the yard. He stood trembling and clenching his fists. He found there were tears on his face, and he forced himself not to cry. The blows hurt, yet they did not hurt very seriously. He would never have cried for that. But it had been done in front of another man. The other man had looked on, and he and his father had been laughing as he had almost run away. Harry clenched his fists; even now they were still talking about him.

He began to walk and then run up the hillside towards the hut. When he reached it, he was exhausted. He flung himself on the mattress and punched it

again and again and clenched his teeth.

The day passed and nobody came from the farm. He began to feel better, and presently a new idea struck him, and with it a new hope. He prayed now that old Michael would not return to-day; that he would be able to spend another night alone in the hut; and that the eagle would come back next morning and attack the sheep again, and give him one more chance.

Harry went out and scanned the gray sky, and then knelt down on the grass and prayed for the eagle to come. Tassie, the gray and white sheepdog, looked at him questioningly. Soon it was getting dark, and he walked about the hill and rounded up the sheep. He counted the flock, and all was well. Then he looked round for a weapon. There was no gun in the hut, but he found a thick stave tipped with metal, part of some broken tool that had been thrown aside. He poised the stave in his hand and swung it; it was just a good weight to hit with. He would have to go straight at the eagle without hesitation and break its skull. After thinking about this for some time, he made himself tea, and ate some bread and butter and cold meat.

Down at the farm Mr. Thorburn in the evening told his wife what had happened. He was quite sure there had been no eagle. Mrs. Thorburn did not say much, but she said it was an extraordinary thing for Harry to have said. She told her husband that he ought not to have beaten the boy, but should have found out what the trouble really was.

'But I dare say there is no great harm done,' she ended, philosophically.

Harry spent a restless night. He slept and lay awake by turns, but, sleeping or waking, he was tortured by the same images. He saw all the events of the day before. He saw how the eagle had first appeared above him; how it had attacked; how it had driven off Tassie and then him. He remembered his fear, and he planned again just how he could attack the eagle when it came back. Then

he thought of himself going down towards the farm and he saw again the scene with his father.

All night long he saw these pictures and other scenes from his life. In every one of them he had made some mistake; he had made himself look ridiculous, and grown men had laughed at him. He had failed in strength or in common sense; he was always disappointing himself and his father. He was too young for his age. He was still a baby.

So the night passed. Early in the morning he heard Tassie barking.

He jumped up, fully clothed, and ran outside the hut. The cold air made him shiver; but he saw at once that his prayer had been answered. There was the eagle, above him, and already dropping down towards the sheep. It floated, poised on huge wings. The flock stood nervously huddled. Suddenly, as before, the attacker plunged towards them. They scattered, running in every direction. The eagle followed, and swooped on one weakly running lamb. At once it tried to rise again, but its heavy wing-beats took it along the earth. Near the ground it seemed cumbersome and awkward. Tassie was after it like a flash; Harry seized his weapon, the stave tipped with iron, and followed. When Tassie caught up with the eagle it turned and faced him, standing over the lamb.

Harry, as he ran, could see blood staining the white wool of the lamb's body; the eagle's wings were half spread out over it, and moving slowly. The huge bird was grayish-brown with a white head and tail. The beak was yellow, and the legs yellow and scaly.

It lowered its head, and with a fierce movement threatened Tassie; then, as the dog approached, it began to rock and stamp from foot to foot in a menacing dance; then it opened its beak and gave its fierce, yelping cry. Tassie hung back, his ears flattened against his head, snarling, creeping by inches towards the eagle; he was frightened, but he was brave. Then he ran in to attack.

The eagle left the lamb. With a lunging spring it aimed heavily at Tassie. It just cleared the ground and beat about Tassie with its wings, hovering over him. Tassie flattened out his body to the earth and turned his head upwards with snapping jaws. But the eagle was over him and on him, its talons plunged into his side, and a piercing scream rang out. The eagle struck deliberately at the dog's skull three times; the beak's point hammered on his head, striking downwards and sideways. Tassie lay limp on the ground, and, where his head had been, a red mixture of blood and brains flowed on the grass. When Harry took his eyes away from the blood, the eagle was standing on the lamb again.

Harry approached the eagle slowly, step by step. He gripped his stick firmly as he came. The eagle put its head down. It rocked on its feet as if preparing to leap. Behind the terrific beak, sharp as metal, was a shallow head, flat and broad as a snake's, glaring with light yellow un-animal eyes. The head and neck made weaving movements towards him.

At a pace or two from the eagle Harry stood still. In a second he would make a rush. He could break the eagle's skull, he told himself, with one good blow; then he could avenge Tassie and stand up to his father.

But he waited too long. The eagle tried to rise, and with its heavy sweeping beats was beginning to gain speed along the ground. Harry ran, stumbling over the uneven ground, among boulders and outcroppings of rock, trying to strike at the eagle as he went. But as soon as the eagle was in the air it was no longer heavy and clumsy. There was a sudden rush of wings and buffeting about his head as the eagle turned to drive him off. For a second he saw the talons sharp as metal, backed by the metal strength of the legs, striking at his face. He put up his arm. At once it was seared with a red-hot pain, and he could see the blood rush out.

He stepped back, and back again.

The eagle, after this one fierce swoop at him, went round in a wide, low circle, and returned to the lamb. Harry saw that his coat sleeve was in ribbons, and that blood was running off the ends of his fingers and falling to the ground.

He stood panting; the wind blew across the empty high ground. The sheep had vanished from sight. Tassie lay dead near by, and he was utterly alone on the hills. There was nobody to watch what he did. The eagle might hurt him, but it could not jeer at him. He attacked it again, but already the eagle with its heavy wingbeats had cleared the ground; this time it took the lamb with it. Harry saw that it meant to fly, as it had flown yesterday, to an edge; and then out into the free air over the chasm, and over the valley far below.

Harry gave chase, stumbling over the broken ground and between the boulders — striking at the eagle as he went, trying to beat it down before it could escape. The eagle was hampered by his attack; and suddenly it swooped on to a projection of rock and turned again to drive him off. Harry was now in a bad position. The eagle stood on a rock at the height of his own shoulders, with the lamb beside it. It struck at his chest with its talons, beating its wings as it did so. Harry felt clothes and flesh being torn; buffeting blows began about his head; but he kept close to the eagle and struck at it again. He did not want simply to frighten it away, but to kill it. The eagle fought at first simply to drive Harry off; then, as he continued to attack, it became ferocious.

Harry saw his only chance was to keep close to the eagle and beat it down; but already it was at the height of his face. It struck at him from above, driving its steel claws at him, beating its wings about him. He was dazed by the buffeting which went on and on all round him; then with an agonizing stab he felt the claws seize and pierce his shoulder and neck. He struck upwards desperately and blindly. As the eagle drove its beak

at his head, his stick just turned the blow aside. The beak struck a glancing blow off the stick, and tore away his eyebrow.

Harry found that something was blinding him, and he felt a new sickening fear that already one of his eyes was gone. The outspread beating wings and weight of the eagle dragged him about, and he nearly lost his footing. He had forgotten, now, that he was proving anything to his father; he was fighting for his eyes. Three times he fended off the hammer stroke of the beak, and at these close quarters the blows of his club found their mark. He caught the eagle's head each time, and the bird was half stunned.

Harry, reeling and staggering, felt the grip of the claws gradually loosen, and almost unbelievably the body of his enemy sagged, half fluttering to the ground. With a sudden spurt of new strength, Harry attacked, and rained blows on the bird's skull. The eagle struggled, and he followed, beating it down among the rocks. At last the eagle's movements stopped. He saw its skull was broken, and that it lay dead.

He stood for many minutes panting and unmoving, filled with a tremendous excitement; then he sat on a boulder. The fight had taken him near a steep edge a long way from the body of Tassie.

His wounds began to ache and burn. The sky and the horizon spun round him, but he forced himself to be firm and collected. After a while he stooped down and hoisted the eagle on to his shoulder. The wings dropped loosely down in front and behind. He set off towards the farm.

IV

When he reached his home, the low gray walls, the ploughed fields, and the green pasture fields were swimming before his eyes in a dizzy pattern. It was still the early part of the morning, but there was plenty of life in the farmyard, as usual. Some cows were being driven

out. One of the carthorses was standing harnessed to a heavy wagon. Harry's father was talking to the carter and looking at the horse's leg.

When they saw Harry come towards them they waited, unmoving. They could hardly see at first who or what it was. Harry came up and dropped the bird at his father's feet. His coat was gone. His shirt hung in bloodstained rags about him; one arm was caked in blood; his right eyebrow hung in a loose flap, with the blood still oozing stickily down his cheek.

'Good God!' said Thorburn, catching him by the arm as he reeled.

He led the boy into the kitchen. There they gave him a glass of brandy and sponged him with warm water. There was a deep long wound in his left forearm. His chest was crisscrossed with cuts. The flesh was torn away from his neck where the talons had sunk in.

Presently the doctor came. Harry's wounds began to hurt like fire, but he talked excitedly. He was happier than he had ever been in his life. Everybody on the farm came in to see him and to see the eagle's body.

All day his father hung about him, looking into the kitchen every half hour. He said very little, but asked Harry several times how he felt. 'Are you aw reet?' he kept saying. Once he took a cup of tea from his wife and carried it across the kitchen in order to give it to Harry with his own hands.

Later in the day old Michael came back, and Harry told him the whole story. Michael turned the bird over.

He said it was an erne, a white-tailed sea eagle from the coast. He measured the wing span, and it was seven and a half feet. Michael had seen two or three when he was a boy, — always near the coast, — but this one, he said, was easily the largest.

Three days later Mr. Thorburn took Harry, still stiff and bandaged, down to the village inn. There he set him before a blazing fire all the evening, and in the presence of men from every cottage and farm Thorburn praised his son. He bought him a glass of beer and made Harry tell the story of his fight to everyone.

As he told it, Thorburn sat by him, hearing the story himself each time, making certain that Harry missed nothing about his struggle. Afterwards every man drank Harry's health, and clapped Thorburn on the back and told him he ought to be proud of his son.

Later, in the silent darkness, they walked back to the farm again, and neither of them could find anything to say. Harry wondered if his father might not refer to the beating and apologize. Thorburn moved round the house, raking out fires and locking up. Then he picked up the lamp and, holding it above his head, led the way upstairs.

'Good night, Harry,' said his father at last, as he took him to his bedroom door. 'Are you aw reet?'

His father held the lamp up and looked into Harry's face. As the lamplight fell on it, he nodded. He said nothing more.

'Aye,' said Harry, as he turned into his bedroom door, 'I'm aw reet.'

YOUR NATURE AND MINE

BY ROGER W. HOLMES

I

DURING the regular marital inspection at breakfast one morning, my wife discovered that the bridge of my glasses had become crooked. With judicious bending it was straightened. As I set off to work I found to my amazement that I had become a dwarf. I felt the way Alice did when she nibbled the Wonderland mushroom and got her chin tangled with her toes. Knowing that this magic quality was not yet listed among the virtues of shredded wheat, I hastily removed my glasses — only to discover that I was now a giant in seven-league boots. It was most exhilarating. But it raised a curious question. Which was the real me, the stalker or the creeper? Perhaps the strangest thing about the experience was the unavoidable realization, quite apart from any laudable feeling of modesty, that there was no real me. I became surprisingly uncertain of myself as a physical object.

You and I have been taught that Nature is impersonal. We are standing before a Van Gogh landscape. You are a trained artist and I have a low amateur standing. Neither doubts that we are seeing two entirely different pictures. But when we think of the canvas as a physical object rather than a work of art the situation changes. A little scurrying around with a micrometer, a color chart, and a few other standard measuring devices, and we can satisfy ourselves that our environment, even when made into a work of art, is the

same for all. The Van Gogh landscape is what it is, a thing-in-itself. No offense intended against artistic interpretation, of course, but if we would know things as they are we must cancel the personal equation and rely upon objective description.

And we believe that we can do this! We believe, further, that in doing so we arrive at a fundamental understanding of our environment. To return to my glasses, it is obvious that there is a normal situation, the one which the oculist intended I should experience when he prescribed for me. I had only to get the bridge *straight*. But note this word, *normal*. It is slippery. I should like to point out that in this belief in the objectivity of Nature and in the reality of a 'normal situation' we are thoroughly mistaken and childishly naïve. In no part of contemporary life are we as dogmatic, as sure of ourselves, as we are in describing Nature.

This Nature which we literally worship is in reality a product of ourselves, an interpretation no less than that of the landscape. It is no more real than God or the soul, though certainly no less, and our conception of it is surprisingly elementary and limited. Pin down Nature and it slips away. Describe it and it becomes empty. We are like a man who might try to reconstruct a jigsaw puzzle from one piece. It cannot be done. The limitations of our knowledge of Nature are equaled only by the audacity and conceit with which that knowl-

edge is accompanied. Were it not for the usefulness of our childish concept of the objectivity and independence of Nature, we might describe it as one tremendous hoax. But useful judgments are not necessarily true ones, and our concept of Nature has done our thinking much harm. Nature is no more objective, no more solid, no more fundamental, no more the key to value, than any other of our major concepts.

In the Land of Oz, which most of us visited with great delight as children, there was an Emerald City in which the inhabitants and all visitors wore green glasses. We, the visitors, knew the trick and had the fun. We had an ocular sophistication which gave us a tremendous advantage over our hosts. To the inhabitants things looked green. We, the visitors to Oz, could count the normal situation to be the one in which no glasses were worn. But every day and outside of storybooks we all live in an Emerald City, for we all to some degree see colors differently; and unfortunately we can count on no visitors from 'outside' to set us right. As regards color, we all live in strictly and unavoidably private worlds. Neither my wife nor I have any way of knowing whether or not the other has the same sense impression when looking at my neckties. When she sees red she may get the sense impression I get when I see green. I often point this out.

There are innumerable comforting examples of the private world of sensation. The principle is always the same. In many, the problem of finding a norm which shall be useful as such, though still arbitrary, is easy; in some it is difficult. In the instances of taste and smell it is almost impossible. There are two reasons for this. One is that tastes, and smells, cannot be distinguished from one another as clearly as colors. They blur. The other is that they are more fundamentally dependent upon the momentary condition of the sense organs involved. There is a good reason why

epicures seldom smoke, and why appetizers are not sweet.

You will dismiss, perhaps, the perplexity involved in the case of the crooked glasses by saying that I have only to measure my height against the wall to know the tallness of the real me. If two of my friends were to measure my height independently they would agree. And, you say, one is not concerned about the privateness of color sensation, because I know that when my wife objects to the tie I have chosen we are both talking about the same tie and the same color. If my wife thinks the 'orange linen tie' would go better with my 'blue' shirt, I will get the tie she refers to when I go upstairs. By twisting my glasses I do not make myself tall or short. By putting on sun glasses I do not change the color of my ties. Things are what they are. An object has height relative to a platinum rod in a bureau of standards; it has color relative to the sun's spectrum; it gives tone relative to a steel wire of a stated diameter, stopped at a certain length, and weighted by a standard weight; it has taste relative to the time of day, the amount of candy I have eaten, and so forth. Things are what they are. *But what are they?*

We know the objects of Nature relative always and exclusively to arbitrary standards which human intelligence has chosen. Just how arbitrary these 'standards' are, and therefore how arbitrary our knowledge is, is really surprising. Consider color again. When my wife buys material for a belt she matches it to a dress. She is careful to match the articles under sunlight, or under a 'daylite' lamp. Why? The only reason, fundamentally, is that we happen to be creatures who live most of our waking hours in sunlight. Suppose we rose at sunset, worked at night, played at night, and slept during the day. Our habits are quite accidental, and may change considerably when civilization really 'gets going.' If we had descended from owls our color judgments would be

different. Our standard might be given by a dim owlsh lamp which met certain manufacturing requirements. In matching colors we might shun daylight as assiduously as we now shun the ordinary Mazda bulb.

Suppose our atmosphere, like hotel lobbies, was continuously suffused with cigarette smoke: our smell description of our environment would be thoroughly altered. Suppose we possessed the multiple optical lens of the housefly. There are many possibilities, each suggested by only a minor change in our biological make-up, and each suggesting the unreliability of our description of the environment.

Or, to take another tangent, suppose our sense organs to be what we now speak of as normal, but either enlarged uniformly many thousand times or made smaller to the same degree. Suppose we were creatures as large as the earth or as small as *amœbæ*. In the latter case our description of the polished surface of a table would include 'mountainous' rather than 'polished.' If we were as small as electrons the table would dissolve and we should see a space as empty and as discontinuous as the one we now gaze upon on a starry evening. This is imaginative, but it has an importance difficult to exaggerate. The contributions of the various natural sciences will surely be set down by the historian of the future as both the most typical and the most valuable of the era of which we are a part. And our study of the environment is reaching a truly significant stage. With the pouring of the 200-inch mirror at Corning, New York, a year or so ago, we reached what may be a limit in the building of telescopes. With the perfection of the ultramicroscope we are approaching a similar limit in the other direction.

We are surprised, somewhat naïvely, to discover that, from the point of view of size, Man is near the middle of our universe. It would have been more surprising had we discovered anything else. The

limitations are those of human beings and their instruments. The world of Nature which we know is the world of Nature which organisms of our size and accomplishments can know. It is not *the* world of Nature; it is *our* world of Nature, just as much as the Van Gogh landscape is your landscape or mine. We have far more of the responsibility for Nature than we think when we glibly speak of it as being independent of us. If we were creatures twenty thousand miles tall, what we now know as biology would be a closed book. If we were as small as *amœbæ*, astronomy would be unknown.

II

One of the most interesting of the problems of biology is that of why unit cells and unit organisms act for the welfare of the whole of which they are parts. If we fracture a bone, a piece of muscle tissue will become transformed into bone tissue. Whenever infection enters the blood system the white corpuscles 'mobilize' to 'combat' it. Some biologists claim that there is a vital principle, or *entelechy*, which is responsible. If there is, we are no nearer to understanding it than Aristotle, who first suggested it, was. Others, while denying a vital principle, seem quite unable to avoid vitalistic words and phrases in their descriptions. The phenomenon is so pronounced that Alexis Carrel has suggested that the organic unit has consciousness or mind. The problem is highly important to human philosophy, but probably unanswerable by human research. This would, perhaps, not be the case if we were as small as *amœbæ* and could examine the phenomenon 'on the spot.'

One biologist has compared the situation to one that might arise if a giant several hundred miles tall were to study through his gigantic 'microscope' one of our automobile factories. He would find precisely the same need for a principle governing the actions of human beings

who were workers, foremen, or managers. We understand the organization, but would he? The human mind, to the giant, would be so minute that it would not suggest even the beginnings of what we know about our mental life. The parallel is clear. One taste of a really potent Wonderland mushroom and there might open up for us perspectives in biology of which we can now only dream. And what might we not learn if we could reach out and manipulate spiral nebulae as easily as we may now spin children's tops?

Consider another set of possibilities. A friend of mine has a dog whistle which boasts the social advantage of being practically inaudible to the human ear. Suppose us to be the size we are and with our present sense organs, but suppose we extend the ranges of those organs. Suppose our hearing began at the middle of the piano keyboard and extended to 'sounds' which are at present unheard. We would not hear footsteps or even thunder. We would hear things that now occur unheeded — as, for example, the songs of certain insects.

Or, to choose a more startling possibility, suppose our eyes were sensitive to infra-red rays. In that case a stove or a flatiron would give ample 'light.' Artificial light would be cheaper and easier to produce. There would be no clouds to admire, but London would be freed of pea-soup fogs and travel by sea would be less hazardous. We all know of the blind man's sensitiveness of touch and hearing. If we inhabited Wells's Country of the Blind we could get along very well, as he points out, but certainly our understanding of Nature would be radically different.

Suppose we could develop a sensitiveness to temperature that would allow us, like some machines, to detect the lighting of a candle at a distance of a mile. No creeping up on a person in the dark in that case! Eliminate our sense organs singly or in pairs, and multiply the powers of those that remain. You get

fascinating possibilities. All would alter Nature. Our 'standard equipment,' like that of an automobile, is quite accidental.

Two years ago there appeared a news item which had all of the ingredients of a first-class nightmare. A man in the West, it was reported, woke up one morning to find himself a human radio receiver. Some might think him fortunate to be able to tap the ether without paying even a penny. But the story in its full horror is not yet told. The man was a human radio, *but he could not switch himself off!* There are a few conspicuous individuals in any community who would not shudder at this detail. We can, on most occasions, escape. But this poor Westerner heard rising exercises, breakfast hour, cooking recipes, market reports, Buck Rogers — everything right through to the last swing of the last dance orchestra in the early morning.

I shall not ask you to dwell on this man's misfortune; and I shall not ask you to take the newspaper story very seriously. But I do wish that an old Greek thinker named Protagoras might hear the story, for it throws an extraordinary light on his pet idea that Man is the measure of all things. We have laughed at him ever since Plato gave him what is generally considered to be a knockout blow. But our modern world suggests possibilities of which neither Protagoras nor Plato could have dreamed, and Protagoras could defend himself much more convincingly to-day.

We might have been born radio receivers rather than auditory ones. In the interests of intercommunication one would have to imagine us at the same time equipped to transmit radio frequencies. It might have worked out that way. The chief differences between sound waves and radio waves are the tuning qualities and the distance spanned. If we were all radio stations we could have much more privacy — and less. I cannot now in company tell my wife that her slip is showing without causing her em-

barrassment. I could on a radio wave different from that of the drawing-room conversation, but anyone for miles around who wanted to tune in would be rewarded by hearing that important fact. And distance would be far less an obstacle to communication. The most powerful sound amplifiers we have can be heard only a few miles. If we were radios we could without exerting ourselves have all of the advantages of telephones without the cost. Travel would be less necessary, and less of a separation. Our bonds with our fellow men would be closer.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this possibility is that it is more than that already. Mental telepathy is an accredited fact; its actuality can easily be shown by a simple demonstration that I have often made for friends. Yet is mental telepathy more than what we have just been describing? Its chief difference is its limitations, or primitiveness. We might have been born with highly developed telepathic powers and primitive oral ones. The reason why we were not is easy to find. The ability to hear sounds was far more important to survival during the evolutionary struggle than this other. There were not many 'thoughts' then anyway.

It is interesting to speculate on the influence which evolution alone has had upon our knowledge. We know Nature as we do because we met evolutionary crises in certain ways. There is another notable point. Species are altered as environments change. Our civilized environment is already having its effect upon us. It has been suggested that in our new environment some mode of communication such as mental telepathy will be more essential to survival than audition. Give us another ten thousand years and our modes of communication with others and with our environment may be so different that our concepts of Nature will be completely altered. They have already altered since the simian stage. Our senses of smell, taste, and

hearing are atrophying. What new senses will take their places?

The science laboratories have introduced possibilities which would have amazed the Greeks. Suppose we were sensitive to X-rays. This is another power that would not have been particularly useful to the ape-man. A lion's skin was a more eloquent danger signal than his skeleton would have been. To be able to avoid the bones in raw fish would have constituted a luxury, not a necessity. And it would have done the savage little good to be able to see into the stomach of a sick companion. But to-day X-ray keeps many of us alive. If we were equipped to see X-rays we could not only enjoy the convenience of not having to rummage in pockets or handbag for the front-door key, but there would be major advantages such as a simplified crime problem. The robber's gun could no longer be hidden. The thief might be detected immediately.

But why limit ourselves to X-rays? There are alpha rays and beta rays and ultra-violet rays and cosmic rays. A hundred years ago they all beat against us, figuratively speaking, and we were unaware of them. How many new ones will be discovered in the next hundred years? How many in the next thousand? The only safe conclusion is that our comprehension of Nature is decidedly limited both by the size of our sense organs and by the range of their sensitivity. The extent and importance of these limitations we shall never know. To doubt them would constitute a naïveté and conceit parallel to that of the old churchmen who placed the earth at the centre of the universe or the early evolutionists who placed Man at the top of the evolutionary ladder.

III

Let us return to our original proposition. Are the objects in our environment independent? Can you describe them as such? Have they a certain color? We

have found that they have not. We call grass green only by convention and habit endowment. Smell, taste, touch, sound — all the same. The relativity of sensation is made clear by the well-accepted proposition that the process of sensation involves not only the object, *but also the medium and the sense organ*. Instead of saying that grass is green, we should say that the source of light is such, our eyes are such, and grass is such, that we have the sensation of greenness. The objects of nature are something-we-know-not-what. But we still affirm that they *are* something and that that something is independent of us.

We take refuge in a faith in the primary qualities of Nature — extension, mass, velocity. But this refuge, too, lacks security. We say that even if we cannot be certain of the color and smell of this apple we *know* that it has a certain shape and weight and state of motion or rest. But Einstein has swept away this last resort for confidence. His doctrine of relativity has upset our most conventional beliefs by asserting that even shape and mass and velocity are relative to the observer. In this automobile age the case of velocity is clear to all, for in passing the car ahead we must consider our velocity relative to it and not to the ground. The relativity of motion is based on the realization that nowhere in the universe is there an absolute centre from which motion can be measured. A body has velocity relative to another body; and it will have different velocities simultaneously relative to two bodies which are in motion relative to each other. But this is not all. Extend the principle, as Einstein does, to shape and mass. If your familiar and seemingly constant yardstick in the corner were to whiz by you at half the speed of light, it would be only eighteen inches long with reference to another held in your hands. And it would have lost half its weight. We cannot, then, be sure of even the primary qualities of our environment.

The final fortress of our customary concept of Nature has been stormed and captured. We are not entirely averse to being persuaded that such sensations as color are relative to the observer, but that shape and mass should also be demands a thorough revision of what is generally spoken of as common sense. We are like a small boy watching a show from the second balcony. Even he soon becomes sophisticated. He sees the spotlight move and change color and realizes that things are not as they seem, that he is seeing what the producer wants him to see. Unfortunately there is no electrician to help us by slipping a blue gelatine screen over the sun, and the fields examined in our microscopes and telescopes represent only a small portion of our stage.

When he grows up, the boy learns that the heroine is not as beautiful as she seems to be, and unless he is incurably romantic he no longer falls in love with her. But we are still in love with Nature, and still believe in the central importance of the few details which we are privileged to have brought distortedly to our perception. We still believe that things are what they seem, that the electron and the spiral nebula represent approximately the limits of our universe. We forget that we are seeing through human eyes, and can see through no others. We forget that each atom may be a universe as complex as our own, and that our universe may be but an atom in another so gigantic that our imagination staggers in picturing it.

Nature is the product of ourselves and enjoys the same reality as the products of our religious thinking and our artistic endeavors. It is no more objective than they are and no more fundamental to our philosophies. Indeed, there are whole realms of human understanding to which it offers not even a clue. It is an interpretation, a system of ideas, developed for a definite purpose, and should be kept within the bounds of its usefulness.

(To be concluded)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

JAPANESE INCIDENT

NIGHT after night I heard it, and this night too — a high quiet moaning that seemed to drift in from the direction of the servants' quarters. During our earlier less tranquil years in Japan, every unexplained noise had given me the creeps, until little by little all that was strange and foreboding became at last familiar and friendly. Yet there would always be for me, apparently, another unknown.

One of my earliest terrors was an eerie midnight whistle, which shrieked of some weird temple rite fraught with sin and shame, whose only claim to human decency was its relentless regularity. At least they did it — whoever 'they' and whatever 'it' might be — each night at midnight. And then one morning my husband observed cheerily, 'Don't you love the macaroni man's whistle — that special one he blows for the midnight factory shifts?' Good heavens, was that horrid tootling only the noise of an honest tradesman, offering a bowl of hot macaroni to tired factory hands returning in the chilly night? Later one learned to listen for it, and venture out occasionally oneself for a midnight snack of savory noodles served from a friendly little shop on wheels.

Then there was that awful clacking in the night, not once, but just every now and then with disturbing irregularity. It began with one tremendous clack of wood on wood, which split all silence. Then a long pause, another clack, then a lesser pause, more and faster clacks, until it all died away in a frenzy of minor clackings, unaccountable and terrifying. And that turned out to be the night watchman casually scaring away any stray spooks that might precede him in his rounds.

And so I battled with those and other noises, quite too proud and scared and homesick to try to understand the strange new land we had come to live in. My husband, for whom the awesome Orient held few if any terrors, laughed me through many of mine. Yet there was always a new one.

The Japanese language itself had a sinister ring to it. The people always seemed to be

plotting something, with an occasional glance at me, instead of decently discussing the weather. And when I tried to talk to them their very deference was disarming. As I think back upon the dreadful jargon of pidgin English mixed with a few authentic Japanese words and a great deal of emotion with which I asserted myself to our first cook, I continually wonder what kept her from leaving the place.

One day, having just mastered the useful verb 'to eat,' I blithely bade her, 'Eat my baby every morning at eleven.' She bowed, and ever after that brought the baby's dinner promptly at eleven. My husband, who seemed to know all about Japanese verbs at scratch, heard me repeat the order one day, and he laughed much too loud and long. But the cook, smiling, apologized to him for me. 'The mistress really speaks excellent Japanese, considering her recent arrival in our country. Her skill surprises me.'

As the months slipped into years, the nerve-racking noises resolved themselves into a sort of accompaniment to life, the paradigm of the verb 'to eat' embraced all other verbs, at least in the same class. We did somehow manage to establish for ourselves a household in one of the loveliest old cities of the empire.

Gradually the strange and smelly world around me became simpler, and of a certain fragrance. New maids took the places of old ones, for whom marriages were continually being arranged. Fat lazy cooks took over the affairs of lean tidy ones, and we ate what they could cook until they learned to cook what we could eat. More babies blessed our family. More nursemaids came and went.

We had the professors and their quiet wives to tea, and were exquisitely entertained by them in return. College boys called on us at all hours of the day and night, and with them we exchanged Shakespeare, Brahms, and Emily Post for glimpses into a rare and beautiful tradition of living. We had the usual go at illness and worry, and misunderstanding and muddles; impatience with the wrong-side-out Japanese mind; amusement, short temper, regret, remorse, humility —

never quite finding the magic of Japan, never quite losing the urge to pursue it.

On this particular night the old priest had come to give me another lesson in the gentle art of flower arrangement. As his long, deft fingers composed the early spring branches into classic form, he mused half to himself and half to me: 'You see, the willow bends so, with the wind, even as a gracious lady meets each breath of happy or unhappy fortune, and, in so bending, never breaks.' How unlike the willow I had been that day, and what a day! The cook had produced a soggy cake, a cocky policeman had bossed me off a path reserved for royalty in the palace gardens, and one of the babies had come down with a queer-looking itch that might be practically anything. The new little nursemaid had looked so hurt when I scolded her for possible carelessness with the children.

The new little maid had come to us only a few weeks before to help with the babies. She had done her work well, so quietly that one hardly knew she was about. And she was from a Christian family. I smiled when she told me that, remembering the emphatic realism of the German professor's wife who said, 'No Christian servants for me! They always want too much time off for church.' But this child had asked for no time off, except to sew some gay little kimonos for the children.

She did seem to get along with the children, and we all liked her. Only, after all, how could one ever know what was going on about one, what thoughts these people really had of us, what influences were upon our children?

There was that strange high moaning sound again. What on earth could it be? True, the Japanese did often intone their meditations, but who could be meditating on what at this hour of the night, and every night? It reminded one of the strange enchantments of another world than this. After all these years of trying to get the hang of things, must there always be one more mystery to solve?

I asked my husband to listen. 'My dear,' he said, 'it's probably only one of the maids reading love poetry out loud. Cherry season is almost here again, you know. Can't we just leave this one noise unexplained, at least for to-night?'

'But it's late,' I argued, 'and they should all be properly asleep, spring or no spring.

And besides, it is n't just to-night's noise. I hear it almost every night.'

'Oh, all right,' he sighed; 'let me just finish this last translation, and we'll take a stroll ourselves and solve once and for all the last mystery of the Orient.'

And so we did go out together into the stillness of our own garden, following the soft intoning voice, which now came quite plainly from the room of the new little nursemaid. The cook's room was dark, and she was apparently properly asleep. But the paper-covered doors of the maid's room were slightly apart, because the night was warm, and a low light just illumined her small kneeling figure.

At first we could make out only the soft chanting tones of her voice, and then, as our ears and minds became more attuned, the gentle cadences resolved into words and meaning.

'And oh, Great Spirit of the Universe, and Father of us all,' she continued in exquisite and classic Japanese, 'bless thou these who have come from the great rice country beyond the seas to dwell in my humble land. Grant them patience and forbearance with the ways of my people, which yet often seem so strange to them. Quicken my own mind and heart that I may understand them better, that through my loving service they may find greater peace and happiness here. Comfort those whom they have left behind them, who wait faithfully for their return. Bless their little ones, whose golden hair is like unto the angels', and guard me from thought or word or deed unworthy of their innocence. And finally, O gracious fatherly Spirit, forgive us all our sins. Amen.'

TO SAM PEPYS, ESQ.

'OPEN your mind! We're friends!' the fool exclaims;

Smiling, the man of wit conceals his aims.

Though gay and friendly, courteous and kind,

He lets no man suspect what's in his mind;

Whets not the blade whose hilt another holds,
Leaves bragging on their conquests to cuckolds,

And worldly-wise, treats all the friends he knows

As men who may to-morrow be his foes.

CHARLES NORDHOFF

The Atlantic Serial

CHAPTERS 1-11

Men against Mountains

BY

OSCAR LEWIS



MEN AGAINST MOUNTAINS

By Oscar Lewis

The California epic of one dreamer and four Sacramento shopkeepers who carved out a transcontinental railroad. This is the story of the great Central Pacific, the fight of brains and brawn which men waged against the Sierras until the last golden spike welded together the United States.

THANKS to its sunshine, its seacoast, and its scenarios, California contains more living writers than any other state in the Union. Some come seeking for health and retirement; others for warmth and relaxation; many for the script writing for which Hollywood pays so temptingly. This army of authors is gathered from the four corners of the earth; only a few are native-born, and only a very few are aware of the literary gold that still lies undiscovered in the California hills.

Oscar Lewis was born in San Francisco in 1893 and wants no finer place to live. His first short stories appeared in print while he was still attending high school in Berkeley; with this encouragement he canceled his resolve to go to the University of California and, in his own words, "set up business as an author." During the next six years he published between 500 and 600 manuscripts, most of them in boys' magazines. Fortunately for his growing mind, the war slowed down his assembly line. From June 1917 to May 1919 he served in the Ambulance Corps in the United States and France. Again in 1922-1923 he managed to finance a year in Europe, writing

travel and political articles. But, save for these two distractions, California has held her own. Back in San Francisco, he became secretary of the Book Club of California, which publishes limited editions of books on California history and literature, fine printing, and the like. He has edited and written introductions to a dozen volumes, has contributed to the leading periodicals, and during the past decade has found time to write three books: *Hearn and His Biographers* (1930); *The Origin of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* (1931); *A History of San Francisco* (1932).

In 1933 Mr. Lewis set about gathering the materials for a book which in his own mind he called *The Big Four*, but which the *Atlantic* editors have rechristened *Men against Mountains*. Here is his account of what happened: "I had always thought the '70s and '80s a particularly colorful period in San Francisco's history and had mapped out a novel to be laid on Nob Hill. As I read of the period, however, I grew fascinated by the careers of the Huntington-Stanford group, and the result was that I decided to try to do their biographies instead. So the Nob Hill story is still in the future."

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MEN AGAINST MOUNTAINS

BY OSCAR LEWIS

I. JUDAH AND CROCKER

THEODORE DEHONE JUDAH died in 1863, at the age of thirty-seven years and eight months, and he was forgotten almost at once. He was never considered an entirely normal man and there were times when he was a trial to his pretty wife, who had been Anna Pierce, a belle of Greenfield, Massachusetts. Miss Pierce, daughter of a senior warden of the Greenfield Episcopal Church, had not been raised to be the wife of an eccentric man whose condition was complicated by a touch of genius.

During his lifetime the word 'fanatic' was not considered too strong to apply to him even by his friends. Men said: 'Here comes Crazy Judah!' But Crazy Judah was crazy only on the subject of a transcontinental railroad.

He was born on March 4, 1826, at Bridgeport, Connecticut. His father, an Episcopal minister, moved from Bridgeport to Troy, New York, where he presently died, and the boy Theodore gave up the expectation of a career in the navy — his brother Henry, later a brigadier general, was already at West Point. Theodore began the study of engineering at a local technical school. A railroad was being built from Troy to Schenectady, and Theodore stepped from the classroom into the practical business of construction. He continued to build railroads and to discuss railroads and to dream railroads as long as he lived.

When he was twenty-two, he lived in a cottage he had built for his bride at

the edge of the Niagara River, 'between the falls and Suspension Bridge . . . with a beautiful view of both the falls and the whirlpool rapids below.' He was then planning and building the Niagara Gorge Railroad, one of the engineering marvels of the '40s. Earlier, he had helped build bridges in Vermont, surveyed railroads in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and overseen the construction of a section of the Erie Canal. A few years later, in 1854, when he was at Buffalo building part of the present Erie system, an urgent telegram summoned him to New York.

In his absence his wife, who had moved twenty times in half a dozen years, wondered where the next jump would take them. On the afternoon of the third day a telegram informed her: 'Be home to-night; we sail for California April second.'

'You can imagine my consternation,' she wrote.

Judah was twenty-eight — studious, industrious, resourceful, opinionated, humorless, and extraordinarily competent. The New York message took him to the office of Governor Horatio Seymour, where he was introduced to C. L. Wilson, president of an unbuilt railroad that was expected some day to operate between Sacramento and a placer-mining district in the Sierra foothills. Wilson had come east to engage a chief engineer.

For once Judah was not enthusiastic. California was not unknown to him; a brother, Charles, had been practising

law in San Francisco's new Montgomery Block since 1850. His letters home told of the uncertainty and harshness of life on the far coast. Besides, the Atlantic states just then were a hive of railroad-building activity. This hard-working young man was already known in his profession, and progressively more important works were being thrust upon him. Nonetheless, the Westerner talked so well that two nights later Judah was pacing the parlor of his home in Buffalo, trying to awaken a spark of enthusiasm in his hesitant wife. 'Anna, I'm going to California to be the pioneer railroad engineer of the Pacific Coast!'

To her it seemed a journey full of unknown dangers, with a raw and probably barbarous land at its end, and three weeks were far too little time to shop and pack and say good-bye. Judah ignored these details. Once he had told her that she always wore the right pair of gaiters; she must continue to deserve the compliment.

They were deposited at last in San Francisco, with its brilliant sunshine and cold winds, alien and teeming and expensive. At Sacramento, Judah found that he was no longer practising a familiar profession in a country where railroads were already a commonplace. The screech of a locomotive was yet to be heard west of the Rockies. Not a length of rail had been laid. From Monterey to Shasta the Iron Horse meant excitement quite as much as transportation. In 1854, Californians believed in the economic value of railroads with a faith that had been entirely unshaken by experience. Railroad building was fast becoming a business in the East; here it remained sheer romance. Oil lamps burned late each evening in the upstairs office in the Hastings Building while new friends hung on the words of this intense, argumentative Easterner.

All discussions swung round to the most exciting possibility of all, to the railroad that would span the continent. Here was a project young Judah found

completely fascinating. He was a man bewitched and hypnotized, dazzled by the magnitude of the conception. Even before he had left the East, the possibility of spanning the continent with bands of railroad iron had been insistently present in his thoughts; it had remained close to the surface during the years while he was gaining experience and testing his capabilities on minor projects. 'He had always read, talked and studied the problem,' wrote Anna Judah years later. He had been ready to argue the feasibility of a Pacific railroad with anyone who would listen. During these early years his calm wife had borne the brunt of his monologues. One prophecy was repeated so often that thirty years later it remained in her memory: 'It will be built, and I'm going to have something to do with it.'

Not love of pioneering but the hope of gain had drawn many of his listeners from their normal settings. Mountain solitudes, raw mining camps, and valley towns formed an alien and unfriendly environment, and home was still the farm or store or office stool beyond the Mississippi. These were the ones who climbed the stairs at Second and J streets, nightly crowding the office of the Sacramento Valley Railroad to hear young Judah holding forth the promise of fast, easy, cheap communication with home.

II

There was little new about his promises. Others had been discussing a railroad to the Pacific before Judah was born. Since the discovery of gold, pledges to support the project had become stock planks in all political platforms from Maine to Sacramento. 'No candidate for Congress,' wrote California's veteran journalist 'Old Block' in 1869, 'could be popular unless he endorsed the Pacific Railroad.' In 1852 Congress authorized the Secretary of War to conduct surveys to locate 'the most economical and practical route for

a railroad to the Pacific from the Mississippi.' Resulting official reports were embodied in seven quarto volumes, as handsomely made as any ever to issue from the Government Printing Office.

'The Government,' wrote John C. Burch, a California Congressman and friend of Judah, 'had expended hundreds of thousands of dollars in explorations, and elaborate reports thereof had been made and published in immense volumes, containing beautiful and expensive engravings showing the most picturesque and wonderful scenery in the world on the route of the exploration; highly colored pictures of the topography, accompanied by exact representations of the animals, birds, fishes, reptiles, shrubs and flowers found on the route . . . yet all this did not demonstrate the practicability of a route, nor show the surveys, elevations, profiles, grades or estimates of the cost of constructing the road over the route finally adopted.'

These handsome but useless volumes were not yet published when Judah reached California. He arrived in mid-May 1854, and on May 30 his report and preliminary survey for the proposed Sacramento Valley line were in the hands of his employers. His estimate of the business of the road — a matter difficult to compute in a country without railroads — had been arrived at by placing men on wagon roads paralleling the proposed route. Day and night for a week they kept count of the number of passengers on stages and estimated the tonnage of the freight-carrying wagon trains. Judah considered the prospects uncommonly good: 'With such a road and such a business, it is difficult to conceive of a more profitable undertaking.' Events proved that any number of more profitable undertakings might have been conceived, but this engineer was an optimist born.

Soon the optimist formed a friendship with the editor of the *Sacramento Union*, then the great journal of the Coast.

Through its columns he was able to pursue his obsession before vastly larger audiences. Each step in the progress of the twenty-one-mile road was religiously recorded in the pages of the *Union*. By the middle of February 1855, a hundred men were grading the roadbed, and the clipper ship *Wingèd Racer* was completing a five months' run to the Golden Gate with the first cargo of iron rails ever to round the Horn. Two weeks later the *Union* contained this item: 'On yesterday was exhibited to us by Mr. Judah a handsome ring, manufactured from gold found in the direct line of the railroad now in construction between this city and Negro Bar.' Inside its band was a legend: 'Sacramento Valley Railroad, March 4, 1855. First gold ever taken from earth in making Railroad bank.' March 4 was Judah's birthday. He was twenty-nine; he had eight years to live.

Five months later officials of the new line — Judah, Morse, Carroll, and Robinson — bent in unison and lifted a handcar on to the newly laid track. The car was pushed a hundred yards before they descended, first to travel on a Pacific Coast railroad. A few days later, crowds of loafers congregated on the Sacramento levee while winches strained to lift a fifteen-ton locomotive from the deck of a river boat. On August 19 a delegation of San Franciscans, crowded on two tiny flatcars and half-suffocated by clouds of dust from the unballasted roadbed, were drawn to the head of construction fifteen miles away. The next year, on Washington's Birthday, an excursion and grand ball celebrated the completion of the road.

This seemed the auspicious dawn of railroad building on the Coast. The line to Folsom cut a day from the long haul between Sacramento and the mines. Passenger stages and freight trains shifted their western termini. Another of California's mushroom towns miraculously appeared at the railhead. Within a few weeks passengers arriving by train

from Sacramento confronted a battalion of twenty-one stages drawn up on the muddy main street, each soon to careen off on as many routes, some bound for villages in the neighboring foothills, others to follow fantastic roads into the mountain canyons, and still others, the aristocrats of the assemblage, to pass over the distant crest of the Sierra on the long ordeal of the Overland Trail.

But hard times, long in eclipse, returned. Receipts from the placer mines fell off, and the population of the canyon towns diminished alarmingly. The Sacramento Valley Railroad became merely a feeble strip of iron that meandered eastward from Sacramento.

But Judah's mind visualized a larger picture. Every length of rail projected became in his secret hope a unit in the road that was to link the oceans. He was hired to run a preliminary line for a railroad someone hoped to build from Sacramento to Benicia, a growing village on the upper bay. He began his report — and was presently harping on his major enthusiasm: 'There is still another light in which your Road may be viewed.' Readers knew what was coming. 'It is in connection with the great Pacific Railroad. . . .' A little later, inevitably: 'Your Road will be a grand avenue of approach to the metropolis of the Pacific.'

A few months later he was engaged to explore the passes of the Sierra to locate a feasible route for a new wagon road to the growing silver towns of Nevada. Again it was Pacific Railroad and not the job at hand that held his attention during the summer in the mountains. He returned fired with enthusiasm for what he conceived to be a practical passage for the iron rails, and his obliging friend of the *Union* published glowing descriptions of the Dutch Flat route. His employers, who did not share his railroad obsession, looked elsewhere for a man to locate their wagon road. Judah was unconcerned. Of what consequence were wagon roads?

Of course, it was never a question of convincing Californians of the desirability of a railroad to the East. Judah's problem was to persuade them that the thing was possible, to crystallize a demand for a start. To this task he set himself with such singleness of purpose as to arouse perfectly sincere doubts of his sanity. But those who called the enthusiast 'Crazy Judah' overlooked the fact that he was also a gifted and experienced engineer.

Tireless harping on his single theme slowly strengthened his position and widened his following. After four years talk began to be accompanied by action.

III

The scene shifted to San Francisco. An even hundred delegates met in the town's largest hall on September 20 for the Pacific Railroad Convention of 1859.

Judah, a delegate from Sacramento, was tirelessly active, presenting resolutions, arguing routes, lining up support of this and opposition to that, writing long, heated letters to the press. The convention sifted ten years of discussion into a definite statement of what the Coast would do toward the construction of a railroad to the East, and what it expected in the way of help from the Federal Government. The first necessity was to get its recommendations before Congress. On October 11, Judah was entrusted with the task. He waited nine impatient days before the *Sonora* sailed.

While the ship was still in the bay, he was introduced to a fellow passenger, also Washington bound: Congressman-elect John C. Burch. Recalling the meeting, Burch later wrote: 'Our introduction was immediately followed by a statement to me in detail of the objects and purposes of his mission.' One can believe it; detailed statements of his objects and purposes were Judah's stock in trade. 'I have always had to pit my brains and will against other

men's money,' he once told his patient wife. Of course he won the embryo Congressman over to his views. The two became, in the latter's words, 'immediate and intimate friends.'

Like others, Burch found the engineer a singularly well-posted madman. 'On the various provisions of a proper bill to invite the introduction of capital into the work,' stated Burch, 'and, in short, on every conceivable point he was armed with arguments, facts and figures, and so thoroughly that all questions of political economy involved were of easy solution to his mind.'

The voluble engineer became a familiar figure on Washington streets and in committee rooms. Here the story was new, and he repeated it to members of the House and Senate, editors and newspaper correspondents, cabinet members and heads of departments, even to seventy-year-old James Buchanan in the White House. 'His knowledge of his subject was so thorough,' continued Burch, 'his manners so gentle and insinuating, his conversation on the subject so entertaining, that few resisted his appeals.'

One of those who lent a willing ear to Judah's eloquence was John A. Logan, Congressman from Illinois and chairman of the House committee on contingent expenses. Through Logan's influence he was granted the use of a room in the Capitol. There Judah established the Pacific Railroad Museum, drawing on the archives of the various departments for maps, surveys, reports, to explain, illustrate, and dramatize the necessity for a transcontinental railroad.

As dispenser of information the engineer proved a success. But attempts to get a Pacific Railroad bill before Congress were blocked, for that body had a larger problem on its hands. Like everything unrelated to slavery, his bill was shoved ahead to the next session. Regretfully Judah wrote a report to the San Francisco convention and appended his expense account:—

For printing bill and circular in New York	\$20.00
" " " " " Washington	20.00
	\$40.00

Failure at Washington dimmed his enthusiasm only temporarily. On the return west his conversation centred on the mountain survey. In the hot state-room his wife listened. Nearly thirty years later she wrote: 'Oh how we used to talk it all over and over on the steamer en route to California in July.' The boat docked at San Francisco and Judah set off at once on the trail of fresh facts. A friend accompanied him. 'No one knew what they were doing,' wrote Mrs. Judah. 'The "engineer" was in the mountains.'

The engineer and his companion stayed in the high Sierras so long that winter surprised them and they had to fight their way down snowy canyons to the lowlands. Back at the foothill town of Dutch Flat, Judah's enthusiasm soared to new heights: he had found a feasible route over the mountains. On the counter of Dr. Strong's drug store he triumphantly checked over his field notes and profiles. Then he spread out a fresh sheet of paper and wrote the Articles of Association of the Central Pacific Railroad of California. At the bottom of the sheet he and Strong signed for more stock than they could afford. Next day the paper was circulated among the solvent citizens of Dutch Flat.

California law required that capital stock in the amount of \$1000 for each mile of railroad must be subscribed before the company could be incorporated. Distance from Sacramento to the state line was estimated at 115 miles. In three days Dutch Flat and a few neighboring villages had pledged \$46,500. Judah set off to raise the balance in Sacramento and San Francisco. A week later Strong received a letter from San Francisco. 'I have struck a lucky streak, and shall fill up the list without further trouble. I have got one of the richest concerns in California into it.'

A meeting of capitalists was arranged. Judah's wife waited in their hotel room. 'On his return from the meeting his words to me were these: "Anna, if you want to see your friends in the morning you must pack your bag and trot around to see them, for I am going up to Sacramento on the boat to-morrow afternoon. Remember what I say to you to-night, so you can tell me sometime: not two years will go over the heads of these gentlemen . . . but they will give up all they hope to have from their present enterprises to have what they put away to-night!"' It was the prophecy of an angry and disappointed man, yet it proved true in every detail.

The next boat carried the pair up the river to Sacramento. He started his campaign over again: more conferences, finally a meeting in the St. Charles Hotel on K Street, poorly attended; a second meeting with fewer still, this time in a room above a hardware store.

It was not a promising setting in which to launch the greatest engineering enterprise ever projected in the West. In the room were Dr. Strong, the Dutch Flat druggist; a surveyor named Leete; James Bailey, a Sacramento jeweler; two railroad promoters, brothers named Robinson; Lucius A. Booth; and Cornelius Cole, who became a United States Senator. After half a century he would look back and write a time-fogged account of the meeting.

Four others were present. One was a wholesale grocer with a liking for politics — Leland Stanford. Another was Charles Crocker, who dealt in dry goods. The other two were the hosts of the evening, proprietors of the hardware store downstairs. One was a tall, frail man of nearly fifty, Mark Hopkins; the other, broader, solidly built, and ten years younger, was Collis P. Huntington. A druggist, a jeweler, a lawyer, the owner of a dry-goods store, two hardware merchants: this hardly seemed promising timber to carry out the vast scheme Judah had envisioned. Nor did

the four storekeepers seem likely founders of dynasties of wealth so impressive that a lifetime later their names would continue to command deference throughout the West.

Judah accomplished that evening what he had failed to do in San Francisco. He was now dealing, not with metropolitan capitalists, but with a group of shopkeepers in a town of moderate size. Sacramento had been his headquarters for nearly six years. Prudently he clipped the wings of his plan. What he proposed was no fantastic scheme for a railroad across the continent. Deliberately he reduced his conception to easy comprehension of the men whose money he needed.

Judah eliminated from his plan all but the local features. He told them what they as merchants most wanted to know: how to sell more goods, expand their businesses, and stifle competition. 'Help me,' he asked, 'to run my survey over the mountains. With this we can get government support for the company — and you can control the company. If you get control of the traffic to the Nevada mines, you, and you alone, will control that market. Why, you can have a *wagon road* if not a railroad.'

IV

Control of trade with the new towns beyond the Sierra was a possibility his listeners found pleasant to contemplate. Nevada's decade of reckless buying was already under way. Discovery of the silver bonanzas had sent the mining fever to heights unknown since the early '50s. This time the horde passed the Sierra, penetrating thousands of waterless canyons from Tahoe to the edge of Salt Lake. Reports of startling discoveries seeped back daily to California.

A tremendous volume of freight, moving at extremely high rates, presently began to leave Sacramento and crawl along snake-like roads over the lofty hump of the Sierra. The mines proved

shockingly rich; dividends of leading companies soon reached a million a month. Equipment and supplies were ordered recklessly at prices that taxed credulity, and were paid for promptly, in bright, newly minted silver.

Prospect of gaining control of this market received close attention from Judah's group of merchants. Would his listeners subscribe for enough additional stock to allow the company to incorporate? Several of the men who were present later put on paper accounts of what had happened — for this gathering above the hardware store at 54 K Street presently became historic. 'I think everyone present,' wrote Cornelius Cole, '... agreed to take stock in the concern. Several subscribed for fifty shares each, but no one for more than that. I took fifteen shares . . . and subsequently acquired ten more.' This is inaccurate in one detail; not everyone present agreed to take shares. Nevertheless, the minimum required was reached that night, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California became a reality soon after.

C. P. Huntington recorded his version. He told of Judah's appeal for subscriptions and of the response of the others. He added: 'I did not give anything. When the meeting was about to break up, one or two said to me: "Huntington, you are the man to give to this enterprise."' But, as always, Huntington had plans of his own. 'I told Mr. Judah as I left: "If you want to come to my office some evening, I will talk to you about this railroad."'

Judah was at his office the following evening. Judah talked and Huntington weighed the possibilities. A subscription for a few shares of stock, on which only a 10 per cent deposit was required, could always be dropped if the government failed to be liberal in subsidies. The engineer knew the ropes at Washington — he seemed confident that adequate help would be forthcoming. Huntington knew how to look ahead. If the road

should be built, it would be unpleasant to have it controlled by his competitors.

He decided to go in — cautiously. 'I told him I would furnish six men that would pay for a thorough instrumental survey across the mountains . . . I did not expect to do it myself altogether.' The six were himself, his partner Hopkins, Stanford, James Bailey, Charles Crocker, and Lucius Booth, all Sacramento merchants with goods to sell beyond the mountains. They subscribed for only 800 of the 85,000 shares, but when the company was incorporated their interests were protected. Stanford became president, Huntington vice president, Bailey secretary, and Hopkins treasurer. The remaining two became members of the board of directors.

Judah, for the moment, was content. He directed another jubilant monologue at his wife: 'If you want to see the first work done on the Pacific Railroad, look out of your bedroom window; I am going to work there this afternoon, and I am going to have these men pay for it.' Her reply was characteristic of the wives of enthusiasts: 'It's about time somebody else helped.'

Work commenced that afternoon. Judah and a few helpers ran their lines down the muddy street under the eyes of skeptical spectators. By early summer the survey had crossed the foothills to the base of the mountains.

To the railroad engineer of the early '60s the Sierra Nevada offered an unprecedented problem. The western slope of the mountains is rugged in the extreme; the rise from base to summit, a matter of seven thousand feet, is made in less than twenty miles. In his preliminary report, the optimist did not minimize the problems presented by the towering barrier of the Sierra. He listed the chief obstacles: abrupt rise, deep canyons, difficulty of running cuts and tunnels through miles of solid granite on the upper ridges, winter snowfalls that sometimes reached thirty feet. This initial survey came to be recognized as a

technical accomplishment of high order. With minor changes, the road was built along that route, which remains to this day the most practical crossing of the Sierra Nevada.

It was necessary for Judah to draw a rosy picture. From his 'Summary of the Prominent Features of the Line,' a few typical sentences are quoted: 'It crosses no deep river canyons or gorges. The longest tunnel will not exceed 1350 feet. . . . It commands, and will perform, the entire business of Nevada Territory, Washoe, and the silver mineral region. It will also command the business of the newly discovered Humboldt mineral district, Pyramid Lake, Esmeralda, and Mono mineral districts. Reduces the time of passenger transit to and from the Washoe (centre of the greatest mines) to 8½ hours.' Citizens of the mining region would save a million dollars a year on their freight bills; low-grade ore heaped uselessly about three thousand tunnel heads could profitably be shipped to Europe for reduction. The list ended with the major theme: 'The line over the mountains,' he wrote, 'completes the first Western link of the Pacific Railroad, overcoming its greatest difficulties.'

Copies of this and of subsequent reports may be found in many collections of Western railroad material, the pamphlets inscribed 'Respects of T. D. Judah,' in the engineer's slanting hand. Examination reveals persistent optimism. The staking out of a mining claim anywhere near the projected railroad became in his mind a city of thousands, its inhabitants eager to do business with the road. When the company came into possession of large timberlands, his nimble pencil came into play:—

The fact cannot be controverted that your Company possesses . . . timberland which will, by the construction of your road through it, become . . . largely enhanced in value; and if we allow that 300,000 acres, or two-thirds of this land, contains only *ten trees per acre*, from which can be cut six

logs twelve feet long per tree, averaging twenty-four inches square, this gives 3400 feet board measure per tree, and the total quantity amounts to ten thousand million feet of lumber, which delivered at Sacramento at, say, \$15 per thousand, amounts to one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. . . .

Again:—

Allowing 500,000 acres . . . to yield fifty cords per acre (a very low estimate) and it amounts to twenty-five million cords of wood, which, if delivered at Sacramento at \$6 per cord, would amount to 150 millions of dollars, and pay the road about 100 millions of dollars freight. . . .

Such fantasies were helpful in keeping up the courage of the stockholders, but in 1860 the main obstacle had still to be overcome. Six years of unremitting work had impaired Judah's health and wrecked his finances. But a beginning had been made, and he was content.

Not one man in fifty believed that the road controlled by the Sacramento group would ever lay rails over the mountains. Too many projects had been begun and forgotten in a few months. This costly line over the mountains could be financed only with government help, and that seemed remote.

Appeals to the national government for aid in constructing a transcontinental railroad had been made to Congress for over a decade. No action had been taken, and none was likely to be taken, for the Pacific Railroad had become inseparably a part of the slavery question. A northern route won the antagonism of every Congressman and Senator from south of the Potomac; mention of a southern line caused Northerners to unite in opposition. In the beginning of the '60s there seemed no possibility of breaking the deadlock.

To attempt this feat Judah sailed again for Washington. His wife as usual 'had the right gaiters on' and went along with him. They parted at New York, she returning to her family at Greenfield while the engineer went on to Washington.

The temper of Congress had changed. On April 12, guns had blazed at Sumter, and location of a route for the Pacific Railroad ceased to be a sectional question. Judah reached the capital three months after Bull Run, and when Washington had at length realized that it had more than a ninety-day war on its hands. For the first time a railroad to the Pacific Coast could be debated without becoming involved with slavery.

Judah and his associates recognized that events gave them a matchless opportunity. What had been the rashest of gambles was transformed into a conservative enterprise. Arguments were overhauled, strategy simplified. The railroad, it was explained, would help hold California and Nevada Territory in the Union, and California and Nevada were producing in volume two war necessities: gold and silver.

Judah had taken passage from San Francisco on the same boat with Aaron Sargent, newly elected California Congressman. Sargent agreed to sponsor the Pacific Railroad bill in the House. During a debate on an unrelated matter, the new member mildly astonished the House by obtaining the floor and delivering a lengthy speech on the railroad bill. The chairman disposed of the interruption by appointing a subcommittee to consider the matter, and the House resumed its regular business. A similar committee had already been appointed by the Senate.

Judah, no longer an amateur in Washington politics, had been pulling wires to such advantage that he was appointed secretary of the Senate committee. Sargent then made him clerk of the House subcommittee, and he presently consolidated his position by becoming clerk of the main House committee on railroads. This gave him a voice in all committee hearings, as well as the privilege of the floor in the House. Documents and records of all three committees were in his keeping. For a man whose one desire was passage of a bill

which he had helped write, it is hard to picture a more satisfactory arrangement. Whatever may be said for the ethics of such appointments, the bill would never have come to a vote that session if Judah had remained on the outside.

Debate was prolonged and opposition strong in both the House and the Senate. It was not until midsummer of 1862 that the bill was eventually passed and, on July 1, received President Lincoln's signature.

A message sped west over the recently strung wires of the Pacific Telegraph: —

We have drawn the elephant. Now let us see if we can harness him up.

V

What was this elephant Judah had drawn? The bill designated two companies to build and operate a railroad between Sacramento and the Missouri River. In federal aid it granted a strip of land for right-of-way and ten alternate sections per mile of public domain on both sides of the line. Further, it provided for a government loan to the companies, in the form of thirty-year bonds at 6 per cent interest, in amounts ranging from \$16,000 to \$48,000 per mile, depending on the terrain.

The elephant was a full-grown, adult beast, even a giant. A gambler's chance became overnight a sure thing, a legitimate enterprise of limitless possibilities.

Judah resigned from his Congressional committees, closed the museum, and caught the first steamer. In Sacramento again, his wife observed that the engineer's standing with substantial citizens seemed higher than it had been a few months before. Crazy Judah, sponsor of a fantastic scheme, passed from mind. He had become chief engineer of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, which was already gathering unto itself enormous prestige. Acquaintances no longer turned down convenient alleys at his approach. It became unnecessary for his wife to warn him against wasting

his thunder on small-town capitalists. The story of how he had got himself appointed to the railroad committees in Washington — shrewdness of a type then particularly admired — enhanced his popularity by demonstrating that the dreamer had a practical side. Citizens on the Coast read with respect his latest reports.

Before the year was out, the Charles Crocker Company received a contract to grade the first thirty-two miles of road-bed. On January 8, 1863 a throng, no longer skeptical, followed lines of flag-draped carriages through Sacramento's streets to the levee. Crocker, red-faced and jovial, called the crowd to order. Leland Stanford, Governor and president of the company, delivered an address in which he predicted that his listeners would presently observe passing through Sacramento 'the busy denizens of two hemispheres, in their constant travel over the great highway of nations.' After six more speeches, Stanford lifted a shovelful of damp earth and tossed it into the bed of a flag-draped wagon. The crowd cheered. The band played its loudest. Crocker called for nine rousing cheers, and added that a pile driver was already working near by on the foundations of the American River bridge.

Judah made no speech. He had been talking for eight years. As he well knew, seven speeches and a shovelful of earth do not build a transcontinental railroad. But if he looked forward to devoting himself unhampered to construction, he was soon disillusioned.

By the terms of the Railroad Act, government bonds were not available until after the first forty miles had been completed. To raise capital for this initial unit, Huntington went east to sell stock, and Stanford induced the state and a number of counties and cities to make substantial subscriptions. With financial prospects brightening, Judah prepared to spend money judiciously.

This failed to work, for he and the Sacramento group regarded these first

forty miles of road from different points of view. The engineer saw them as the western end of the longest and most important railroad ever built. Huntington and his three associates considered them merely a hurdle to be surmounted before government subsidy became available. Judah wished to build rapidly but well; the others also wanted speed, but they wished to shave costs in every possible way. The engineer saw the traffic of America and the Orient passing over the line for generations. The four speculators were looking only toward the moment when rails would be laid far enough into the foothills to enable them to underbid competition for the freight and passenger business with Nevada Territory.

Here was another skirmish in the traditional battle between builder and speculator; between men whose aim was to create and those whose purpose was to make as large a profit as possible as quickly as possible. In California circumstances had conspired to sharpen the contest. Business on the Coast was speculative to a degree unknown in older communities. Prices changed so rapidly that a few days, even a few hours, often meant the difference between a large profit and a heavy loss. Quick turnover for quick profit stood as the cardinal rule of business. No local business man was interested in a conservative, long-term investment. But Judah looked to the future, not the immediate present. With luck, he argued, the road would be opened to through traffic in five years. The Sacramento group smiled. To wait five years, or one year, before profits would begin to flow violated common sense.

From the beginning others on the Coast suspected the intentions of the Sacramento four. Nothing in their records encouraged the hope that they might be seriously embarking on a semi-public enterprise. Shrewdness and well-developed trading sense were the qualities that had characterized them in

the past; the claim that they had abruptly become men of constructive imagination aroused skepticism. In San Francisco the contention that the four were actually planning to build the western half of the great Pacific Railroad was not taken seriously. There must be some catch in it.

The conviction grew that Huntington and his partners were planning a roadbed over the mountains for other purposes than those announced. Predictions were made that rails would never be laid beyond Dutch Flat; that the famous route over the Sierra would remain a mere wagon road, by which the four would control California-Nevada traffic. Judah's difficulties with the directors lent point to the theory, notably their opposition to extending the survey beyond the California line, a matter that needed early attention if the road was to be finished within the time specified by Congress. Suspicion flared into scandal. Many newspapers, originally favorable to the project, became hostile. Those who had subscribed for stock began to ask if they had been tricked. Public confidence which Judah had been building for years slipped rapidly away. In the minds of thousands the Central Pacific became 'the Dutch Flat Swindle.' The engineer shared with other officials the resentment of a disappointed public.

The situation did not promote confidence within the company. The four merchants were by now in virtual control; Marsh and Strong, two of the original directors, had retired. But Judah held on, waging counterwarfare.

As the man mainly responsible for the company's existence, and its only trained engineer, Judah insisted that his be the deciding voice in all construction matters. This the four refused to concede. Since they were investing their money in the speculation they argued that their control must extend to every aspect of the work. For a time Stanford gave the engineer tentative support. But when Huntington returned to the Coast,

Stanford shifted, and Judah wrote to Dr. Strong that the four were again opposing him as a unit.

I had a blowout about two weeks ago and freed my mind, so much so that I looked for instant decapitation. I called things by their right name and invited war; but counsel of peace prevailed and my head is still on; my hands are tied, however. We have no meetings of the board nowadays; except the regular monthly meeting, which, however, was not had this month; but there have been any quantity of private conferences to which I have not been invited.

The four tried to bring the rebel to terms by demanding payment in cash for the initial 10 per cent deposit on Judah's stock. The engineer contended it had previously been agreed that his organizing services would be counted as payment. The group disregarded his recommendations, made decisions affecting construction without consulting him, and indicated that he was to have no further voice in the management.

'I cannot tell you,' Judah wrote Dr. Strong in the letter quoted above, 'all that is going on . . . suffice it to say that I have had a pretty hard row to hoe.' He was forced to give way, but he gave way slowly, and managed to deliver some telling blows. The resourceful four had already hit on the money-making device that was soon to make them multimillionaires. The plan was simple: control of the company gave them power to grant contracts for construction. Rather than let profits from construction go to other contractors, they organized a construction company of their own, independent of the railroad. As directors of the Central Pacific they awarded contracts to themselves as railroad builders, on terms assuring large profits. When the contract for the first section of the road was awarded to a newly formed company nominally headed by Charles Crocker, Judah fought the move to such good effect that he was able to inform Dr. Strong: 'I have had a big row and fight on the con-

tract question, and although I had to fight alone, carried my point and prevented a certain gentleman from becoming a further contractor on the Central Pacific Railroad at present.'

On another occasion Judah was able to put a temporary check on the group's growing talent for reaping extra profits. By the terms of the federal act the subsidy was to be increased from \$16,000 per mile in the valley to \$32,000 in the foothills. As a commentator expressed it at the time, the four undertook the Herculean task of 'moving the foothills down into the middle of the valley.' Judah was asked to join others in stating that the foothills began many miles distant from the spot where in his opinion they actually did begin. His refusal ended the possibility of further friendly relations with the Sacramento financiers.

Judah went. The exact terms under which he withdrew are not known, but it appears that he was offered, and accepted, \$100,000 for his share, and received options to purchase the interests of the other four for the same amount each. With his options, the engineer started for New York, certain he could find men who would take them up. There are indications that he had intended approaching the Vanderbilt group then planning to increase its interests on the Pacific Coast. Years later Judah's widow wrote: 'He had secured the right and had the power to buy out the men opposed to him and the true interests of the Pacific Railroad at that time. Everything was arranged for a meeting in New York City on his arrival. Gentlemen from New York and Boston were ready to take their places.'

Before the steamer left its San Francisco dock, Judah wrote a final letter to Strong: —

I have a feeling of relief in being away from the scenes of contention and strife which it has been my lot to experience for the past year, and to know that the responsibilities of events, so far as regards the Pacific

Railroad, do not rest on my shoulders. If the parties who now manage hold the same opinion three months hence that they do now, there will be a radical change in the management of the Pacific Railroad, and it will pass into the hands of men of experience and capital. If they do not, they may hold the reins for a while, but they will rue the day that they ever embarked in the Pacific Railroad.

If they treat me well they may expect a similar treatment at my hands. If not, I am able to play my hand.

If I succeed in inducing the parties I expect to see to return with me to California, I shall likely return the latter part of December.

The *St. Louis* sailed in early October, 1863. Judah's last word to Sacramento was a prediction of radical change in the management of the company. At Panama he encountered adversaries more inexorable than the four he had left behind. Yellow fever, contracted at the Isthmus, struck him down. His wife watched over him during the eight delirious days. His case was hopeless when he was carried from the steamer at New York. He lived a week longer, to die on November 2, 1863, four months before his thirty-eighth birthday.

The engineer's body was shipped to Greenfield for burial. Anna Judah lived on quietly in her native Massachusetts town. On the day in 1869 when the road was completed, which chanced to be her wedding anniversary, she denied herself to callers, determined to have no part in a celebration in which praise was heaped on the Sacramento four and few recalled to whom credit for the road's inception was due. But she remained moderate in her judgment of her husband's ex-partners. In later years she could be aroused to something approaching resentment only when she read statements that Judah had resigned from the enterprise. She wished it understood that the engineer had died in the belief that he was to return and push the line through to completion.

There is no record, however, that she ever reproached the partners for their failure to perpetuate his memory, even



"I'm so glad that you were examined, Tim. It's fine to know that your lungs are all right and that it's nothing worse than a run-down condition."

Tuberculosis—undiscovered is a constant danger

IN its early stages—and sometimes even when more advanced—tuberculosis may be totally unsuspected. Many older persons who really have tuberculosis think they suffer from nothing worse than a persistent "cough," "husky throat," "asthma," or a run-down condition. They do not realize that they may unknowingly spread the germs of tuberculosis among the people with whom they mingle freely. Children are in special danger.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary, but it is contagious and is communicated from one person to another. There is only one way to contract tuberculosis and that is through infection, directly or indirectly, from another case. That is why it is important to discover tuberculosis if it exists within the circle of a family—including the servants.

Has any member of your household one or more of the most frequent first symptoms of tuberculosis? These are—loss of weight without apparent reason—a cough that hangs on—fatigue: an unexplained feeling of tiredness, weakness, listlessness—pains in the chest. If anyone in your home has any of these symptoms, consult your doctor at once. Should he advise tuberculin tests or X-ray

chest examinations, don't wait. Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.

Not all the people in the first stages of tuberculosis show the early symptoms. This is especially true of younger persons. More than one-fourth of them reveal no symptoms until the disease has made unmistakable progress. Physical examinations occasionally lead the doctor to suspect the presence of early tuberculosis. If there is any doubt, X-ray pictures will tell whether or not the suspicion is correct.

Tuberculosis, in its first stages, can usually be stopped with proper treatment. Even in more advanced stages, with the aid of modern methods, thousands of persons are now being restored to health.

You can do a great deal to keep tuberculosis from being a problem in your own home. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Tuberculosis." It tells about methods of guarding your family against this disease which still causes about 65,000 deaths a year in the United States—more of them between the ages of 15 and 45 than from any other disease. Address Booklet Department 438-T.



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to the extent of naming a crossroads station after him. But even her generosity had limits. The millions reaped from the enterprise presently gave the wives of the four partners great social prestige. Mrs. Judah once reminded a Sacramento acquaintance that she enjoyed none of the perquisites of a 'Railroad Queen' — that she was merely the widow of the man who had made the 'Railroad Kings' possible.

In the dead man's place, the four appointed a chief engineer less critical of their methods. The directors passed a resolution of sympathy for the widow. For many years this remained the corporation's only mark of recognition of Judah's services. When at length a new station was erected at Sacramento, a bust of the engineer was set up in the plaza before the structure, with funds raised by Southern Pacific employees. The Judah bust was unveiled more than sixty years after its subject's death.

VI

In exasperation Huntington once remarked that Stanford's share in building the railroad consisted in turning the first shovelful of earth and driving the last spike. Stanford, on the other hand, was convinced that his political influence and personal popularity were responsible for the success of the enterprise. Uncle Mark Hopkins, close-mouthed and cautious, seldom stated his opinions, but he regarded himself as the balance wheel that enabled the machine to function. Two of the four, Huntington and Stanford, definitely claimed credit for creating the railroad, and Hopkins in one or two oblique references indicated that the honor belonged to him. 'Charley' Crocker never bothered to argue the point. He merely stated: 'I built the Central Pacific' — and let it go at that.

He normally weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds. Like most large men he had periods of extreme activity, and other periods when he refused to

move at all. Crocker's spells of lethargy were not frequent, but they were sometimes inconveniently prolonged. Years after the event, one of Superintendent Strobbridge's riding bosses recalled an incident in the epic race up the Humboldt Valley, when the Central Pacific construction crews, five thousand strong, were straining to wrest as many miles as possible from the Union Pacific. Cocky and noisy, Crocker had been storming up and down the line for weeks, bellowing, in his own words, 'like a bull,' his large face caked with sweat and alkali dust, his sorrel mare covered with lather. Then he vanished. Foremen, waiting for orders, found him in his car at the railhead, his Chinese servant waving a palm-leaf over his master. Crocker refused to get up, refused to issue orders, approve requisitions, or sign dispatches. Toward the middle of the next afternoon he reappeared, active, loud, and profane as ever.

Though boastful, stubborn, tactless, vain, he was commendably lacking in the quality then described as low cunning. At a banquet celebrating the completion, in 1876, of the Southern Pacific's branch to Los Angeles, he slouched in his chair while his obsequious shadow, Dave Colton, told two hundred guests that 'no man living or dead had superintended the construction of so many miles of railroad on the face of the earth as Charley Crocker.' Crocker rose ponderously to say that all his life he had been a doer, not a talker. Among the railroad's officials, he continued, were some whose talents definitely ran to talking — whereupon he introduced Stanford. The latter stood up, glared indignantly at Crocker, and made one of the worst speeches of his career.

Modesty, like diplomacy, was never Crocker's outstanding characteristic, but few accused him of giving himself airs. Men with requests they would never have taken to Huntington or Stanford buttonholed him on the street or in the lobby or bar of the Palace Hotel. He



How Big Are Corporation Profits?

CORPORATIONS are supposed by some people to make large and even exorbitant profits.

But Treasury Department figures indicate that the return on the net worth of all the 500,000 corporations reporting for tax purposes averaged only 2.07% annually from 1925 through 1935. Even in the prosperous years 1928-1929, the average return was less than 6%. For the depression period 1930-1935 the corporate system as a whole lost 8 billions more than it made. In the best year of the 1930-1935 period the average rate of earnings was below 1%.

Leading corporations in certain industries may be able in good years to do very well, but such good fortune merely offsets the unfavorable years that companies in any industry inevitably encounter. For every dollar of profit that was made by one corporation in the period 1925-1935, some other corporation lost 58 cents.

But how big are the profits of conspicuously successful corporations? In a recent study by the Twentieth Century Fund, figures are given on 40 industrial companies considered outstanding with respect to size and profits for the period 1919-1934.

In no year of that sixteen-year period did the average earnings of these 40 companies exceed 12.4% on total capitalization. The average annual profit for the entire period was only 8½%, and in one year the average profit was 1.4%. From this same study it also appeared that the size of a corporation was no index to earning capacity, and that the best earnings were obtained in fields of active competition.

The return on capital should not be judged by the profits of exceptional companies in especially good years, but by the average results for all corporations over a period of years.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

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complained that he had to listen to more cranks than any other man in California.

By temperament he was unfitted for confining work. Sitting behind a desk was a torture to which he consistently refused to submit. Those who wished to find him knew the futility of looking in his office at Fourth and Townsend streets. 'I'm at my desk twelve hours every day of the week,' Huntington used to admonish his partners on trips out from the East. Crocker listened blandly, and did nothing. There were periods when he did not put in twelve hours a month. 'His feet,' wrote a San Francisco editor, 'are more often on his desk than under it.' Questioned later on financial or administrative details, Crocker had a stock reply: 'I knew nothing about that. I was building the road.'

After the Central Pacific was completed, the prospect of an administrative job so depressed him that he insisted on selling out. After a few months of wandering over Europe he was back in San Francisco, willing to return to harness. He resumed his title of first vice president, put on weight, and spent the next fifteen years in a more than moderately successful attempt to avoid becoming a slave to his job. Much of his time was spent wandering about the Coast, inspecting property — coal and gold mines, cattle ranches, irrigation projects. Often he was to be found at the construction railroad.

But there was nothing of the poseur about Charley. Although he constructed thousands of miles of railroad, he admitted that he knew nothing about engineering. 'I could not have measured a cut any more than I could have flown.' Showing a friend through the picture gallery in his redwood mansion on Nob Hill, he remarked: 'I don't know much about art.' Among American millionaires of the '80s, frankness could go no further. In his later years he, like Stanford, was quite willing to supply newspaper advice to those who wished

to become multimillionaires. But whereas Stanford sprinkled such interviews with references to the solid virtues, — industry, sobriety, thrift, piety, — Crocker's approach was more realistic. 'One man works hard all his life and ends up a pauper. Another man, no smarter, makes twenty million dollars. Luck has a hell of a lot to do with it.'

Luck had a lot to do with Crocker's success, but not everything. Except when he chose to indulge his weakness for inactivity, he enjoyed hard physical labor. Work had been drilled into him from early boyhood. 'I never had a nursery period,' he once announced with pride. 'It was my habit to work day and night.' Crocker was born in Troy, New York, on September 16, 1822. He had earned and saved since he was ten. He quit school at twelve, went two hundred dollars in debt to purchase the agency for a New York newspaper in Troy, and with his earnings supported his mother and sister. His father, having failed in the liquor business in Troy, had gone out to Indiana with his remaining four sons and settled on a block of virgin woodland. Young Crocker sold his newspaper agency, pocketed a hundred-dollar profit on the transaction, and took his dependents west.

On the Marshall County farm the family endured the hardships common to life on the agricultural frontier a century ago. Charles, fourteen and big for his age, helped clear land and hired out to neighbors during the harvest season. Possibly the memory of the Troy profits dampened enthusiasm for splitting oak logs and digging out tree stumps, for his father grew convinced that the youth was not heading for success as a farmer. When he was seventeen the elder man expressed this conviction so forcibly that Charles demanded: 'Father, do you want me to leave home?'

'Yes and no,' said Isaac Crocker. 'Yes, because you are no use here. No, because I am afraid you would starve among strangers.'



Homes should be rated by what they can DO

HORSEPOWER of a house? It sounds odd — but homes are modern or not according to the amount of work they can do electrically. And when you use a kilowatt-hour of electricity, it has done just about as much work as a horse could do in an hour — provided a horse could sweep, cook, do the washing and ironing, provide light and refrigeration, tend the furnace, wind the clock, and

furnish entertainment that varies from Pagliacci to Charlie McCarthy, according to your mood.

Electricity will do all these things and more. But in building, buying, or renting, it is important to see that the proper groundwork is laid for its use. Wiring should be ample, with plenty of outlets. Circuits should have modern protection. Even if you cannot take complete advantage of electricity today, plan for

its wider use in the days to come.

By giving only the same attention to its electrical system that you give to its room arrangement, heating, and decoration, you can make your entire home a busy servant. A servant that will bring you comfort, leisure, health and pleasant living for only a few cents a day. A servant that will be even more efficient using Westinghouse apparatus and appliances.



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Young Crocker chose to leave — and he did not starve. Later, in his self-dramatizing way, he declared: 'All I had in the world was a pair of woolen socks, a cotton shirt, and a linen dickey, tied up in a cotton handkerchief.' He helped on a neighbor's farm until spring, then worked for eleven dollars a month and board in a crossroads sawmill. True to tradition, he would return later and marry his employer's daughter, Mary Denning, and take her to California to share his improbable millions.

Crocker found a deposit of iron ore on an Indiana hillside and set up a crude furnace. In 1849 he willingly gave it up to join a group of the neighborhood young men to hunt gold in the foothills of California.

In later life Crocker looked on his crossing of the plains as a high point. In his memoirs, dictated in the early '80s to Hubert H. Bancroft, he returned constantly to that period, always with mild wonder at the way he had conducted himself. On that journey he first realized that if one boldly assumed leadership others were willing to accept the rôle of subordinates. The discovery delighted him. 'They would all gather around me and want to know what to do. . . . I grew up as a sort of leader and was always inclined to lead. . . . I had always been the one to swim a river and carry a rope across.'

The main body of his company left the home base first, carrying only such supplies as were needed to take the party to Fort Kearney, where the real crossing would begin. Charles and a few others gathered at Quincy, Illinois, with the bulk of the freight; this was to be shipped down the river to St. Louis, then on one of the Missouri steamers to Council Bluffs. At St. Louis they learned that because of insufficient water the Missouri River boats were operating only as far as St. Joe. Another steamer, the *Tuscumbia*, tied up at the St. Louis levee. Crocker, in his new rôle of leader, went aboard and found the captain,

decorated with the emblem of a fraternal order. 'As I was considerable of an Odd Fellow in those times I went up to him and gave him the grip and soon was on good terms with him.'

The captain agreed to attempt the passage provided Crocker could supply fifteen deck passengers and two hundred and fifty tons of freight for that point. All went well until the vessel passed St. Joe. Then Crocker's brother Odd Fellow ordered passengers and freight landed.

'I of course was a prominent man among the passengers and they all looked up to me,' Crocker recalled. The captain's argument that there was not enough water in the river to go higher failed to convince his passengers, who insisted that the steamer go on. Their firearms were prominently displayed, and in the end the *Tuscumbia* threaded her way past the sandy bars of the upper river to Council Bluffs. Recounting the exploit, Crocker did not fail to point the moral: 'This incident shows my determination not to allow anything to stand in my way when I have made up my mind to do anything.'

VII

The party reached California in March 1850. Crocker failed to support himself as a prospector. Here luck enters. Instead of returning to blacksmithing, he opened, in partnership with a brother, a store in an Eldorado County camp. Prospering moderately, the owners started a branch in a neighboring town; then, in 1852, another at Sacramento. In the fall of that year Charles made a hurried trip east and married the daughter of the Indiana sawmill owner. They reached Sacramento by ship a few days after the Crocker store and its contents had vanished in flames. Crocker, however, had brought new stock with him. He and his brothers raised enough capital to rebuild, with fireproof materials. In a few weeks their doors were open.



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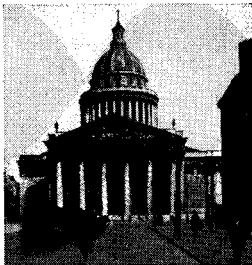
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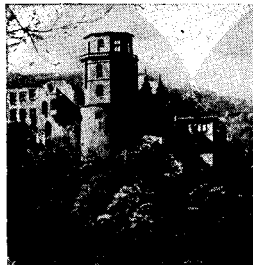
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Sacramento was the supply centre for scores of active mining communities, and the Crocker store shared the general prosperity. By 1860 the Sacramento establishment, dealing mainly in dry goods and with a growing wholesale department, was a substantial business house. Young Charles had no reason to regret that he had chosen to put himself behind a dry-goods counter. The picture of the former blacksmith measuring out yards of calico for the pioneer ladies of Sacramento was ironically evoked in later years, but that change made later triumphs possible.

Meantime lessons learned on the trip west were not forgotten. In 1856 he joined the new Republican Party, and unexpectedly found himself elected an alderman. Another member was Mark Hopkins, who, with his partner Huntington, did a thriving business in shovels and axes and kegs of nails. Leland Stanford, of Stanford Brothers, wholesale grocers, was also active in the new party. Stanford became a candidate for state treasurer in the election of 1857, and Crocker ran on the same ticket for the assembly. Both were defeated, but these political alliances first drew the four storekeepers together in a common desire to see John C. Frémont elected president. With the exception of Huntington, whose dislike for politics dated from the cradle, all became prominent in the counsels of the new party.

Espousal of the abolitionist cause brought no local popularity, for state politics were still firmly in the control of the Southern Democrats. 'A convention of Negro Worshipers assembled yesterday in this city,' began a newspaper account of the Republicans' first state convention at Sacramento in 1856, and such phrases as 'dangerous fanaticism' and 'spectacle of political degradation' were sprinkled through the text. Yet, by climbing early on the Republican bandwagon, the four gained an advantage that later proved invaluable.

'Freedom, Frémont, and the Rail-

road,' was the new party's slogan in California in 1856. Six years later, Stanford was elected Governor and the four political amateurs were in control of the company that hoped to build the western half of the railroad. When ground was broken on the morning of January 8, 1863, Crocker supervised Stanford's turning of the symbolical shovelful of earth, leading cheers for the success of the venture, and turning upon the crowd to shout dramatically, 'It is going right on, gentlemen, I assure you!'

The dry-goods store had been sold. Crocker resigned from the board of directors of the new company with a contract to build the first eighteen miles. He knew nothing of engineering or of railroad construction; but he had found a job exactly to his liking. Here was excitement, continuous uproar. It was almost like another trip across the plains; again he roared orders and kept things moving. During the next six years he never slept in his Sacramento bed more than three consecutive nights. His home was one end of a battered day coach that shuttled back and forth over the line so continuously that he could awake in the middle of the night and tell by the car's vibration and sway exactly where he was.

On the damp January morning when the project was inaugurated, pile drivers were already pounding bridge supports into the American River. After forty-six years of discussion the Pacific Railroad was under way. While Judah's transit men were completing the survey, Crocker had been assembling labor and equipment, establishing road camps and commissary. Huntington had gone to New York, where he was bringing his talents to bear on manufacturers of iron rails and spikes, purchasing locomotives and rolling stock, driving hard bargains with shipowners to transport his supplies thirteen thousand miles round the Horn.

Through spring and summer of 1863 the construction gang crept eastward

TWO RAYMOND-WHITCOMB SUMMER CRUISES TO EUROPE



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The North Cape Cruise

*To the Lands of the Midnight Sun,
the Baltic and Russia*

The eighteenth annual Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise to Iceland, Norway, Sweden and other countries of northern Europe. With visits to all four Scandinavian capitals, pleasant northern cities, the grandest Fjords and peaceful fjord villages. Excursions to Moscow, Soviet capital, and other places.

Among the Ports

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Trondheim	Helsingfors
Bergen	Leningrad
Oslo	Danzig
Visby	Copenhagen

45 days (July 2 to August 16) including immediate return in the "Aquitania" . . . but cruise ticket covers return by most sailings of the Cunard White Star line to Dec. 31.

Rates, \$550 up

Sailing June 25 in the French Line
S. S. "PARIS"

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*A Coastline Cruise of Europe
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A delightful way to see fascinating sections of Europe that most travelers miss. Cruising, as in a yacht, along its shores and the British Isles and in Norwegian Fjords. Stopping at historic cities and towns renowned for beauty or quaintness. Motoring in Brittany, Ireland and Scotland, Norway and other countries.

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from Sacramento. Crocker learned as he went. The lesson proved expensive. Long before the easy eighteen miles to Junction (now Roseville) were finished, his cash was gone and weekly payrolls were being met out of the Central Pacific treasury. This, however, was a mere bookkeeping detail, for Stanford, Huntington, and Hopkins, as silent partners in Crocker and Company, shared its profits. For the building of this first section, Crocker and Company received \$425,000 — \$275,000 in cash and the rest in Central Pacific bonds. It was the partners' first taste of easy money.

By this time Judah was dead. One of his helpers, S. S. Montague, became chief engineer. Crocker's superintendent was J. H. Strobridge, a slave driver who enforced authority with ham-like fists. Both Montague and Strobridge remained long with the Central Pacific, and later the Southern Pacific, which the partners organized in 1865. With Strobridge, Crocker became intimate, supporting his methods whenever they conflicted with those of the Stanford-Hopkins group. In later life Crocker was to quote with approval Strobridge's opinion that 'the men were as near brutes as they can get.'

By the '60s, labor on the West Coast had attained a dignity that might have been mistaken for hauteur. Nevada's mines had drawn off surplus man power. Entering a field already raked by harassed employers, Crocker and Company had meagre pickings. Their agents harangued skeptical groups in San Francisco and other Coast towns, but the men collected and forwarded to the railroad proved — when they arrived at all — of a quality inciting Irish riding bosses to new heights of profanity. Agents who collected pick-and-shovel men later learned that these had used their passes as an inexpensive means of making the first stage toward the current boom town beyond the Sierra. Such duplicity hastened the decision to use Chinese — a decision that was not

to enhance the popularity of the railroad or its owners on the Coast. From the beginning the road had but a limited popular following. Because of this the new company found itself in a variety of difficulties.

Somehow the line was completed to Newcastle. Twenty-ton locomotives sent out from the East were assembled at Sacramento and put to work hauling over the thirty-one-mile railroad toy-like trains piled high with freight. Funds grew scarcer. The partners borrowed on their personal credit and would have borrowed more had not Huntington objected. 'If we can't pay a thousand men, we'll hire only five hundred — if we can't pay five hundred we'll hire ten.' Stanford later told of a two-week period when there was not a dollar of cash in the treasury. As the last of the construction crews was withdrawn from the woods beyond Newcastle, public confidence dropped to nothing. Even the road's supporters grew convinced that the line would lose itself in a Sierra canyon.

The partners had trouble getting credit to operate their prosperous Sacramento stores; their connection with the railroad made them poor business risks. The gloom of the company's promoters during this period reached even Crocker. He later reported that he would have been glad to pocket the loss of everything he had put into it, 'take a clean shirt, and get out.' Huntington was warned that he would 'bury his fortune in the snow of the Sierras.'

These difficulties were later magnified in Congress and before investigating committees to justify ultimate enormous profits, on the theory that great risks justify great rewards. By June 1863, above \$200,000 had been paid in on stock subscriptions; the state and various California counties had bought stock to the amount of \$1,500,000 and agreed to pay interest on a like amount of the company's bonds. Even San Francisco, although regretting its early

Accent on Enjoyment, VALUE, to



THE MANHATTAN AND WASHINGTON are equipped with every comfort and luxury of modern ocean travel. Yet these liners have a delightfully informal atmosphere that no designer can create. Hospitality is genuine. The thoughtful details of service reflect a very real "skill" in giving you just what you want. No wonder these ships have won a reputation not only for *value*, but for exceptional travel enjoyment as well.

Deck tennis on the sunny sports deck. Later a swim in the tiled indoor pool.

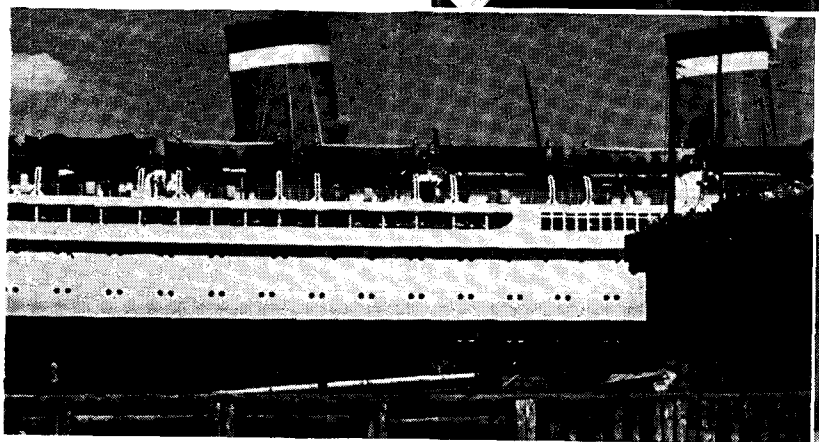
WEEKLY SAILINGS TO ALL EUROPE

Every Wednesday at noon a United States Liner sails direct to Ireland, England, France and Germany. Cabin Class on the *Manhattan* and *Washington*, only \$186 up; Tourist, \$127 up. Or on the *President Harding* and *President Roosevelt*, \$141 up. Also "American One Class" liners sailing every Friday direct to London—fortnightly to Cobh and Liverpool—for only \$105 up.

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UNITED STATES LINES



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generosity in voting a stock subscription, finally made the company an outright gift of \$400,000.

These amounts, plus the original federal subsidy, represented major feats in money raising. But the promoters were already on the trail of bigger game. At Washington, Huntington, in coöperation with Union Pacific promoters, urged on Congress the necessity of greater liberality. An amendment to the Act of 1862 received Lincoln's signature on July 2, 1864. It doubled the land grants, made the government bonds a second mortgage on the railroad, permitting the issuing of first-mortgage company bonds in equal amount, increased federal subsidies in the mountain region, and allowed these to be issued before the line was completed. The time limit was extended; four years were allowed to reach the state line. Public lands outside the grants might be drawn on for materials needed in construction and operation.

Huntington called this 'an extraordinarily generous act.' Meantime the group matured another plan to increase the government's bounty. At intervals since 1862, wartime business was put aside while Congress considered the color of the soil on the east and west banks of Arcade Creek, a tiny stream seven miles from Sacramento. Half a million dollars in subsidy bonds hinged on the answer. If Congress could be convinced that the reddish soil of the east bank was characteristic of mountains, and the darker soil three feet away was that of the valley, then it might be argued that there the valley ended and the mountains began. For miles beyond Arcade Creek the red soil was as level as a floor. Geologists were ready to testify that soil, not contours, determined the point where the valley left off and mountains began. If the government accepted this theory, then the federal treasury was obliged to pay an additional \$32,000 for every mile of road east of Arcade Creek for 150 miles,

the subsidy now being \$16,000 per mile on level sections and \$48,000 in the mountains. The government, in January 1864, announced that the Sierra Nevadas officially began at Arcade Creek. A roar of amazement shook California. Sacramento's four shopkeepers began to command a grudging respect. Any group who could move the base of the Sierra Nevadas twenty-five miles westward into the centre of the valley and net a half-million dollars by the exploit would bear watching.

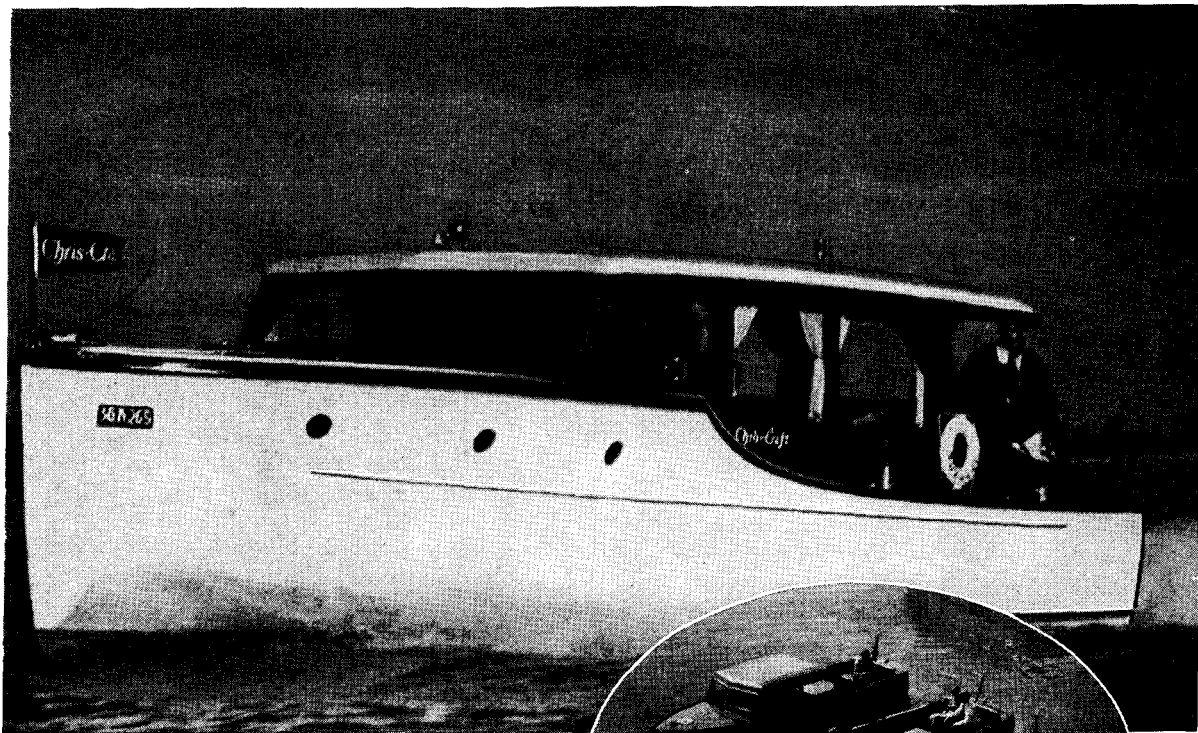
VIII

Eighteen months had been consumed building the thirty-one-mile road to Newcastle, yet the real test was still ahead. With ample financing assured and profits no longer theoretical, attention swung again to the almost forgotten matter of building the road.

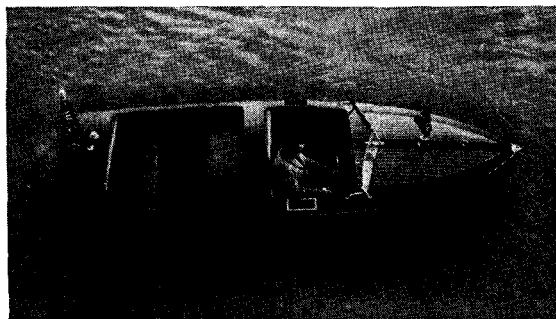
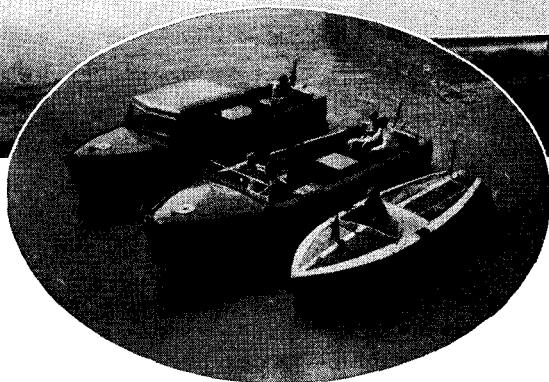
Early in January 1865, Crocker's agents resoured Sacramento, Stockton, and San Francisco for laborers. Foot-hills north of Clipper Gap, quiet for months, again resounded to axes, rumble of black-powder blasts, and shouts of teamsters. In two months Crocker, again sole contractor, had rails laid to Illinoistown, eleven miles beyond and five hundred feet above Clipper Gap. By late spring the Central Pacific operated fifty-six miles. Passengers were carried at a flat rate of ten cents a mile, freight at fifteen cents per ton per mile. In June gross earnings topped a thousand dollars a day.

Not money but labor was henceforth Crocker's problem. Of the thousands sent into the hills during 1863-1864, an average of only two in five reported on the job. Of these all but a few quit when they had earned stage fare to Virginia City. Everyone who applied, old or young, was hired. In 1865 Robert Gifford, aged twelve, walked four miles from Dutch Flat to Gold Run, ambitious to help build this railroad. A heavy, florid man looked down on him from the

DO YOU WANT TO GO PLACES?



IF YOU HAVEN'T driven a new Chris-Craft you've a real thrill coming. You'll get it when you see this marvelous new 31-ft. Enclosed Cruiser—a yachtsman's dream—fully equipped, sleeps 4 or 6 and priced as low as \$3990 . . . You'll get a kick out of driving one of the new 21-ft. Utility Boats (shown on left in oval and priced from \$1440) or the snappy, 16-ft. high powered Racing Runabout (priced at \$1440).



SENSATIONAL, new Chris-Craft 15½-ft. Deluxe Runabout with speeds up to 33 m.p.h. is just right for your summer home or that lake, bay or river. It is *economical* to operate, easy to store, and wonderful to own. Priced, ready to run, at only \$955 f.o.b. factory. Buy the boat you've always wanted right **NOW**.



DON'T OVERLOOK this beautiful 19-ft. Sportsman—a luxury boat at low cost (\$1490 and up). Other Chris-Craft Runabouts are priced as low as \$955 . . . Utility Boats and Sportsmen from \$895 . . . Cruisers (25 to 40-ft. overall) are priced from \$1595 to \$10,990. See the nearest Chris-Craft dealer. Buy **NOW**.

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height of a horse's back and told him to report to one of the gang foremen and to say that Mr. Crocker had sent him. Young Gifford worked three months, leading a team of horses that pulled a dumpcart, at seventy-five cents a day and board. But even children were scarce in the foothills. From the company's new San Francisco office Stanford and Judge E. B. Crocker (brother of Charles and head of the Central Pacific's legal department) petitioned the War Department to send out five thousand Rebel prisoners to work, under guard of Union soldiers. The end of the war killed that scheme. A plan to import thousands of Mexican peons never got beyond the discussion stage.

Another possibility remained — the lowly Chinese. There were already thousands of them on the Coast, reworking the abandoned placers in the gold country, operating laundries and cheap restaurants, crowded into the wretched warrens of a score of 'Chinatowns.' Stanford and E. B. Crocker suggested they be tried. Strobridge dismissed the idea as preposterous. The weight of the average adult Chinese was less than a hundred and ten pounds; why attempt to build a railroad with rice-eating weaklings?

Crocker, for once, failed to share Strobridge's opinion. His servant, Ah Ling, was a marvel of endurance; in the placer towns Crocker had observed Chinese at their gravel pits long before white men were out of bed. He confronted the skeptical Strobridge with an unanswerable argument: had n't the ancestors of these weaklings built the Great Wall of China? And did n't that construction job compare favorably even with this railroad to Nevada Territory? A threatened strike proved the deciding point. Strobridge dubiously agreed to experiment. Fifty Chinese were herded on freight cars and hauled to 'end of track.' They tranquilly established camp, cooked rice and dried cuttlefish, and went to sleep. By sunrise

they were at work with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows. At the end of their first twelve hours Crocker viewed the result with gratified astonishment. Those who had been expecting the weaklings to fall from exhaustion permanently revised their opinion of the Oriental's endurance.

Chinatowns of the state were searched for every able-bodied male who could be tempted by forty dollars a month. Within six months two thousand blue-clad Orientals were swarming over the line. White labor resented the affront. To offset antagonism railroad spokesmen referred to the Chinese as 'the Asiatic contingent of the Grand Army of Civilization.' Stanford defended their use:—

'Without them it would be impossible to complete the line in time . . . they soon become as efficient as white laborers. . . . More prudent and economical, they are content with less wages. . . . No system similar to slavery prevails. . . . Their wages, paid in coin at the end of each month, are divided among them by their agents . . . in proportion to the labor done by each. . . . These agents are generally American or Chinese merchants, who furnish them with supplies of food, the value of which they deduct monthly.'

By the end of 1865 Stanford hoped that the force might be increased to fifteen thousand. No such supply was available in California. A San Francisco firm, of which another of the Crocker brothers, Clark W., was a partner, contracted to bring in from China as many as might be needed. Boats from Canton were presently tying up at San Francisco piers, their rails swarming with yellow faces, while labor leaders threatened reprisals. At the camps in the hills, however, opposition failed to materialize. Advent of the Chinese relieved whites of pick-and-shovel work; many became gang foremen, teamsters, powdermen, or stone-workers. The Chinese lived in their own

95 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE

Security and Service

IN publishing its annual Balance Sheet for the year 1937, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York observes the 95th Anniversary since its first policy was issued on February 1, 1843.

The Assets of this Company on December 31, 1937 were \$1,349,057,256, an increase of \$40,778,437 over 1936. New insurance for the year amounted to \$269,154,537, bringing the total insurance in force at the close of 1937 to \$3,758,762,033.

Payments in 1937 to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries under their contracts, amounted to \$134,212,373 and the Trustees have set aside \$22,781,795 for Dividends in 1938, after establishing the Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies at \$44,270,997.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1937

ASSETS			LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
	<i>Per cent</i>			
Cash	4.21	\$56,825,473.67	Policy Reserves	\$1,181,724,084.00
United States Government bonds	23.23	313,347,290.20	Supplementary Contract Reserves	75,257,437.99
State, County and Municipal bonds	4.24	57,142,635.62	Other Policy Liabilities	13,384,646.36
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	.59	7,946,183.30	Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	4,583,978.29
Other Foreign Government bonds	.06	755,155.15	Miscellaneous Liabilities	3,941,864.66
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	31.12	419,890,922.94	Reserve for Taxes	3,042,432.77
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	1.29	17,459,975.00	Set aside for Dividends in 1938	22,781,794.58
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	16.62	224,213,802.16	Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	70,020.07
Real Estate (at cost or less)	4.25	57,337,319.97	Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	44,270,996.86
Policy Loans	12.11	163,380,895.31		
Premiums in course of Collection and Reinsurance due from other Companies	1.16	15,636,833.26		
Interest and Rents due and accrued	1.12	15,120,769.00		
Total Admitted Assets		\$1,349,057,255.58	Total Liabilities and Reserves	\$1,349,057,255.58

Bonds subject to amortization under Section 18 of the New York Insurance Laws were taken at their amortized, i.e. their book values. Non-amortized bonds and preferred stocks were taken at market values at December 31, 1937, published under the auspices of the National Association of Insurance Commissioners.

The Mutual Life

Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON, President
34 Nassau Street, New York

You are invited to give new consideration to the advantages of life insurance as a prelude to a discussion with a MUTUAL LIFE Representative, by



sending for and reading our new edition of "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," an attractive 20 page booklet available without obligation.

FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

camps and knew their place. Superiority of the Caucasian was undiminished, his dignity enhanced.

By midsummer of 1865, trains were running, three a day each way, to Illinoistown, soon renamed Colfax in honor of a visit from Grant's Vice President. The job entered its difficult phase. In April 2000 men and 300 wagons and carts constituted Crocker's force. Six months later it had been increased to 6000, mostly Chinese, and 600 teams. Rapid headway was being made at last. That summer the Sacramento *Union* pronounced this 'the largest construction enterprise in the world, not excepting the Suez Canal.' Crocker, more confident than ever of his leadership, proclaimed: 'The work goes bravely on.'

In later years dozens remembered his large figure on horseback as he wove back and forth over the line, roaring orders; in his own words, 'stopping along wherever there was anything going amiss and raising Old Nick with the boys.' He later told of lying sleepless all night in his car at the railhead, planning ways to speed the job. 'Everyone was afraid of me,' he recalled with pride. 'I was just looking for someone to find fault with all the time.'

Once a month his appearance among the construction crews was greeted with pleasure. His big sorrel mare then labored under an additional burden, leather saddlebags bulging with coins. The big boss — 'Cholly Clocker' to the Orientals — rode into the midst of a group, produced a paper, and called off the names of the men. As each stepped forward he dipped into the saddlebags — gold on one side, silver on the other — and dropped coins into the lifted palm. It was a chore he insisted on doing himself. Riding up the noisy canyon with a hundred and fifty pounds of gold and silver in his saddlebags appealed to his sense of the dramatic; its distribution periodically confirmed a pleasant sense of power.

Beyond Secrettown the climb to the

snow-covered crest began in earnest; grade stakes veered upward along the slanting side of the American River canyon, while the stream dropped far below. Surveying parties ran scores of experimental lines ahead, making minor changes in Judah's survey, to lessen construction costs or reduce grades and curvature.

Throughout the summer of 1866, 'Crocker's pets' swarmed over the upper canyon, pecking at broken rock, trooping beneath basket hats to pour wheelbarrowloads of débris down the canyon-side, threading precarious paths with kegs of black powder suspended from bamboo poles, refreshing themselves with sips of tea from whiskey kegs abandoned by their white confreres. The Chinese became adept at drilling and placing blasts. Consumption of black powder rose to five hundred kegs a day.

Tracklayers followed the graders, and locomotives pushed flatcars loaded with construction iron, lumber, explosives, food, drink, and more men to the railhead. Cape Horn, a granite buttress, proved the worst obstacle that year — a thousand-foot vertical cliff that offered no foothold. Chinese, lowered from above on ropes, chipped away with hammer and chisel to form a precarious ledge, laboriously deepened to a shelf wide enough to permit passage of cars. When trains crept along this ledge, passengers gazed down into thin air.

Cape Horn was passed in May 1866. Dutch Flat was reached in July. That summer Crocker, Stanford, and Hopkins, hoping to convince skeptical Coast financiers that they were building no mere feeder for a wagon road, celebrated the opening of the track to Alta. Ten carloads of citizens from Sacramento and the Bay ate a luncheon 'worthy of Delmonico's' with choice of three beverages: lemonade for the ladies, ice water for teetotalers, and a concoction named 'Pacific Railroad punch' for all the rest.

In November the company's timetables in California newspapers were

REALSILK'S

Postscript

TO MARGARET DANA'S

"SILK STOCKINGS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM"

(IN THIS ATLANTIC, PAGE 519)

WHEN we heard Margaret Dana was to do an article on Silk Hosiery for THE ATLANTIC we immediately scheduled an advertisement in the same issue.

The reason: We knew she would give women the honest, inside story about hosiery (as she has about other products in previous issues).

—and we knew that Realsilk is made to the highest possible standards of hosiery manufacture.

In other words, we knew she would tell you what *kind* of silk hosiery to buy—and we wanted to tell you where to get that kind of hosiery.

Realsilk heartily endorses this kind of consumer information and congratulates THE ATLANTIC for throwing the spotlight on this question.

FEATURES TO KNOW IN REALSILK

Fresh silk stockings

Grenine silk (High-twist, snag-resistant).

All weights—including famous Realsilk "Steadies"—largest selling daytime hosiery in America.

New Wardrobe System of Buying (correct weights and colors for your individual needs).

No skimping—knitted on complete needle bars.

Ringless knitted—on special machines.

Exclusive features such as special run-stop, Cradle Dura-Foot, Flat-Seam Sole, etc.

Triple-Fast Dyes—fast to sunlight, washing and perspiration.

Sizes and proportions for all types of legs—based on your individual measurements.



REALSILK COMES TO YOU

Realsilk Hosiery is sold only through representatives who call at your home or office. Arrange an appointment by phoning Realsilk branch office in your city.

REAL SILK
Shop-at-Home
SERVICE

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Indianapolis • Branches in 200 Cities

again revised. Cisco, ninety-four miles from Sacramento and nearly six thousand feet high, became the new terminus. Two trains were operated each way; running time was five and a half hours, and the passenger fare was \$9.40. Twenty-eight miles of track were built during 1866, at a cost of slightly less than eight million dollars.

Cisco lay fourteen miles from the summit and eleven hundred feet below. To build this section Crocker, Strobridge, and the engineers had to overcome difficulties entirely new to railroad builders. One was the extreme hardness of the granite of the upper ridges. Heavy blasts spurted back through the drill holes, leaving rock undamaged. Points of picks and chisels flattened against its flinty surface. A Swedish chemist, one Swansen, manufactured on the spot a temperamental new substance called nitroglycerin. Accidents were frequent; cause of premature blasts could only be guessed at, for explosions usually obliterated both evidence and witnesses. Strobridge himself was a casualty, losing an eye.

Summit Tunnel, a quarter-mile bore through the backbone of the mountain, emphasized the inadequacy of rock-drilling equipment then in use. The work was tackled from both ends; also a shaft was chipped out from above so that work could proceed outward from the middle. On four fronts Chinese crowded shoulder to shoulder and, working in twelve-hour shifts, chipped and hacked at the steel-like rock faces — to advance eight inches a day.

At San Francisco, Stanford and Hopkins and E. B. Crocker compared this snail-like progress with news of the Union Pacific, then hitting its stride across the prairies of eastern Nebraska. They foresaw their rival building to the California line. Crocker and Strobridge read impatient messages from headquarters and returned brusque answers inviting their critics to suggest means of doing better. An inventor appeared at

the San Francisco office with a new-fangled steam drill. Stanford, always fascinated by machinery, was impressed. No flaws in a mechanized civilization were ever visible to his eyes. Inventor and invention were dispatched to the summit.

Crocker's reply was contemptuous. Strobridge's views on how to bore tunnels did not include steam-driven drills. Stanford and Judge Crocker insisted that the device be given a trial; Crocker replied that to connect the drill would require stopping his hoisting engine, interfering with removal of loose rock from the centre section. Stanford bought another hoisting engine and sent it up to the mountains; Strobridge, backed by Crocker, refused to install it. 'There does not appear a will that they should succeed, and usually where there is no will there is no way,' Stanford wrote sadly to Hopkins. Crocker's brother, E. B., complained: 'It puts me out of all patience to see how that drilling machine matter was mismanaged. . . . There can't be a thing done unless it suits Stro. Whenever a man gets Charles' confidence, he swears by him and all he says or does is right.'

The months lost enabled the Union Pacific to build hundreds of miles it would not otherwise have accomplished, and the Western company wasted two million dollars hauling men and supplies around the uncompleted bore. Summit Tunnel was finally holed through in September 1867, after a year's grueling work — the last major tunnel to be cut by hand. Within a year or two, power-driven drills were in common use.

IX

When a locomotive nosed through the east portal, it marked the end of the first phase. After five years the line was still where its enemies predicted it would end — 'lost in the clouds of the Sierra.' Another year was to pass before tracks would flatten out on the Nevada plateau.

Hotel Marguery



BEHIND the name Marguery stands one of the finest small hotels in New York City. Built around a beautiful inner courtyard, with rooms that are high-ceilinged and richly appointed the entire hotel portrays an air of quietness and

charm, so restful after an active day in the city. Guests are further assured the utmost in comfort for The Marguery especially endeavors to blend the services of its staff with each patron's particular wishes.

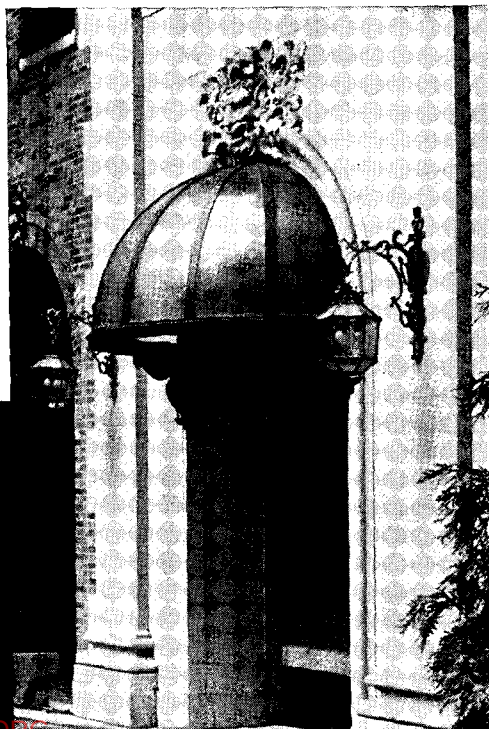
Let The Marguery serve you when you are next in New York. Join with a roster of many distinguished and travel-wise people in making this hotel your choice for accommodations whenever you are in town.

Single rooms from \$5. Double rooms from \$7
Suites from \$10

*For booklet and further information,
write us*

THE HOTEL MARGUERY

270 Park Avenue, at 47th Street, New York



Prospect of building in desert heat could hardly be distasteful, for the workmen had already had more than their share of sub-zero weather. The winter of 1864-1865 had been abnormally mild, but then financial matters and not construction had occupied the partners, and no benefit was gained. The next winter was different. It was as severe as any on record. October brought deep snow, and the next five months saw almost continuous storm. Under an icy mass fifteen feet thick, work slowed down to a walk. Crocker, wrapped in furs like an Eskimo, patrolled the line continually; the work must go bravely on. Nearly half the force of nine thousand were needed to keep the line clear. The partners in California were newly alarmed. In December, Stanford and Hopkins stood shivering on a snowbank above Cisco while five locomotives strained futilely to drive a snowplough through thirty-foot drifts. They returned convinced that Crocker's reports of his troubles were not imaginary.

By now the mileage race with the Union Pacific was on in earnest. Snow-bound thousands continued the struggle from November to May. Chinese shoveled continuously, but drifts formed faster than they and steam ploughs could remove them. The section above Cisco had to be closed.

Before winter was half over, work in the open became impossible. Thousands of half-frozen Chinese were shipped back to lower levels. Only in the tunnels and deep cuts could construction go on. Food, powder, fuel, and all construction materials were laboriously packed in from Cisco. By January tunnels were dug beneath forty-foot drifts, and three thousand workmen passed from work to living quarters in dim passages under the snow. Avalanches grew frequent, their approach heralded only by a brief, thunderous roar. A second later a work crew, a bunkhouse, sometimes an entire camp, would go hurtling down miles of frozen canyons. Months afterward

groups were found with shovels or picks still clutched in their frozen hands.

Those sent ahead to clear the roadway down the east slope found conditions little easier. In the heavily wooded Truckee River canyon, clearing the frozen ground for grading proved a huge task. Sugar pines eight feet and more in diameter were felled, their trunks cut in sections and rolled out of the way, their stumps blown skyward in abrupt fountains of flying wood and frozen earth. To supply this outpost army, equipment, material, and provisions had to be hauled on sleds over the summit to Donner Lake. Three locomotives, enough iron for forty miles of road, and forty cars were freighted over the ridge. Distance from Cisco to Truckee was only twenty-eight miles, but expenditure in effort and dollars was enormous.

Months later, as spring thaws reduced the mountains of snow, Crocker and Strobridge moved their crews back to the summit and began chipping through solid ice to the abandoned cuts and fills. Cisco again became a way station. The assault was resumed. Throughout 1867 twelve thousand workmen crowded the forty-mile front from the summit to the eastern base of the mountains, grading the roadbed down the steep slopes of Truckee Canyon. Tunnel No. 9 and adjacent cuts through solid granite proved tediously slow. Before that seven-mile gap could be shut, winter again closed in.

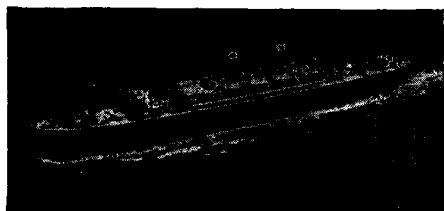
The construction record for 1867 — a scant forty miles, twenty-five of which were still unconnected with the main line — was not encouraging. That year the rival road built six times as many miles as the Central; its officials planned to reach Ogden, five hundred miles beyond its railhead, by the end of 1868. Faced with loss of hundreds of miles of easy construction across Nevada and Utah, — where government subsidy was twice the cost of building, — the partners could do little to remedy the situation. Reluctantly the upper line was again

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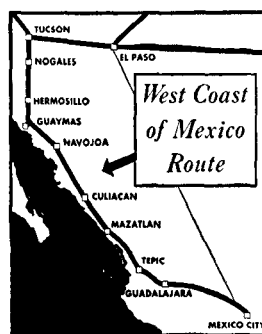
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abandoned; Cisco once more became the terminus, and the slow process of sledging over the summit had to be resumed.

This news confirmed still-active doubts of the company's critics on the Coast. Hostile newspapers printed letters in which engineers proved conclusively that the line must remain closed for five months each year. One writer, borrowing a phrase from a book just coming into popularity, called the line the 'Alice in Wonderland Trail.' Another predicted that in the end the great transcontinental railroad might prove useful to carry excursionists to the high Sierra on summer vacations.

Because no other means of keeping the tracks open could be devised, construction of a long series of snowsheds was begun, to cost \$2,000,000. During the next two years a dozen sawmills and two hundred carpenters were continually busy putting up the heavily timbered galleries that eventually covered thirty-seven of the upper forty miles of the road.

During the winter of 1867-1868, work was pushed on the unclosed gap above Donner Lake, while rails were laid down the eastern slope and graders pushed into the sage-covered desert. Until the gap could be closed all hope of successfully competing for mileage with the Union Pacific was futile. At the first hint of warm weather, thousands of coolies were moved back. The bosses, from Crocker down, drove them unmercifully. The thick crust engaged the picks and wheelbarrows of six thousand Chinese for weeks before the frozen roadbed was exposed and tracklaying could begin. June of 1868 was well advanced when tracks at last were continuous from Sacramento to the state line. Immediately freight trains packed with supplies and materials started rolling down the eastern mountainside.

To bring the road from Sacramento to the state line, money had been spent lavishly. Strobbridge later estimated that with less speed the cost could have been

reduced 70 per cent. He had in mind, of course, the waste involved in winter construction on the blizzard-swept mountaintop, and the expense of building in advance of the continuous line. With the upper thirty miles frozen solid from November to March, every cubic foot of earth had to be chipped or blasted loose by workmen occupying dim trenches between ice cliffs thirty feet high. In spring thaws the newly laid tracks buckled and three quarters of the work had to be done over.

Twenty years later company auditors fixed the cost of this California section at \$23,000,000, but that was when the owners were trying to minimize profits. The figure was reached by listing at face value bonds that had sold at fifty cents on the dollar and less. In gold, the total was slightly above \$14,000,000. Judah's estimate, in 1861, had been \$12,500,000, a by no means reckless forecast. He had not foreseen thirty-seven miles of snowsheds, nor counted on a five-year war that skyrocketed costs.

In the early '60s, manufacturing on the Coast had hardly begun. Everything needed in railroad building, except lumber and masonry, had to be purchased in Eastern markets. It was specified that rails and spikes and rolling stock must be of American manufacture — and, with every mill in the East jammed with wartime orders, prices rose alarmingly. Standard twenty-pound iron rails that had sold in Pennsylvania mill towns at \$55 per ton, in 1861, reached a peak of \$262 before the war ended. The thrifty Huntington endured the anguish of having to refuse British contracts that would have placed rails on the Sacramento levee for a third less than he was paying at the American mills.

Materials bought in the ruinous Eastern market had to be shipped across the Isthmus or round the Horn, and from 1862 to 1865 rates followed sharply ascending curves. Later, when their own lines were charging 'all the traffic will bear,' the partners liked to remind ship-



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pers that they had not always been on this pleasant side of the fence. Insurance rates advanced fourfold, as Rebel warships harried the sea lanes off Virginia and farther south.

Buying for the company, Huntington needed all his shrewdness in dealing with mill owners whose files bulged with army contracts. Only the fact that the railroad was regarded as a war measure enabled him to place certain orders. Until material was at sea, he could not be certain that the War Department would not take it over. A number of times locomotives, rails, and cars ready to be shipped to the Coast, and urgently needed there, were diverted to battle-lines.

There remained the problem of getting material to California. Available ships were few; freight rates were whatever owners or agents chose to ask. In 1862 the horizon brightened momentarily when Huntington outwitted a shipping agent by chartering fifty ships at half the prevailing rate. But this was an incident. Freightage around the Horn averaged \$17.50 a ton; via the Isthmus it was three times as much. In 1863 Crocker needed a new locomotive in a hurry. It was disassembled and loaded on a steamer at Philadelphia, transported to Panama, loaded on flatcars and sent over the twenty-mile Panama Railroad, reshipped on a Pacific steamer, deposited on a lighter in San Francisco Bay, hoisted to the deck of a river boat for transportation to Sacramento, deposited on the levee, and trucked to the company's shops, where it was reassembled. The freight bill was \$8100, more than 80 per cent of its initial cost.

Collapse of the Rebellion failed to bring the anticipated drop in prices. In '66, on thirty-eight locomotives, the price averaged \$11,000. Forty-foot passenger coaches cost \$3500, flatcars \$600, handcars \$150, powder \$5.00 a keg. All prices were in gold; if payment was made in greenbacks, bills mounted as much as 60 per cent. When construction

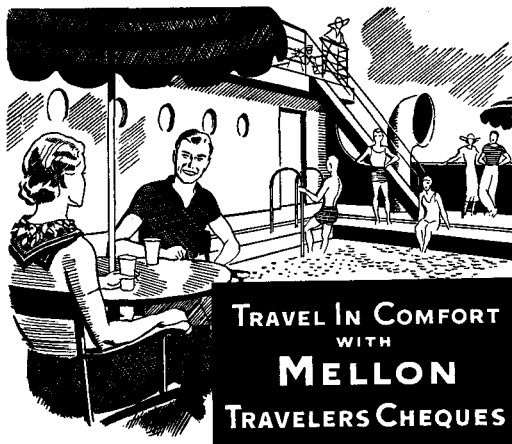
crews advanced into the unproductive Humboldt, new items of expense were added. Hay and oats brought fantastic prices. Ties were presently costing the partners as much as \$8.00 each, delivered.

By then, however, cost was lightly regarded. The plains of Nevada and Utah Territory lay before the construction army; less than a thousand miles beyond, crews of the rival company were pushing westward. The Union Pacific building grew under the management of General Grenville M. Dodge, the ranks swelled by hundreds of disbanded soldiers, had for months been setting mileage records over the prairies of Nebraska and southern Wyoming, while the Central forces, struggling with the Sierra tunnels, had been advancing by inches.

X

In April 1868, the Overland Telegraph carried a message from Vice President Durant of the Union Pacific to Stanford at Sacramento. Union Pacific had reached Sherman's Summit, Wyoming, 8200 feet above sea level. Stanford wired back: 'We cheerfully yield you the palm of superior elevation; 7242 feet has been quite sufficient to satisfy our highest ambition.' The ambition of the Central Pacific group had been curtailed in another direction; they no longer planned to build so many miles of road as their rival. To extend their lines to Salt Lake and far enough beyond to control traffic with the Mormon capital was all they hoped for. Even this was no longer certain. To realize it would require that they should build faster than railroads had ever been built before.

Stakes were high. Now that the mountains were behind, Crocker's native optimism reasserted itself. 'Give me the material I need,' he announced, 'and I can build a mile a day of completed railroad.' His partners took him at his word. Huntington bought with increasing prodigality; at one time



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thirty ships were carrying rails around the Horn. The winter of 1867-1868 arrived before the snowsheds were completed. Despite the efforts of six snowploughs and 2500 men, there was one discouraging two-week period when the road was closed.

The railhead reached Reno and advanced eastward, with surveying crews working far in advance, seeking a route with fewest cuts and fills, least amount of grading. Years later E. H. Harriman spent millions realigning this Nevada section, eliminating scores of its snake-like curves and shortening it by dozens of miles. Mileage and speed, not economy of operation, were the goals; every mile built meant a profit of twice its cost.

Through the hot summer of 1868, six thousand men worked with ordered efficiency. Crocker's coolies, now expert with pick and wheelbarrow and horse-drawn scrapers, tirelessly leveled the nondescript roadbed, undeterred by sizzling heat and alkali dust. Behind them other crews rushed culverts to completion, while still others embedded the widely spaced ties, working at top speed to keep ahead of gangs of Irish tracklayers.

This perambulating army, living in long strings of boxcars that weekly moved to new sidings, advanced rapidly across central Nevada's waterless plains. Crocker boasted that he was directing the mightiest army ever enlisted in a work of civilization. His partners, no longer critical, sent him messages of congratulation and urged him to try harder. The winter of 1868-1869, though it washed out miles of earthen fills to the rear, was welcomed with joy by the sweltering crews on construction. December 31 saw an advance for the year of 362 miles, only three short of Crocker's promise of a mile a day.

But the Union Pacific's five thousand boasted that one Hibernian could outwork three Chinese. The race went on with control of traffic with Brigham Young's prosperous colony as the prize.

During the fall and winter Stanford lived at Salt Lake and cultivated the goodwill of the Prophet by offering him lucrative contracts to grade long sections of Central Pacific roadbed. The two men (their physical resemblance was close enough to cause occasional mild embarrassment to the Central Pacific's monogamous president) became close friends. There was some disapproval when word reached the Coast that they addressed one another as Leland and Brigham.

As the year 1868 ended, rival railheads were so near that the point of joining became an issue. Both sent surveyors far beyond the other's rails: the Union Pacific almost to the California line, the Central hundreds of miles east of Ogden. Building continued until the graded lines paralleled each other for miles. Chinese and Irish crews regarded one another with mutual distaste. By accident or design, boulders occasionally rolled down from the Central's line, higher on the hillside, while startled Irishmen dropped their picks and scurried out of their paths. The Union's powdermen sometimes laid blasts rather far to the right of their line, and a thousand graders looked on innocently as Chinese and scrapers, horses and wheelbarrows and picks, fountained upward. The Orientals regathered their forces, buried the dead, and continued placidly about their business until another blast brought another temporary pause. This sport ended when a section of the Union's line mysteriously shot skyward and it became the Irishmen's turn to take time out for gravedigging.

Meanwhile the precise point of joining the rails was being fought out at Washington, with Huntington on hand. He had a formidable rival in General Dodge, for Grant then occupied the White House and Dodge was a close friend and fellow campaigner. On April 10, 1869, Congress designated Promontory Point, six miles west of Ogden, as the meeting place.

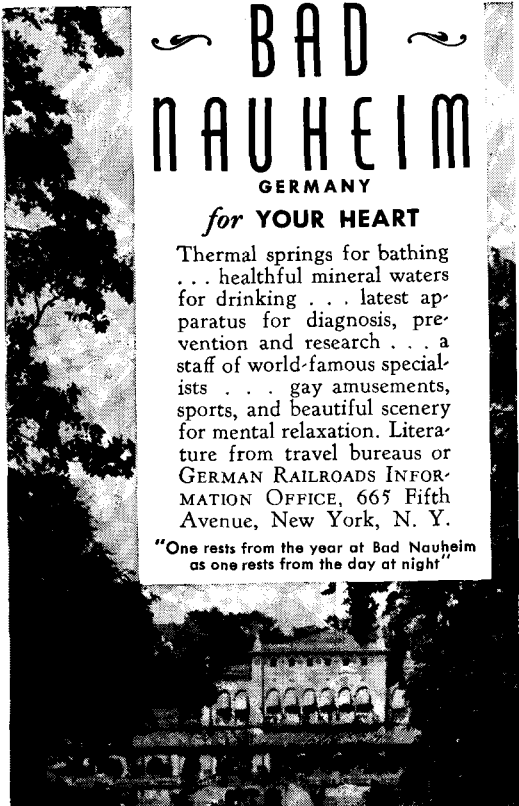
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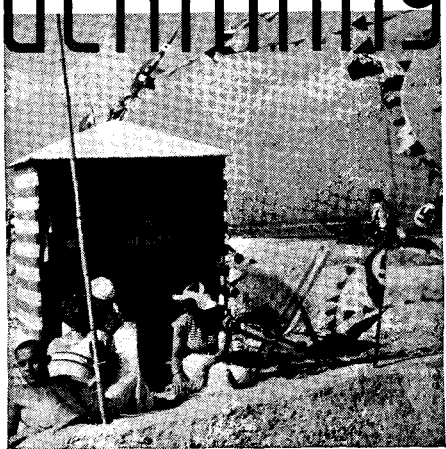
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Once this had been settled, the necessity for haste vanished. Tension relaxed; the Central's force was cut down, and rival officials found time to exchange visits. Toward the end of April, Dodge spent two days in the camp of the Westerners. The docile industry of Crocker's veteran coolies aroused his frank envy; his own gangs of ex-soldiers had for months been distinguishing themselves by other qualities. He made one pleasant discovery. 'The Californians,' he wrote, 'have plenty of strawberries.'

The visiting engineer was on hand the day Crocker's crews accomplished their widely heralded feat of laying ten miles of track in a day. Dodge was not particularly impressed. 'They took a week preparing for it,' he commented, 'and embedded all their ties beforehand.'

XI

The raw April of 1869 ended; the seven-year job drew toward its close. Central's rails reached Promontory first, a day ahead of Union's, for an uncompleted rock fill held up the rival tracklayers. On May 2, General Dodge wrote his wife: 'There will not be much of a time here — no demonstration; but in the east and further west I expect they will celebrate.'

The prediction proved incorrect. Back at the Central's head office at Sacramento plans for a celebration had been under way for weeks. On May 7 the first of several special trains arrived, its occupants expecting to witness an immediate wedding of the rails. Instead they found the little village forlorn in a driving rain, its street a mudhole, bunting limp across the façades of its wooden shacks.

A hundred feet from the Central's railhead the end of the Union's tracks could be seen. Of the Eastern party and the trainloads of celebrants rumored to have left Omaha two days earlier nothing was visible. Stanford and his guests

stared moodily at the landscape, then climbed gingerly down to file messages of inquiry with telegraph operators of both lines, housed in tents.

The storm was general throughout the Rockies. Union's headquarters at Ogden reported floods and washouts on its line east of the town. Nothing was said of a further complication; money was lacking to pay many of the Union's workmen, and Vice President Durant had to cope with still another strike. Word reached Promontory that the Eastern party would not arrive until Monday.

Back on the Coast, plans had been made for elaborate celebrations on Saturday. Stanford wired news of the delay, but the West considered Saturday the proper day for celebrating, and the message was ignored. Thus while San Francisco, Sacramento, and a dozen lesser towns commemorated the event with bands and fireworks and illuminated parades, time dragged in the car of the Central Pacific's president. Some of the party relieved boredom by a visit to the nearest Union Pacific construction camp. There Jack Casement loaded them into a battered coach for a tour of flooded Weber Canyon. They returned to Stanford's car, damp and hungry, late Saturday evening. The downpour continued. That night the car was drawn back thirty miles to a siding at Monument Point, and the next morning its windows framed the same landscape from a new point of view that included the gray surface of Salt Lake.

Stanford's car had not been moved back from the end of the track solely to provide his guests with a view of Salt Lake. Two days of fraternizing among the officials had not meant that the rivalry was at an end. Both continued to jockey for advantages until the rails were joined. Rival officials recognized that the company building a siding at Promontory would have an advantage in the future control of the settlement. The Central Pacific's plans were laid in

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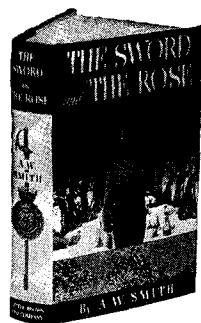
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secret. A hundred miles back, a work train had been made up, loaded with men and materials; the storm delayed execution of the coup. Sunday night the rain ceased and the sky cleared. Central's train moved from the rear, timed to reach Promontory at daybreak. It arrived on schedule — and was greeted by derisive shouts from Casement's Irish tracklayers. They had been working all night; the Union Pacific siding was completed.

It was the last skirmish before the lines were joined. Monday, May 10, was clear and cold. During the night Promontory's liquid street had turned to ice. The spot was five thousand feet high, and the wind had a penetrating quality that kept unacclimated visitors shuttling between the town's five saloons and the glowing stoves of the cars. As morning advanced, crews set to work closing the remaining yards of the gap. It had been planned that two special trains should arrive at the same moment, from east and west, as an impressive prelude to the joining of the rails. Instead, battered construction trains rolled in from both directions, loaded with graders and tracklayers and teamsters, intent on seeing the show.

Throughout the morning other groups filtered in from near-by construction camps on foot or on the broad backs of draft horses. Stanford's party again made the thirty-mile trip from Monument and was pushed to the siding to make room for another flag-decorated special from the Coast. This bore other company officials, including spare Mark Hopkins, his shoulders hunched against the wind. The two remaining partners were absent. Huntington was in New York, and Crocker, who always delighted in celebrations, had unaccountably remained behind at Sacramento.

Midmorning passed with no sign of the Union Pacific's special. The crowd faced the cold wind and gathered in shivering groups while work crews completed the final few feet of track, leaving

one rail on the side nearest the lake to be placed later. Delay succeeded delay. Noon passed — one o'clock, two. Telegraph instruments on tables beside the track chattered impatient inquiries from east and west. What was wrong? The wind died down; the weather grew uncomfortably warm. A hungry, impatient crowd intruded on the cleared space. The audience was near the end of its patience. It was a lamentably late curtain.

At last the screech of a Union Pacific locomotive was heard; the crowd set up an ironical cheer. A group of Central Pacific officials, led by Stanford and Hopkins, descended from their car and tramped through the mud to greet the arriving dignitaries. Spectators surged forward, staring at Durant's shining Pullman, and cheered again as formal greetings were exchanged. The celebration took on an unplanned military aspect, for the train carried several companies of the 21st Infantry, and the regimental band, bound from Fort Douglas to San Francisco's Presidio. The soldiers were put to work opening a lane through the crowd for the cameramen, there to preserve the historic event.

Perhaps five hundred persons were present: Irish and Chinese laborers, teamsters, cooks, engineers, train crews, officials, guests, and parties of excursionists from California and Salt Lake City. The latter, to the disappointment of the Californians, did not include Brigham Young. A number of women were among the excursion parties, including the wives of two Central Pacific officials: Mrs. Strobridge and Mrs. Ryan. A group of Promontory strumpets were also on hand, their presence unrecorded in official dispatches.

The belated wedding got under way. Ceremonial spikes, ties, and the final rail were carried forward by a picked squad of Chinese, denim pantaloons and jackets newly scrubbed, pigtailed neatly braided. While necks craned, a laurel tie was embedded, the rail put in place,

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the telegraph operators reporting each step over wires kept open throughout the nation. A Massachusetts pastor offered an invocation so comprehensive that the telegrapher tapped out: 'We have got done praying; the spike is about to be presented.'

Several spikes were presented, each with a speech. One was of Comstock silver; another was an alloy of gold, silver, and iron, symbolical of Arizona Territory's varied mineral resources; gold and silver spikes from Idaho and Montana followed; then two of gold from California and a silver sledgehammer for their driving. The spikes, except the final one of gold, were placed in holes provided for them, hammered home by inexpert taps of officials and distinguished guests. Nearly an hour was so consumed. At last the final spike was inserted, a telegraph line was attached to it and another to the hammer, so that the sound of the blows might be carried throughout the nation — to such devices were the ingenious driven in a radioless age. The nation waited while Stanford raised his hammer for the historic stroke. The silver hammer missed the spike, but the telegrapher, prepared for the contingency, simulated the blow with his key.

At once a magnetic ball dropped from its pole above the Capitol dome at Washington, San Francisco's dozens of fire bells began tolling, salvos of cannon boomed, and factory whistles screeched in scores of cities from coast to coast. In a country town north of San Francisco a boy under six was lifted on his father's shoulder and stared over heads at a sheet of paper newly pasted on a newspaper office door; he was told that all these men were cheering because soon everyone would be rich. In another town on the opposite rim of the continent neighbors spoke with sympathy of poor Mrs. Judah, who sat alone in her brother's house, refusing to see friends.

At Promontory, while the crowd shouted and locomotive whistles re-

sponded to taut cords, Amos Bouscher elbowed his way to the side of a San Francisco jeweler who was busily collecting five dollars from all who wished watch charms made from the historic golden spike. Sixty years later Bouscher still held his tattered receipt and a growing belief that the stranger must have been an impostor.

Vice President Durant completed the driving of the spike. The 21st Infantry band played *America*. Two engines moved cautiously over the new-laid rail, touched cowcatchers, and their engineers were given the first drinks from the foaming neck of a champagne bottle. In San Francisco, Bret Harte inquired in the pages of his *Overland Monthly*: —

What was it the engines said,

Pilots touching — head to head. . . .

Officials and a few guests retired to Durant's shining car to frame a message to President Grant, while workmen, prudently detailed to the task in advance, drew out the silver and gold spikes, removed the laurel tie. Souvenir hunters, undiscouraged, proceeded to cut chips from the substituted tie, even to hack bits off the iron rail. In the ensuing months both rail and tie had several times to be replaced.

By then the afternoon was nearly gone; officials hurried to a late luncheon in Stanford's car, and *hoi polloi* sought the food and drink promised them by the two companies. They received both in abundance. By nine o'clock the celebration had reached a stage where a grand ball, a banquet, and a torchlight procession were in simultaneous progress. Two weeks later Central Pacific auditors O. K.'d bills totaling \$2200 'on account of celebration upon completion of the railroad.'

On the gray morning of May 11, the specials started on their return trips east and west; before nightfall transcontinental trains were moving cautiously over the new rails under the eyes of Promontory's diminished population.

(To be continued)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

CHIEF ornament of the Bloomsbury Group, Mrs. Virginia Woolf (p. 585) is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen. A vest-pocket biography tells us that the family's time was divided between the London house in Hyde Park and a summer home on the coast of Cornwall, and that among the more distinguished visitors were Lowell and Dr.



VIRGINIA WOOLF

Holmes, Hardy, Meredith, Stevenson, Ruskin, and John Morley. The biography goes on to tell us, however, that 'no formal schooling was imposed upon the young Virginia, who was allowed the unrestricted freedom of her father's magnificent library from the moment when she had first learned to read.'

In 1912 Virginia Stephen married Leonard Woolf, who, after a period in the British Civil Service, had returned to London to devote his energies to letters, economics, and the Labor Movement. In 1917 they began a joint enterprise in the Hogarth Press, publishing, among other earlier ventures, modest hand-set pamphlets by such obscure writers as T. S. Eliot, Katherine Mansfield, E. M. Forster, and, last but not least, the books of Mrs. Woolf herself. Her novels, *The Voyage Out*, *Jacob's Room*, and *Mrs. Dalloway*, have established her as a unique craftsman, and her essays, especially *A Room of One's Own*, have endeared her to all militant members of the gentler sex.

Born in New York City in 1894, Robert Nathan (p. 595) divides his writing time between New York and Cape Cod. Author of fifteen volumes of poetry and prose, he is best known for his *Puppet Master*, *One More Spring*, *Road of Ages*, and *The Enchanted Voyage*. His writing has an individuality which no single adjective will fit. To its humor, its irony, and its gentleness is added, as in *Road of Ages*, a moving spirit which no reader can forget. His latest novel, *Winter in April*, is still hot from the press.

A graduate of Harvard, the Believer (p. 615) is in his early fifties and a lawyer whose reputation is well respected along the Atlantic seaboard. Incidentally, he would like very much to have his copy of Fechner's *Life after Death* returned by the

now anonymous friend who borrowed it some years ago.

Is Hitler's shadow across Europe reminiscent of that Man on Horseback whose domination stirred the Continent to its depths little more than a century ago? The advent of the new Napoleon is a subject of increasing importance to those Americans who look beyond their own fences.

Joseph Barber, Jr. (p. 618), now the *Atlantic's* Managing Editor, first knew Germany and Austria as a student in the days when Hitler, making his bid for support among the youth of those lands, was speaking almost nightly at beer halls and open-air meetings to young and old alike. Later, shortly after Hitler's accession to power, Mr. Barber returned to Germany to cover the day-by-day manifestations of Nazi policy as a



ROBERT NATHAN

Berlin representative of one of the great American news agencies. His assignments brought him into contact with various Austrian Nazis in Munich and Vienna.

M. W. Fodor (p. 623) was born in Hungary. At eleven he could speak five languages fluently, and according to rumor had memorized half the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His family pointed him to engineering, and for a time he managed a steel factory in England's Midlands. Then the call from the Continent became irresistible and he lived in Italy, Austria, and Hungary, delving both into politics and into journalism. For eighteen years he has been a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. He represents the *Chicago Daily News* in Central Europe. He is a close friend of Dorothy Thompson, John Gunther, and other graduates of the Correspondents' School. Gunther says that Fodor has 'the most acutely comprehensive knowledge of Central Europe of any journalist I know — of all Europe, for that matter.' Published late last autumn, Fodor's book, *Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe*, is now an almanac for political prophets. Shortly before the elimination of Austria, Mr. Fodor undertook a circum-spect journey along the Czech-German frontier, with observations which the *Atlantic* is glad to print.



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The COLUMN

It is hard to remember for how many years **Albert Jay Nock** (p. 630) has been the *Atlantic's* Dutch Uncle. During a recent sojourn in Holland, this sapient American was seized with the impulse to tell us, not what was wrong, but what was right with the most watertight country in Europe.

Poet and critic, **Louise Bogan** (p. 637) is well known for her contributions to the *New Yorker*, the *New Republic*, *Poetry* — and now the *Atlantic*. The author of three volumes of verse, — *Body of This Death* (1923), *Dark Summer* (1929), and *Sleeping Fury* (1937), — in 1930 she won the John Reed Memorial Prize. Last spring Miss Bogan spent several weeks in Ireland doing what every poetry lover would like to do — reading the poetry of Yeats with Yeats's landscape fresh before her eyes.

'America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem. The secret of making a success out of democracy and love in their practical applications is to allow for a fairly wide margin of errors, and not to forget that human beings are absolutely unable to submit to a uniform rule for any length of time. But this does not satisfy a nation that, in spite of its devotion to pragmatism, also believes in perfection.' The speaker is a Parisian, **Raoul de Roussy de Sales** (p. 645), who now makes his headquarters in Manhattan as the American correspondent of *Paris-midi* and *Paris-soir*. He sees, as we could never see for ourselves, the zest, the earnestness, and the self-deception with which we fall in — and out of — love in the United States.



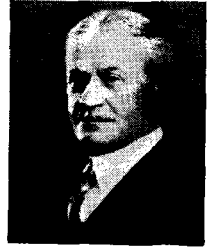
M. W. FODOR

Prose and verse equally absorb **Frederic Prokosch** (p. 652), who is still in his twenties and whose novel, *The Seven Who Fled*, won the Harper Prize for 1937. Discerning readers will remember his early volume of poetry, *The Assassins*, and his first venture into prose, *The Asiatics*, a book which received high praise both here and in England. The recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, Mr. Prokosch is now writing and traveling abroad.

Robert Hillyer (p. 653), who succeeded 'Copey' as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard, has been identified with Cambridge for most of the past twenty-five years. Poet and novelist, his work will be freshly remembered by *Atlantic* readers for his *Letters to Robert Frost and Others*, several of which appeared in our columns in 1937.

Edward Weismiller (p. 654), who has just attained his majority, was born in Wisconsin of mixed Swiss and Scotch-English stock. Then his family moved to Vermont, and it was from this second farm, southwest of Brattleboro, that he drew much of the material for his first volume of verse, *The Deer Come Down*. From Cornell College, Iowa, he will go to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar.

'It is my firm belief,' writes **Clifford B. Reeves** (p. 655), 'that the recent slump in business was caused primarily by an unwarranted destruction of security values, due to the inability of present markets to withstand any liquidation without wide-open breaks in price. . . . An intricate and high-speed system of transmitting financial news is tending to make all investors act simultaneously in buying or selling securities, thus subjecting the market to alternating shocks which inflate and destroy values.'



ALBERT JAY NOCK

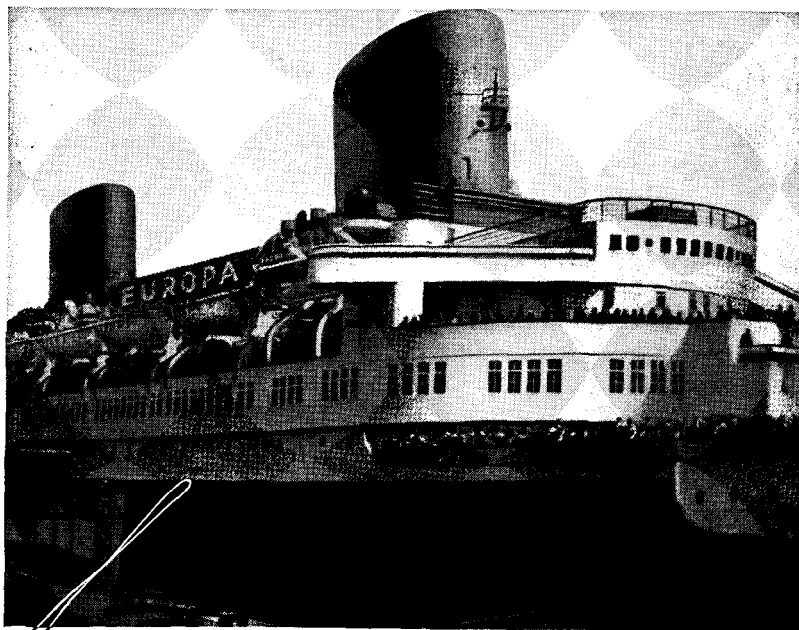
Gay MacLaren (p. 663) was a little girl of seven in South Dakota when she first experienced the thrill of the traveling Chautauqua. There and then she caught the ambition which she was never to relinquish until she had traveled literally hundreds of thousands of miles as a Chautauqua trouper in the United States. She was a play reader, a mime, who could act a dozen parts and bring an empty stage to life with her vivacious presence. Of the many orators and public men who lent their lustre to the Chautauquas, unquestionably the most eloquent was William Jennings Bryan. Here is a glimpse which Miss MacLaren gives us of forty-eight hours in Mr. Bryan's schedule in July 1911: —

'On July 9 he left Lincoln, Nebraska, at 1.50 P.M., reached Kansas City at 8.20 P.M., spoke at a business men's club, leaving that night at 10.05 and reaching Arkansas City at 7.45 the morning of the tenth. He arrived at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, at 12.40 P.M., and lectured at the Chautauqua, then made an address at the reception downtown, shook hands with the entire population, jumped in an auto with Manager Horner, and headed for Pawnee, sixty miles away. The road was the worst ever staked, being merely a trail part of the way and almost impassable. Four autos started with the party, but only one arrived with Bryan at Pawnee at nearly ten o'clock that night, having stopped on the way while he addressed the towns that massed as he went through. Four addresses



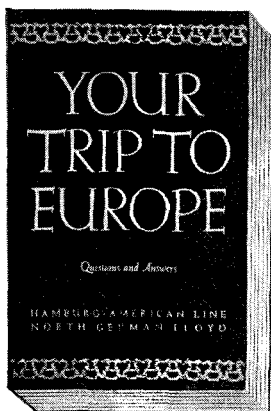
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The COLUMN

and four thousand handshakes in one day. He closed his lecture at Pawnee about midnight.'

Such was Chautauqua enthusiasm!

Jean Prévost (p. 674) is a French journalist who has recently been visiting the United States in search of source material for his next book to come.

Wind currents and the aeroplaning of birds at sea mean much to **Alfred H. Woodcock** (p. 678), a technician attached to the staff of the Oceanographic Vessel *Atlantis*.

One of the most distant of *Atlantic* contributors, from Turramurra, Australia, **Mrs. Ethel Anderson** (p. 681) sends us her essays so reminiscent of her days in England.

Born and content to live in Whitby, Yorkshire, **Storm Jameson** (p. 683) has made a place for herself in the English world of letters. Her novels have been enjoyed on this side of the Atlantic since first they arrived in the early '20s. Her latest, *The Moon Is Making*, has recently been published by the Macmillan Company.

In the *Atlantic* for April, **Roger W. Holmes** (p. 692) began his study of man's mental equipment and its relation to nature. 'Man's mental equipment,' he writes, 'offers limitations of our knowledge which, to my mind, are quite fascinating. We are compelled to "think" our world in certain ways just as we can only sense it as our sense equipment allows.' If there are those who disagree with Professor Holmes, — he is Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Mt. Holyoke College, — now is the time to speak up.



CLIFFORD B. REEVES

Born within sight of Nob Hill, **Oscar Lewis** (p. 701) is a native son alert and learned enough to realize the wealth of human material waiting to be uncovered about California's Big Four — Charlie Crocker, Uncle Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and C. P. Huntington.

In the recent government hearings, presided over by the President, which led up to the removal of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan as Chairman of the Board of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the *Atlantic* for September 1937 played an exceptionally prominent rôle. Introduced into the official proceedings as a major exhibit to support the charge that Dr. Morgan impugned the honesty and integrity of his fellow directors

was his *Atlantic* article, 'Public Ownership of Power.' Moreover, Mr. Wendell L. Willkie's rebuttal of Dr. Morgan's thesis, in the Contributors' Column of the same issue, was also read into the record, as further evidence bearing upon the investigation. Readers who have yet to establish in their own minds the justice or injustice of the charge based upon Dr. Morgan's article will find it profitable to re-examine the paper in question. Certainly the letter which follows represents the feeling of thousands who have come in contact with Dr. Morgan and his good works.

Zellwood, Florida

Dear Atlantic, —

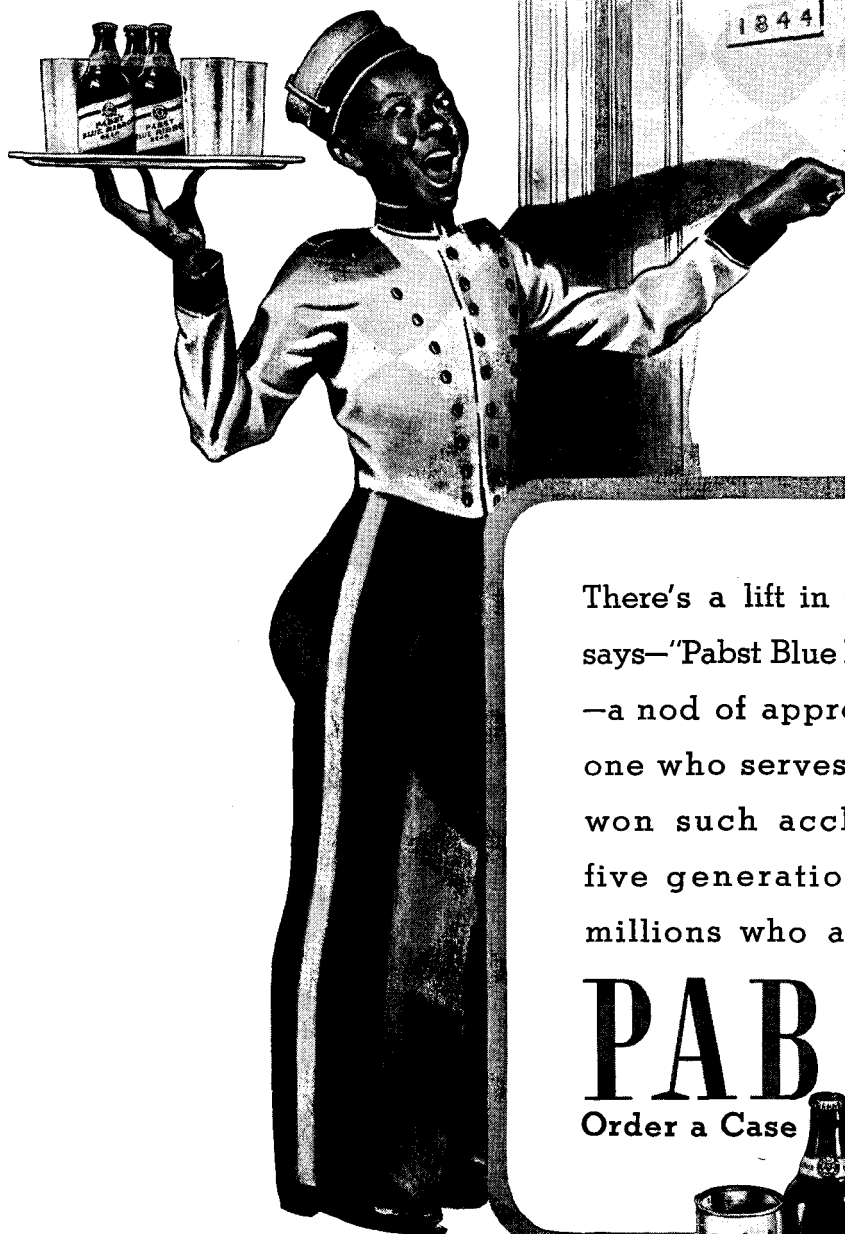
Just at this time I should like to share with the many *Atlantic* readers of Arthur E. Morgan's article the following tribute to him, part of a letter from an Antioch classmate of mine.

'The current TVA crisis has revealed to me how firm a hold A. E. M. has on my emotional loyalty. I knew before that he had been a tremendous influence in my spiritual and intellectual growth, but I did n't suspect how deep-seated his presence was in my heart. It was the day after he left President Roosevelt and his ultimatum. When I got to Fels House I heard that Mr. Morgan was arriving on the morning train in Xenia. The word spread among the students and faculty. More than half the campus — some three hundred strong — were at the Xenia station when the train pulled in. A. E. M. was apparently surprised, and much pleased. A triumphal procession, amid horn-blowing and cheering, escorted him to Yellow Springs. And that evening he consented to speak in Kelly Hall.

'The Hall was packed fuller than I have seen it in many years. I went past the Gym full five minutes before the appointed hour, and all intramural games had stopped, students rushing across to the Main Building still buttoning the last few buttons. Everything stopped and everyone turned out. Mr. Alexander introduced him as a man "who puts principles before persons — even when the person is himself." When Mr. Morgan stepped up to speak, the applause was strange. It was reserved, — anything but boisterous, — but it kept on and on for minutes, as if the stature of the man, his kinship with us, and the dramatic significance of the moment, were together something exceedingly precious — something we all wanted to cling to as long as possible.

'Then he spoke — this quiet, thoughtful, virile, gentle giant. He was tired and relaxed, with the poignant happiness and confidence of one who has given everything to a fight for the right against desperate odds, and awaits the verdict of history without regrets. He read, with a delightfully delicate humor, the telegram just received, notifying him of his removal, expressed his genuine (and I think he was really mightily pleased) appreciation of the reception, but not without further delicate humor in regard to previous occasions when his presence on the stage had not been quite so much of an attraction. He begged not to be expected to talk about TVA, and then rambled along in his best philosophical style on the theme of the importance and ultimate efficiency of the long-range "timeless" view of progress, as opposed to opportunism.

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“My Dear Son”

The following letter is reprinted here with the hope that it may prove helpful to all young men who face the problem of getting ahead.

My Dear Son,

You are leaving your mother and me today to seek your fortune in new fields.

I can give you no better advice than to quote the words of your grandfather to me when I was your age. He said, "Money is not made; it is saved."

I know that you will do better than I have done. Try always to save something from what you earn even though that something may be small.

Important though money may prove to be later, it is not everything. The feeling of self-respect you will gain through the practice of thrift and self-denial will be worth even more to you than money.

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A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont."

'It was Mr. Morgan at his best — but not a word of discussion of the TVA crisis as such. If that was n't greatness of spirit, I don't know where else to find it. With the eyes of the nation upon him as they are seldom turned to a single man, he quietly waives consideration of details and incriminations the press and people are clamoring for, and sums up the essence of the conflict in terms even more transcendent than history itself — all with unassuming casualness, a few rambling, philosophic remarks "about the birds and bees and the flowers."

'If there were any misgivings as to how the audience would react to having their curiosity — or perhaps eagerness for excitement and verbal vindication — left utterly unsatisfied, they were dispelled when Mr. Morgan finished as quietly as he had started, and sat down. First there was a moment of silence. Then the applause — again not riotous in the least — a bit more vigorous than before, starting as suddenly as a flock of blackbirds at the sound of a shot, and continuing with unmodified steadiness till Mr. Morgan finally had to stand and bow. We were clinging to something great — and something that was part of us, part of Antioch — something we had lost, only now feeling its true greatness.

'I was near the door and rushed out, not wanting to look anyone in the face for fear he might think me silly and sentimental. But the night air gradually eased the lump in my throat and I repaired to the Gym for the delayed volley-ball game. An hour later, amid locker-room gossip about Mr. Morgan's chances in the inevitable investigation, I heard the long whistle of the train, taking A. E. M. to Chicago. We had lost him again. But there was something strong, way down inside, that we had had renewed, not to be lost so easily.'

AN ANTIOCHIAN

The response to 'Crippled — An Appeal to Motorists,' in the *March Atlantic*, was immediate and heartfelt. Thousands of reprints were ordered by various organizations concerned with safety on the road, and newspapers throughout the country quoted at length from the article. Here is a cross-section of the letters that have flowed into the *Atlantic* office.

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

I feel guilty of something close to sacrilege when I ponder objectively over Ruth Sawyer's tragic message, 'Crippled — An Appeal to Motorists.' Her words are so personal, so freshly wrung out of tortured thinking, that, having read the message, I am all but impelled to apologize for having intruded on the sacrosanct privacy of profoundest grief.

However, the implication is apparent enough that practical steps are necessary for the successful working out of a plan to check the headlong-to-hell career of the thousands of automobile drivers who seem to operate on the premise that the spirit of the machine age stands for the utter elimination of mental processes, let alone conscienceful cerebration — true soulfulness, if you like.

Just what practical steps are to be taken is difficult to figure out. A first thought is the further restriction of driving licenses, limiting their issuance only to those who possess a fairly established modicum of re-

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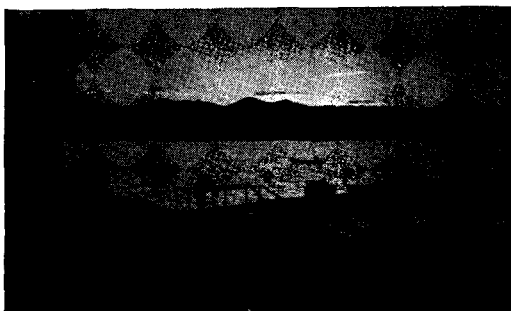
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sponsibility in their actions, barring thereby precisely such as are typified in Mrs. Sawyer's provocatively accurate description of the worthless, wretched youth 'going fifty . . . late for a date.'

Harshly and altogether too promptly, the answer rings back, 'Try and do it!' While talk on conscience, public and private, is rampant, it might be well to isolate the substance and attempt putting it to one great, good use. At any rate, there is this to be known to all, and to be forgotten by none: It is a poor life we live if not all can live it the same. No human being is entitled to rest satisfied, to think this a good world, while there exists the least likelihood that even one fellow human may be wantonly deprived of normal life, deprived by means humanly preventable. A blot upon a single life is a mark upon all of us.

JOSEPH GANCHER

San Pedro, California

Dear Atlantic, —

While wholly in sympathy with any effort to stop the rising tide of motor accidents, and at the risk of sounding heartless toward a suffering woman, I wish to point out that America is laboring to-day under another mistake than the tendency to take one's pleasure heedlessly at the expense of another's grief. The fault of which I speak is our general tendency, when anything terrifying occurs, to hop up and down in the middle of the road and holler.

Ruth Sawyer, I also am a mother. I am in my late forties, you in your early twenties, so what I am about to say will seem to you as old-fashioned as the things my mother used to tell me.

There are other sorts of tragedy besides death and crippling. You are right in your assertion that death is not the worst of afflictions. You say, 'We think of terrible things always happening to that mythical "other person."'

That is true. Until one has come up against what Carlyle called 'The Eternal No,' one thinks always of 'other people' as the ones to whom tragedy happens. But, my dear, the logical result of one, or two, or three tragedies is generally the discovery of what he called 'The Eternal Yes.'

You will work your way through this dark valley. You have made a good beginning in your refusal to 'hold God accountable,' and in your resolve to think chiefly of others: of little John Paul and his need to be 'given a chance for man-growth,' of your 'big Paul' and his work, of the thousands of other victims of the machine that has brought a cloud over your lives.

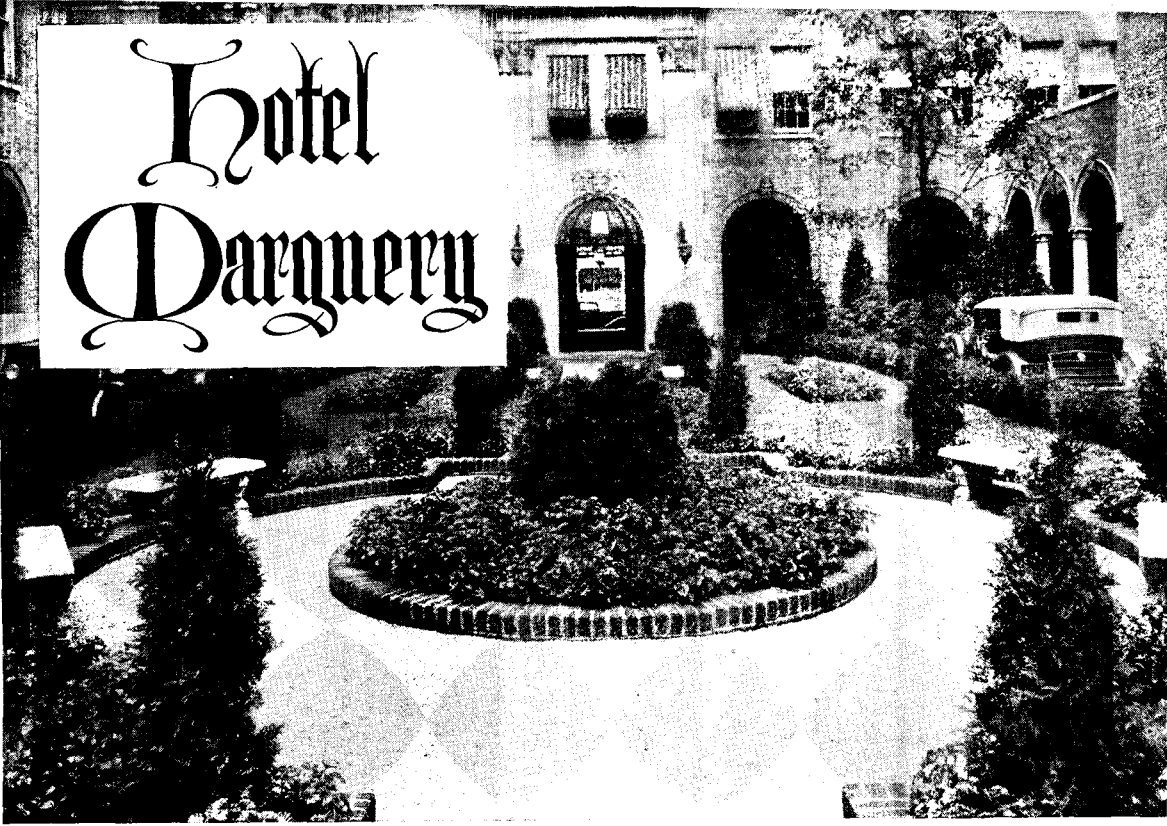
Hold fast to all those things, and you will find that 'in your patience possess ye your soul.' Some of the old, old words of comfort now discarded will become as real for you, through your experience of them, as your torturing experience in the hospital, which only a short time ago would have seemed incredible to you because you had never lived through such a thing.

Look about you in your own town or suburb and you will find examples of people who have met disaster bravely and, without making a fuss about it, have worked their way out into the sunshine. Make friends with them; find out what sustains them.

And God bless you in your efforts to give your John Paul some compensation for the loss of his freedom; to help him to be 'sound and disciplined from within.' That's the stuff!

GERTRUDE W. SCOTT

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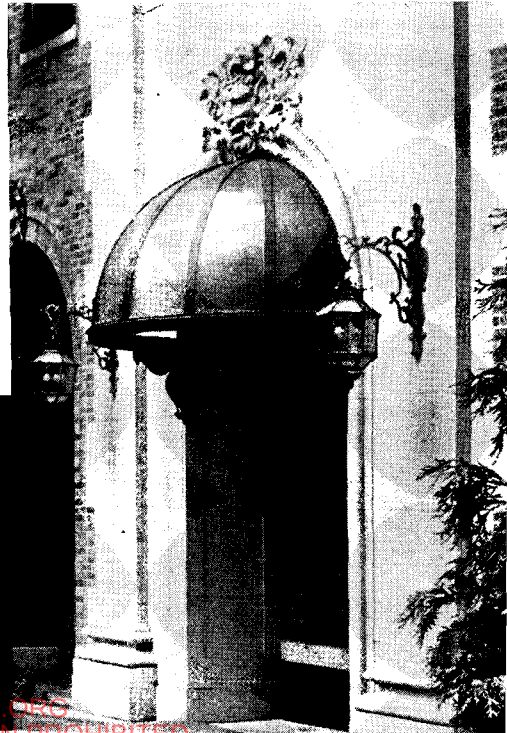
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**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
BOSTON**

University of Minnesota

Dear Atlantic, —

We are usually so appalled by the vast numbers killed that we tend to overlook entirely the far greater number permanently injured. 'Crippled' makes it impossible for us to continue to overlook them; for that reason it is a worth-while contribution to the solving of that problem.

By the time I had finished 'Crippled' I was thoroughly aroused for action. What could I do? Drive carefully? But I've always tried to do that. What else? Frankly, I did n't know.

I've been trying to formulate a rough plan to show you what I mean, something which would give each motorist some responsibility beyond that for his own car, but this seems to be the best I can do.

Every one of us who drive sees day after day many instances of recklessness, carelessness, direct violation of traffic laws, and acts lacking in road courtesy. Those are the things which, if uncorrected, will result in accidental death and injury. When we see any instances of those and do nothing, we are assuming a fraction of responsibility for any future accident involving that driver.

If we could only jot down the license numbers, the offenses, the times and places, on a postcard and mail it to the proper office, those offending drivers might be reminded of their faults in time to avoid accidents.

I've tried to put myself in the shoes of both the reporter and the reported. The reporter, in being aware enough to notice someone else's lack of courtesy, would be more likely himself to be courteous. The reported one would be brought to realize, in a friendly way, that his city neighbors noticed his courtesy or lack of courtesy. If many cards were sent in, he would feel the powerful force of public opinion in a different way than he would if some police officer — representing public opinion — were to call him discourteous.

Admitted that this suggestion is not very fully made, it does, however, give everyone some definite action to take and it is not too demanding on time or money. At any rate I am in earnest in saying, and I think I speak for many others, that I should like to know something tangible that I could do to help improve the situation.

JAMES I. BROWN

Votes are still coming in on the question of the Atlantic's cover. Which side are you on?

Charleston, South Carolina

Dear Atlantic, —

I agree with Josephine Hemphill, whose letter appears in your March number, that your cover clashes with everything. She compares it with a filling station. To me it suggests the Atlantic & Pacific store that sprang up, a vermillion horror, on our quiet residential street in Charleston — many years ago, before zoning committees flourished. The store was repainted an inoffensive cream color, with the narrowest possible red trimming band, when two artists of the neighborhood pointed out to the A & P local manager the incongruity of this red intrusion into the sanctity of — *Atlantic Street!*

Dare I hope that the *Atlantic* will follow the example of the A & P, and doff its flaming garment?

MAY A. WARING

Newark, New Jersey

Dear Atlantic, —

For goodness' sake do not change the cover of your magazine. My house is dull, dark, dreary, and dead. The *Atlantic's* cover is its one bright spot, its contents my mental salvation.

CLARA I. WILSON

The new *Atlantic* stories are approved.

Rosary College
River Forest, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

We have found the March *Atlantic* exceptionally interesting and heartily endorse the change in policy in regard to fiction. An issue such as this one, containing a variety of fiction, is especially useful in college composition classes, and we hope that you will feel warranted in repeating the experiment.

SISTER JULIE

Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Atlantic, —

The other evening a group of friends discussing the March issue of your splendid magazine agreed that David DeJong's contribution was rightly placed.

This young man is doing some good things, and 'Only Fools Go to America' is, I think, one of his best.

GERTRUDE S. LAMBERT

Detroit, Michigan

Dear Atlantic, —

Please let me register my vote for the new policy of running four short stories in a single issue. Your stories have been very fine in the past, but there have not been enough of them. There are a lot of us out here in the provinces who do like short stories when the quality is good — so let's have more of them.

F. E. EVANS

Wanted: A Few Friends.

958 18th Street
Oakland, California

Dear Atlantic, —

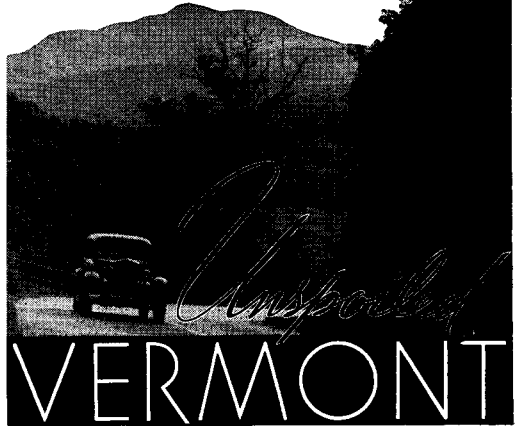
I am seeking the ideal in climate and environment. There I would retire with a few friends who are interested in living a beautiful life. I should like to hear from a few people: who are not conscious of rank and fortune. Who know that happiness and contentment can be found in wholesome living. Who prefer chastity to sensuality, the affairs of the mind to those of the body. Who can be alone. Who measure a man by what he would do for others; and not by talent or genius or education, personal prowess or any such claptrap. Who value will and strength and moral courage. Who can face public opinion. Who are not concerned about the praise of men. Who do not judge anyone by forces over which they have no control. Who can appreciate the life and philosophy of Henry Thoreau.

I am thirty-six years old. I like the best of the best of singing. I like to read, write, walk, think and meditate. I am writing a real story, although I hesitate to mention that, considering, as I do, writers, actors, musicians, and artists as so many public clowns. In general appearance, I resemble F. D. Roosevelt when he was my age and before his misfortune.

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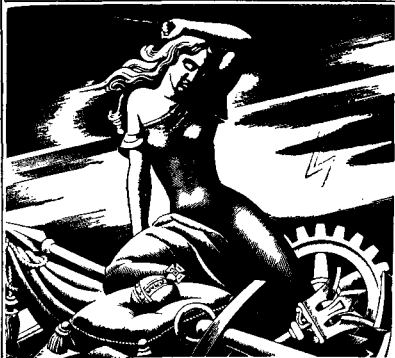
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Far-reaching in its implications, novel in its conception, is this answer to the age-old question of the origin of life. (Trans. by Sergius Morgulis).

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60 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

IT is a coincidence that two of the most distinguished novels of this year have been written by men in exile, men who have each gone back to the Scriptures for their source material. *Joseph in Egypt* and *Hearken unto the Voice* may have to be read covertly in Germany, but they will be applauded openly in those lands which are still democratic.

Franz Werfel, born in Prague in 1890, is of Jewish extraction. He is one of the many who have been driven from their homes in Vienna.

HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE

by Franz Werfel

[Viking, \$3.00]

I SUSPECT that most of us, if asked any questions about the prophet Jeremiah, would reply, like Dorothy Cowell in this novel: 'I don't know much about him. My religious education has been neglected.' My own knowledge consisted of two items: that he gave us the noun 'jeremiad' and that he was the author of Lamentations. I find now, however, that his lugubriousness has been exaggerated; that his life was to the last degree exciting; and that he was a brave man.

By nature sensitive and timid, he had, he thought, been chosen by Jehovah even before birth to be the vehicle of divine warning. As the last major prophet before the Exile, he spent his forty years of adult life — in Judea, Egypt, and Chaldea — amid invasion and siege, social tumult and war. He was derided, scourged, starved, imprisoned. Once he was all but killed by a cowardly blow, and once was lowered into a cesspool and left to die. And yet, when the voice of Jehovah sounded in his mind, he spoke, even though his body was shaken by human fears. Josiah, the reformer-king, relied upon his honesty, the weak kings Jehoiakim and Zedekiah feared it,

and Pharaoh of Egypt and Nebuchadnezzar respected it. Nevertheless, he was never free from the worst of doubts — that Jehovah had rejected him or had even deceived him.

This is the man whom Franz Werfel has portrayed in *Hearken unto the Voice*. All that the Bible tells us about Jeremiah would hardly fill a chapter of the novel. A hint conveyed in a sentence is developed into pages; a parable is made the basis of a stirring narrative; men and women who are nothing but names are given a history. If the prophet goes to Egypt or to Chaldea, a voluntary exile with the royal family, the novelist initiates us into the mysteries, gruesome or bizarre, of pagan religious rites. We sail with Jeremiah up the River of the Dead in Egypt and ride with him through the sky of the star-worshipping Chaldeans. With him we are spectators at the execution of the prophet Urijah and the blinding of King Zedekiah, and ride into the battle of Megiddo behind brave King Josiah.

As an imaginative reconstruction of a past era the novel is at times superb. But the author is not primarily concerned with history, but with an example. Jeremiah, impelled by his divine mission, presents the spectacle of a man whose heart is divided against itself. His affections lead him to sympathize with those whom God makes him denounce. He must take his stand against popular feeling and national ambition, and advise king after king to submit to the Assyrians, because only by that means can they hope to save Jerusalem. Like Cassandra, he is always right but never believed. His prophecies are all fulfilled, but the fulfillment is the ruin of his country. He looked into his own heart. What he found there he called the voice of God; and he proclaimed it, whatever the consequences.

This is the author's plea for mysticism; his demonstration that 'the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.' We call Jeremiah's wisdom intuition nowadays, but we have not explained it; and whatever timelessness his story has for us lies in his not only having inspirations or intuitions, but having the courage to voice them. That his story is presented as timely is suggested by a prologue and epilogue concerning a novelist of to-day who seems to be a reincarnation of the prophet.

This modern machinery is a definite blemish, because it is unnecessary and because it strikes one as spurious and a little cheap. The story could have conveyed its moral without such help. Clayton Reeves, the novelist, however, admirably sums up the moral intention. 'Jeremiah,' he says at the end, 'was a sensitive man, who was implacably opposed to his world and his age.'



FRANZ WERFEL

TWO GREAT BOOKS

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author of "Technics and Civilization"

The Culture of Cities

*Prophet of
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might also be called "Outlines for a New Century" or "Ground-Plans for a New Civilization." Here again, as in all of Mumford's work, we see a masterly synthesis of history, criticism, and prophecy, literally the work of a lifetime. Spengler, at the end of the first World War, wrote an imposing classic of pessimism and anti-life. Now with equal impressiveness but greater humanity, Lewis Mumford maps the main lines of a new order that will confound the forces of despair and destruction.

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760 pages, \$4.50

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The BOOKSHELF

Though he was timid, even the evident and potent iniquities of this earth could not vanquish him. For he obeyed no other than the voice of God, which spoke to him as

We can only agree that he was needed to-day. But Jeremiah had one advantage that a contemporary prophet might lack: a public that believed in God, even when it forgot that it did. The people might try to kill their teacher, but they still felt the force of his dramatic parables, tirades, and invectives. When he walked the streets with a heavy ox yoke on his shoulders, they knew what he meant, as they did when he told of the loincloth hidden in the cleft of the rock. And they believed in the Voice, even though they might not believe that it spoke through him.

Religious people will perhaps agree with the author that wisdom may be found by abrogating reason; but others will feel that what the world needs to-day is not less reason but more. We have plenty of prophets still, and, like the ancient Judeans, our trouble is in knowing which to believe. Jeremiah, we now know, was right. But who is to point out to us our Jeremiahs?

R. M. GAY

RED STAR OVER CHINA

by Edgar Snow

[Random House, \$3.00]

OCCASIONALLY an alien is privileged to witness events of historic importance in some far country, and to carry back to his own people his explanation of them. Once in a great while such a man has the wisdom to appreciate the significance of those events, and the ability accurately to describe them and to give them meaning. It is in such circumstances that interesting and important books on foreign questions are born. Such a book is *Red Star over China*. Edgar Snow was the first correspondent to penetrate into the heart of Communist China and to return to tell the tale. His book, planned and executed with meticulous care, is the most superb piece of reporting that I have ever read. It is the authentic, inside story of the Chinese Communists and of their relation to the Sino-Japanese War. The Communists and the war are more intimately connected than most people suppose.

Mr. Snow starts his book with a description of his journey into the forbidden Red territory of

China's Northwest. He paints many scenes which are familiar to your reviewer, and calls up many memories. The bright sun in one's eyes, the dust in one's throat, the tiredness of one's legs, come back. One returns to America almost with a start, weary even from the remembrances, and glad of a comfortable bed, cool drinking water, and a clean undershirt.

From the historical point of view, *Red Star over China* is important for its account of the vicissitudes of Communism in China during the past ten years in which the Central Government has been endeavoring to stamp it out; for the description of life in the Red area; and for the biographical material concerning the Communist leaders who are so little known in the West. These leaders are not presented either as paragons or as villains. They are just ordinary Sons of Han to whom fate has given a rôle of unusual significance and danger. Because of the danger, and the price which Nanking had put on their heads, the author could not avoid a romantic touch. But he does not treat even Mao Tse-tung, the Chairman of the Chinese Soviet Government, as a man of destiny. He feels that whatever extraordinary qualities he has are due to the degree to which he synthesizes and expresses the urgent demands of millions of the Chinese people, not to his own inherent capacities.

The section of the book dealing with the Sino-Japanese War — which, incidentally, was prepared before the outbreak of hostilities — is of particular interest. Mr. Snow has shown the influence of the Reds on the decision of China to resist Japan. Also, he reports Mao Tse-tung's ideas of the nature and strategy of the conflict. The Japanese high command will eagerly read and study Mr. Mao's prognostications.

Life in Red China is carefully described. It seems very much like life in any interior Chinese area, though Mr. Snow gives the impression that it is somehow different. Your reviewer does not sense this difference. The author may not have lived before in rural China and may have mistaken what he saw for something new, when in fact it was only new to him.

Perhaps there is a little too much drama in *Red Star over China* for a serious book. One feels in some places that he is reading fiction. But the author took great risks to get his story, and that was bound to lend color and give prominence even to trivialities. The atmosphere, however, does not much matter. It is the integrity of the main theme which counts; and about that there cannot be any doubt.

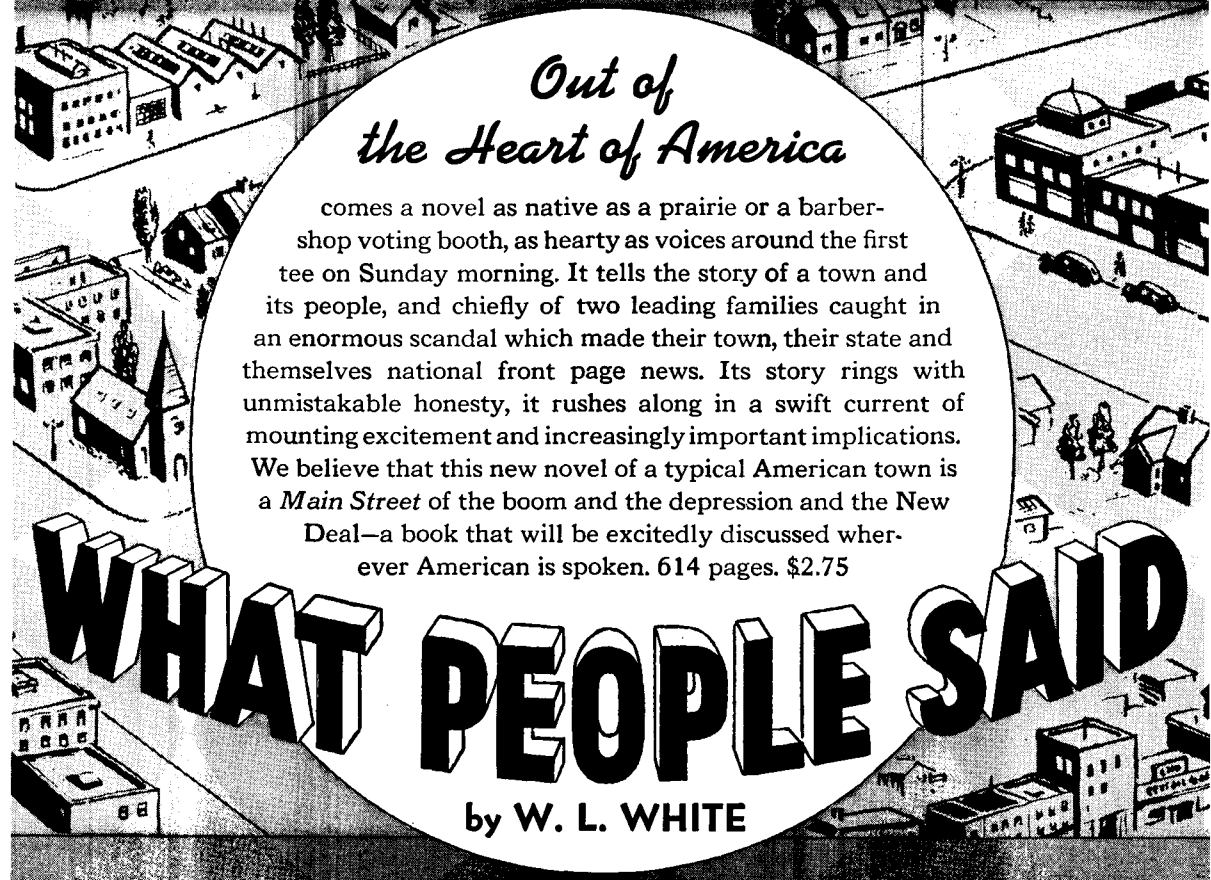
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THIS IS OUR WORLD

by Paul B. Sears

[University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.50]

MANY students of life would recoil at the thought of studying two creatures at once, or even one creature as the sum of all its parts and processes. Only the ecologist ventures to understand a multitude of creatures in their manifold relationships to their environment and to one another. Combining the breadth of view of the old-time naturalist and the objective techniques of the modern biologist, he is peculiarly equipped to speak realistically of life. No ecologist can speak more vividly and persuasively than Paul B. Sears. Like Gilbert White before him, Mr. Sears thinks of life as a symphony that moves towards a perfect synthesis of instruments and themes. Like Rousseau, he thinks of civilized man as the major dissonance.

'In nature undisturbed by man,' he writes, 'the universal trend is towards stability, balance, permanence; it is constructive in terms of energy.' Civilized man reverses this trend by inserting his culture patterns between himself and his environment. Through the instrumentality of one culture pattern, for example, forests and grasslands are being exchanged for floods and dust storms. Through the combined instrumentality of many such patterns, the environmental reserves of the human species are rapidly disappearing.

The problem of human maladjustment is enhanced by the tenacity with which men cling to accustomed pursuits. 'All of the great continents bear witness with abandoned cities, mines, and fields, drifting dunes and denuded hills, to the fact that human activity can persist in a suicidal course . . . until the means of survival are exhausted.' Men have been clever at evading the piper through invention and migration, but they cannot evade him forever. The only way out, according to Sears, is to cease reckoning resources in the terms of illusions. The average man must be jarred loose from his apathy and ignorance and made to face realities. *This Is Our World* was designed as a contribution to that end.

Unfortunately, in being aimed at both the apathy and the ignorance, it fails to score a direct hit on either. Many of its random comments on different subjects, though interesting in themselves, tend to weaken its impact on the apathy. Not a little of its exposition of scientific facts and principles is too elementary and superficial to damage the ignorance. In the opinion of this reviewer, the book does not gain enough as a personal essay on things in general or as an outline of the natural and social sciences to compensate for what it loses as an argument.

Despite all this it succeeds in conveying a feeling for 'the almost forgotten world in which human beings live,' a world that is 'knit tight together by its common activity.' It conveys a sense of the folly of replacing time-honored devices which work in that world with new ones that can never work. And it does so, on the whole, with such wisdom, wit, and grace as to merit a few evenings of anyone's time.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

THE CHANGING AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

by Herbert Brucker

[Columbia University Press, \$1.50]

It is trite to say that America will get 'better' newspapers only when their readers ask for them. Mr. Brucker, assistant to the dean of the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, apparently bases his book on that belief; he has written his brief 96 pages to describe major newspaper deficiencies and to outline remedies.

His opening chapter (a revision of his article in the *Atlantic* for August 1935) describes the 'glut of occurrences' in twentieth-century life that has rendered inadequate the standard journalistic techniques based on objectivity, exclusion of everything but overt events, avoidance of explanatory material as though it had the smallpox.

Chief among deficiencies he places the hodgepodge manner in which American newspapers are put together; the failure of newspapers to staff themselves with editors who can not only edit but also analyze, interpret, and illuminate; and the slavish adherence to forms of news display, headline writing, and news story construction that today often serve more to confuse than to enlighten.

That these faults are remediable not only Mr. Brucker but also the handful of newspaper editors whom he uses as models do not doubt. The time-honored forms of news and headline writing are already being modified in favor of methods that present the news in clearer, more interesting, more significant fashion. There are even newspapers that have staffed themselves with men qualified for the kind of reporting, editing, and rewriting that Mr. Brucker desires.

One might wish that Mr. Brucker had talked more directly to newspaper readers — an approach that would probably yield more immediate and influential demands on the newspapers than any amount of gratuitous suggestion. He has chosen, instead, to talk to newspaper men, for he employs journalistic jargon and assumes thorough understanding of the journalistic problem.



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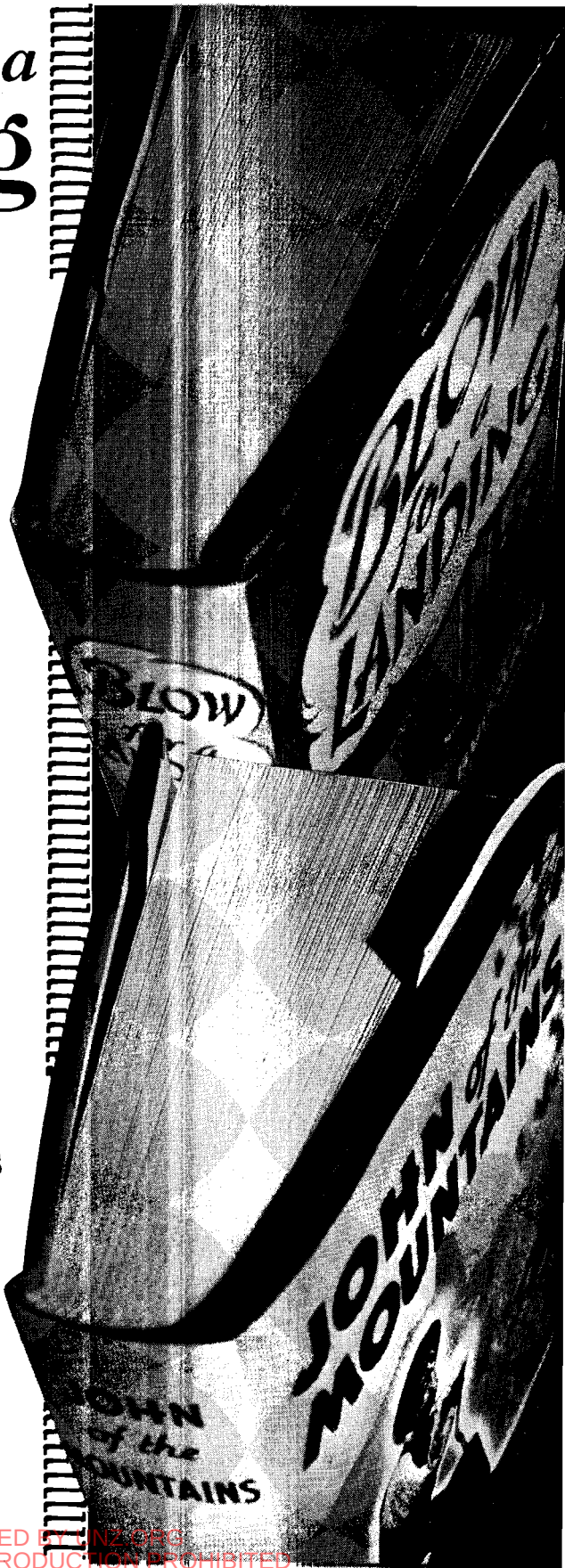
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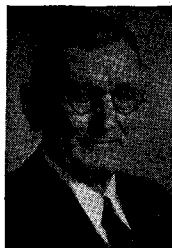
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But the book is one of broad interest nevertheless. The several newspapers whose practices it cites furnish plentiful evidence that its author is writing of no fantastic optimum, but of practicable methods of suiting 1938 daily journalism to 1938 circumstances and the needs of 1938 readers.

MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

by Katherine Anthony

[Knopf, \$3.00]

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT is an interesting person for herself, as a representative of the generally unappreciated but fascinating Alcott family, and as an example of the period when the New England mind was undergoing a fundamental change in point of view. The life which began under the idealistic Transcendentalism and ended under the eminently utilitarian Gilded Age affords the opportunity for an interesting chart of intellectual and social forces.

Louisa May Alcott's youth was sharply broken by her searing hospital experiences during the Civil War and her resulting illness. Then came the famous *Little Women*, and her decision that she should devote herself to a career of work.

Such a life and such a period should, as Miss Anthony hopes, be a great subject for a mature book. That this is not the case is the fault of the author, not the material. Miss Anthony lacks even the first prerequisite: an understanding of the New England mind and of Transcendentalism.

Not understanding New England, Miss Anthony might at least be expected to understand the subjects of her biography. On the contrary, she does not begin to comprehend the complexities and importance of Bronson Alcott, and by her superficial analysis shows no evidence of having read Odell Shepard's brilliant and indispensable biography. When the reader comes to the main figure, Louisa May, he finds himself no better off. At best the character is always tenuous and discussed as if the biographer's feminine intuition, adoration, and romantic impressionism gave her the right to neglect facts. There is too much moody, fluttery emotion over 'Poor possessive Louisa!' and not enough logical development of evidence; too much lyrical melting of the heart and not enough sane, steady analysis.

Miss Anthony's long suit is a febrile kind of psychology, which all too often is based on guesswork, as in the discussion of her heroine's supposed love affair with a Polish youth. When facts are not lacking, they are frequently misconstrued, and Miss Anthony gives herself away by an occasional quoting from Louisa's journals, which she then proceeds to misinterpret or read a good deal into. Nor does she give the reader faith in her literary analysis when she declares that *Little*

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This book fascinatingly probes the heart, the mind and soul of the American pioneer woman in her arduous, restricted life. She was typified by courage, faith, determination, endurance of physical hardships, heroic defense of ideas and ideals. Primarily for and about women . . . "Fascinating reading" — *Virginia Kirkus.* *By Margaret Bell, author of "Margaret Fuller."* (\$3.50)

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JAMES D. HART

ADDRESS TO THE LIVING

by John Holmes

[Henry Holt, \$2.00]

THIS is a young man's book — personal, full of quick sensory perceptions, and touched by both enthusiasm and doubt. It is also — and that shows on every page — the book of a young poet who loves poetry, and to whom the writing of poetry is neither an interesting mental exercise nor a substitute for pamphleteering, but a reason for life. There is a freshness and honesty of emotion about the best of his work that keeps it from being merely another book of poems, even when he writes conventionally or under influence, and there is also a vein of sub-acid satire that is as much a part of youth as its enthusiasms. It is characteristic of his mood and his mind to write

Not to the name of death over and over

But the prouder name of life is poetry sworn,

to make the last part of 'The Green Door,' like Brooke's 'The Great Lover,' a catalogue of things personally loved:

I've stopped to light a pipe in woods in winter;
I've charged the surf that rolls on summer sand;
I've run the flag up, felt the long thin halyards
Tugging, and held the wind in either hand.

I praise the children and the fierce old women,
The graceful girls, the tall and ruddy men;
I praise them all with love, and in their faces
I think I see my love returned again,

but it is equally characteristic of him to write in 'Odd Moment' of the man who 'wrote in the dust upon the mirror, "Death,"' and to comment, with tart adroitness, in the section 'Salt for Taste':

Old men are full of zest and information,
And they remember all they ever thought.
Old men are vigorous in conversation.
Young men exist to listen and be taught.
Old men give dates that may not be disputed,
And they remember parts old actors played.
A young man's fact is easily refuted:
He was not present when the world was made.

Those are the two sides of the double mirror of youth, and Mr. Holmes shows both of them, without pretense. It is not a loud voice, but it has humor, music, and candor — and it marks him among the younger poets of his time.

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sound rather than experimental. I dare say he will be criticized by some for not being more experimental than he is and by others for not devoting himself exclusively to current politics. But such criticisms do not mean very much. You cannot borrow a technique or an emotion as you borrow a fountain pen — and there is a genuineness here that binds the whole book together. All that Mr. Holmes presents here is not entirely successful — but there is a spirit, a sharpness, a love of beauty, in his best work that show him as somebody worth watching — and rereading.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

MARINE GAME FISHES OF THE PACIFIC COAST

by Lionel A. Walford

[University of California Press, \$5.00]

Marine Game Fishes of the Pacific Coast should fill a vacant space on the library shelves of thousands of active sportsmen, armchair anglers, and naturalists both amateur and professional. Although the army of salt-water anglers has enlisted a phenomenal number of recruits within recent years, a convenient and authoritative reference volume for the identification of game fishes has heretofore been lacking.

Within the field it covers, *Marine Game Fishes* is comprehensive and comprehensible. The book is based largely on the results of a two months' cruise of the yacht *Haida* in Mexican waters, during which five skillful and apparently tireless anglers provided a constant supply of material for the three 'scientificos' — the author, an artist, and a photographer.

Dr. Walford's extensive experience in scientific research with the California Division of Fish and Game qualifies him to speak with authority on his subject. While his primary purpose is to provide information, he has produced a volume that is extremely readable as well. Under such headings as 'distribution,' 'food,' 'habits,' and 'angling notes' are included — so far as they are known — all the facts which the angler who has normal curiosity about his catches will demand. This wealth of natural-history data broadens the field of readers to whom the book will appeal. There are none of the reminiscences of angling experiences or doses of fisherman's philosophy which so often must be swallowed along with the real meat of other books on angling. The handsome format should make it a welcome addition to any library.

The illustrations are an outstanding feature. Forty-two photographs in natural color by Ralph Emerson provide a striking display. The fifteen paintings by Link Malmquist are executed with great skill. In the interest of accuracy even these were drawn from photographs and colored from living specimens. Numerous wash drawings and

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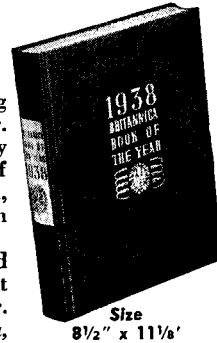
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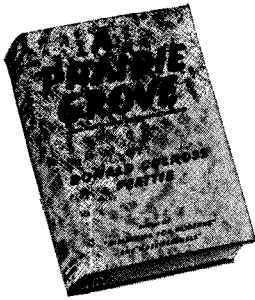
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Price \$2.50

black-and-white sketches complete the illustrative material.

Dr. Walford has revised the standard keys into a system the operation of which is amazingly simple, completely painless, and at the same time beyond scientific reproach. With access to these keys, identification of a fish can be, as the author claims, 'as entertaining as solving a crossword puzzle' — an achievement which in itself amply justifies the existence of the book.

RACHEL L. CARSON



FASHION IS SPINACH

by Elizabeth Hawes

[Random House, \$2.75]

"WHY should I read Walt Whitman?" the Macy buyer asked. "I'm a dress buyer."

Elizabeth Hawes knows dress buyers — and for that matter she knows Macy's, Lord and Taylor's, and a number of other department stores. Her witty, humorous, and sometimes almost stinging acute observations of the dress business as seen from the inside will tell the world of the passing of the great French tradition in clothes for American women. After all, as Elizabeth Hawes remarks, 'Is God French?'

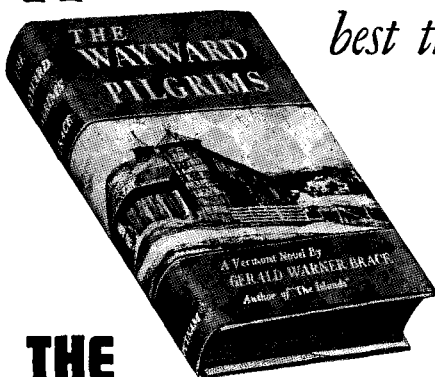
Quite a lot of people are going to be irritated by Miss Hawes's book. It will be strong medicine

for the fashion trades. But a lot more people of every age, type, condition, and temperament are going to love it with emotions ranging from chuckling pleasure to a vast unholy glee. The author is a first-class debunker in a perfectly nice, subtle way. As she says, 'I, Elizabeth Hawes, have sold, stolen and designed clothes in Paris. I have reported on Paris fashions for newspapers and magazines and department stores. I have worked with American [store] buyers in Europe . . . and designed, sold and publicized my own clothes for nine years.'

Her charmingly impudent conclusion is that 95 per cent of the business of fashion is a useless waste of time and energy as far as the public is concerned. And then, in a still nice way, she proceeds to blow the roof off the fashion business. There's a good deal of good clean 'dirt' in *Fashion Is Spinach*, and a great deal of drama and human interest.

Elizabeth Hawes is now a famous name. She is one of the few truly American designers, a member of our pioneering *haute couture*. She is as expensive as a Paris *couturière*, and her customers think she's worth it. But she has learned her business the hard way, by slaving through every step of it herself. She has sewn, cut, and sold clothes in Paris for \$20 a month. To-day the least expensive dress from Hawes, Inc. costs \$135. Between those two points lies

*A novel that stands foursquare with the
best this country has produced!*



THE WAYWARD PILGRIMS

By GERALD WARNER BRACE

The new novel by the author of *THE ISLANDS*, this is a story of quiet power which imperceptibly takes possession of your senses, your ideas, your emotions, carries them through sleeping and waking, darkness and light, chill and warmth, to leave you with a glimpse of the eternal verities and a rich, almost physical, satisfaction. There is something of every man in Minor, the initiate, and of what every man dreams in Margot, the pagan. You will find their story disturbingly beautiful. For discerning readers it is a discovery that occurs once in possibly a decade . . . a book for the years, that you will read again and again with mounting enthusiasm. *At all bookstores \$2.50*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.



a fascinating behind-the-scenes story, for Elizabeth Hawes knows every trick of the fashion racket and tells all.

The trade papers call her book 'destructive.' It will undoubtedly destroy a number of things, among them the 'French tradition' that beautiful clothes come only from Paris, and all women passionately desire them. She does not write beautiful prose, and often her sentences are giddily irrelevant. She sometimes labors a point. But who cares? She is never dull, never malicious. She has honesty, wit, and authority.

MARGARET DANA

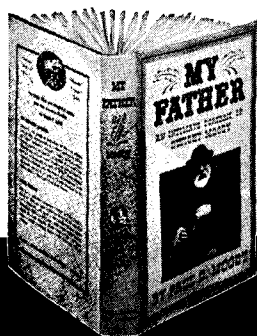
SOME of my New York friends have been speaking in a large way about *Serenade*, the new novel by James M. Cain (Knopf, \$2.50). *Serenade* is, if you will excuse the pun, a grown-up fairy tale. It is written by one of the shocker school, one of the well-trained colloquial novelists who use an effect for exactly what it is worth and who know at precisely what moment the text is going to jump up and hit the reader in the eye.

Serenade has to do with an American singer, a barytone who studied the opera with some success in Europe until he met an American Prince Charming who was so charming that the singer lost ambition and his voice. Down on his luck, the singer—his name is John Howard Sharp—returns to this country, drifts on to Mexico, and

has so lost hold of himself that he is about to hire out as a bouncer in a house of prostitution. But at this point he falls in love with a big, beautiful Mexican doll. They spend an unconventional week-end in a near-by church, and as a result John Howard Sharp discovers that he can sing again. From then on, his rise is meteoric. He goes through Hollywood, through the Metropolitan, through the radio world like a rocket, always carrying with him his big, dumb Mexican. Then, just as the brothers Grimm would have it, he meets Prince Charming again, who tries to put him back to sleep.

The story is told in an easy, conversational patter, and the musical details have a kind of rhinestone glitter. But seriously I doubt if a more improbable novel has appeared since *Beverly of Graustark*. Could any Prince Charming so control the universe as Winston Hawes? Could any resourceful man sink as low as Mr. Sharp does in Mexico? And do tell me what the singer and his doll found to talk about in those long hours in Hollywood and New York before the lights went out! Why, this is Richard Harding Davis made up with mascara and evil-smelling lipstick. To have such a book applauded and applauded by the Gothamites proves, I suppose, that there still are ways to fool a city slicker.

Edward Weeks



MY FATHER:

An Intimate Portrait of

DWIGHT MOODY by PAUL D. MOODY

On the side of memory

"The first permanent portrait of this great American." — NEW YORK SUN

Eccentric in little ways, this huge, bearded preacher bought suspenders by the gross and shoes by the dozen. In larger ways he was, with reason, one of the best loved Americans of his time. Here is a series of verbal snapshots of Dwight Moody in his shirt sleeves.

"This little volume portrays the home life and family life of Moody as no one else could do it." — CHRISTIAN HERALD

"Dwight Moody is blessed in having a son who understands him so well, and who can share his affectionate reverence with the readers of this lovely tribute." — BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

Illustrated. \$1.75

"No one has written as enticingly of food as Della T. Lutes. . . . There are few readers whose memories or imaginations would not be stirred by this book. It has the universal quality of those tales of childhood which are spun, in thoughtful mood, around the fire of a Thanksgiving evening." — *Isabel R. A. Currier* in SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

16th thousand. \$1.75

HOME GROWN

By DELLA T. LUTES author of "The Country Kitchen"

Preparing to leave his beloved Devon moors, the author of "SALAR THE SALMON" takes a last, fond look at the scenes and wild folk he has loved so well.

"He is hard to surpass when it comes to describing the life of the English countryside. 'GOODBYE WEST COUNTRY' is a book of unusual quality and character — a strong book in most respects, and certainly the work of an unusual man." — *Ralph Thompson* in N. Y. TIMES

Illustrated. \$3.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

GOODBYE WEST COUNTRY

By HENRY WILLIAMSON